



*outofbounds*





Katja in Grade 6

**Katja Rudolph '84** attended TWS from Grade 2 to 12. After graduating, she travelled for a year in Europe and Canada and then completed a BA in cultural studies and political science at Trent University. She moved to England to do an MA in social and political science at King's College, Cambridge. After a two year break during which she worked and traveled to India, she began a PhD degree in the Theory and Policy Studies in Education Department at the University of Toronto. Her doctoral work developed a theoretical argument for a post-liberal choosing subject and the socialization of choice in education (an anti-privitization model) by deconstructing liberal accounts of subjectivity, agency, choice, and the welfare state. She received her degree in 1999. She is now a researcher and writer, and is working on her second novel. She lives in Toronto with her partner who is a set and costume designer for theatre and opera and a Reiki therapist.



Photos by Claudia Rauch  
June 2006

## editorial

Why I like working on this magazine:

I get to meet Renate Kurth again after twenty-three years! We talk about education, about why I gave her such a hard time in chemistry class, about what we are each doing now. It is really, really wonderful. I also get to chat with Anne Greer via e-mail, which is always interesting (for tips on books to read and conferences to attend go to [annegreer@canoemail.com](mailto:annegreer@canoemail.com)!). I get to be intensely and unexpectedly moved sitting at my computer one day reading a just-sent "In Memoriam" tribute to my uncle written by an alumna who I only ever knew as a young girl! (you really must write a book someday, Anna). I get to reconnect with a classmate (good afternoon, Rudolf!). I get to stalk, via phone over a couple of months, a current class teacher who I haven't yet met in person (in the end, the piece is exactly what I was looking for, Barbara, and it's nice to talk on the phone with you about linking our alumni/ae work to the wider world, anthroposophical and beyond). In fact, I get to harass a whole bunch of people for material - over and over again - which is always a lot of fun, and which forms a special bond of its own! Finally, I get to be constantly grateful for how generous alumni/ae and faculty/staff are with their time, talent, willingness and remarkable ability to tackle something they've never done before (e.g., write an article for a magazine).

Beside all these very good things, I get to recall, more than I would otherwise do, why I think we alumni/ae can all stand behind Waldorf education and TWS. It is not simply because we went there ourselves. It's because of the intent that stands behind it. Some of TWS's principles and endeavors are:

- to hold a reverence for childhood.
  - to foster in each child a sense of meaning and purpose in life.
  - to recognize and welcome the unique gifts brought by each child.
  - to support all students in their intellectual, physical, emotional and spiritual development.
  - to nourish the confidence in each child to meet her or his individual destiny.
  - to maintain, with Rudolf Steiner, that the highest goal of education is the realization of responsible human freedom.
  - to have respect, trust, and authenticity be the foundation of all relationships.
  - to be stewards of the green space around the school and the environment in general.
  - to carry a vision of Waldorf education as a cultural initiative in a world that is, despite human inventiveness, creativity and compassion, suffering from greed, injustice, exploitation, indifference and war.
  - to value and encourage diversity in the community.
- These are worth supporting wherever they flourish. So, this is why I like working on the magazine: the people, the intention. I feel grateful for having a "job" that is so personally engaging and socially worthwhile.

Katja

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**Front Cover: TWS's Class of 2006 in Cuba, June 2006**  
- photo courtesy of Helene Gross

Our class was in Cuba a total of 8 days, staying with the Martin Luther King Center. We worked at one of their nearby construction projects. Also, very importantly, we learned a lot about the real Cuba through many different seminars we had with Cubans. The Center organized meetings with a priest who was an ex-Cuban politician, an economist, and a family doctor, and with an organization of organic farmers. Luca Polach '06

## contents

### 2 Editorial

3  
Greetings from Other Schools  
*Alan Howard Waldorf School, Toronto*

4  
Greeting  
from Lower School Faculty Chair *Barbara Eriksson*

5  
Alumni/ae News  
by Alumni/ae Coordinator *Corinna Ghaznavi*

*Plus:*  
- 20 Year Reunion 8

7  
TWS News  
by Administrative Coordinator *Michèle Rossi*

*Plus:*  
- Faculty/Staff Coming and Going 9  
- In Memoriam: "Meeting Mr. Krause" 10  
*by Anna Purcell '91*  
-TWS Sports 14 *by Mary Jo Clark*  
- TWS History Project 20:  
"TWS and the Ministry of Education and Training"  
*by Bob Pickering*  
"Testing Our Principles" *by Anne Greer*

### 12 Contributors

18  
International Waldorf News  
"Waldorf Schools in Africa"  
*by Alexander Koekebakker '84*

26-37  
Alumni/ae Features  
Lisa Wood '82  
*by Katherine Dynes '84*  
Paul Neufeld '86  
*by Larissa McWhinney '88*  
Joshua Rubin '89  
*by Lucas Sorbara '88*

Danielle Kotras '94  
*by Nils Junge '88*  
Lynn Cullen '02 and Heather Cullen '04  
*by Lara Gross '02*

38-45  
Alumni/ae, What's Your Passion?  
"Riding" *by Herminone (Priestley) Jaschinski '82*  
"Flying" *by Rudolf Schneider '84*  
"Guiding" *by John Chapman '99*

43  
Point of View  
"Urban Sustainability: Challenges and Opportunities" *by Jennie Moore '85*

46  
Art Feature  
Michelle (Mantler) Josephi '81

48-51  
On the Other Side of the Desk  
Rachel Aide '93 of TWS  
Aurelie (Heintz) Duhemal '89  
formerly of L'École Rudolf Steiner  
de Montréal

52-55  
Way Out of Bounds  
Ellie Hariri '90 in Boston  
Siobhan Hughes '92 in Israel

56-63  
Faculty Features  
Inge Shukla  
Helene Gross

64-67  
Former Faculty Remember  
David Taylor  
Renate Kurth

70  
Welcome, Class of 2006!

71  
TWS Events Schedule

faculty features  
56-63



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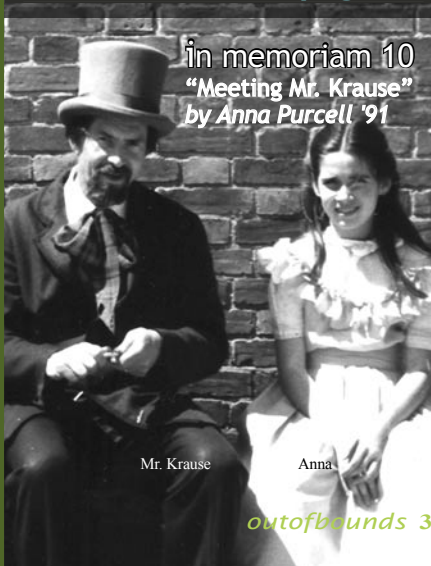
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**CONTRIBUTORS page 12**



In memoriam 10  
"Meeting Mr. Krause"  
*by Anna Purcell '91*

Mr. Krause

Anna

outofbounds 3





South West High School, Missouri, USA, Class of 1969



Barbara in Grade 5

at your first desk, hands folded with great concentration, imitating your teachers' movements and verses and songs. Your memory capacities and physical dexterity increased and you began to write and read. Gnomes or princes guided you on your journey through the four arithmetic operations and you learned songs on the recorder. By grade two you had grown taller and not so round in the face. You were probably still building fairy houses or seeing how high you could climb in the trees in the magical forest playground. You learned that even though you forgot how to behave sometimes, St. Francis wasn't always a saint either. Grade three gardening, measurement and building introduced new perspective and possibilities and broke the news that it was time to leave the Garden of Eden. In grade four you understood more of the remarkable capabilities of the human being by studying the remarkable characteristic of specific animals and you saw that there were many parts to any whole. Grade five began the study of ancient history and you saw the ingenuity of humans in many cultures (which was your favourite?) The Greek Olympics challenged your physical skills and camping trips sent you further from home and your relationships with classmates began to reshape. Middle school was the turning away from true childhood, a crossing of the Rubicon River with Caesar. You began to see your teachers differently and you began to physically look different, too. Your ability to question and the capacity for thinking and academic studies intensified.

As you moved through the stories, challenges, discussions, and life's lessons we had the privilege of experiencing these events with you. Our great hope as lower school teachers was that you would leave us and move onto high school always deepening your independent thinking capacities. We hoped that you would grow into your adult life making choices for yourself that also reflect your awareness of the greater world beyond you, and in doing so, that you would find your life-purpose in working with others through love.

That is why we do what we do: your influence on the shape of the future is important and of great interest to us. Therefore, your visits to the school are an inspiration to us all. In the meantime, we are privileged to experience the next generation that will follow in your footsteps. ■



# alumni/ae news

by Corinna Ghaznavi, TWS's alumni/ae coordinator

As the new alumni/ae coordinator I feel like I've been playing catch-up this past year: figuring out what is going on and who is who. It's been great for me to re-connect with former students and get to know new people. Thanks to all who respond and correspond regularly or once in a while.

The main focus has been on getting the alumni/ae database up and running. It is now available to all alumni/ae through the school's website: [www.torontowaldorfschool.com](http://www.torontowaldorfschool.com) under Member's Centre in the alumni/ae section. This database is an ongoing project so please let me know if you have any questions, and please log on, if you haven't already done so, to check your own information and re-connect to former students. The personal information on this database is strictly confidential and cannot be accessed by anyone except the school's administration. The website should remain dynamic. In addition to my own postings it would be great if you could send me news of events you think would be interesting or relevant to other alumni/ae: personal news, profiles, news from other schools, etc.

The second larger project this year has been to organize the Class of 1986 20 Year Reunion. This class termed itself the 'motley crew' and told me at the event that it was miraculous that they, a group of

individuals who would not be herded, managed to come together at all. In the end we had twelve members of the class attend (Matthias Hintze flew in from Germany), some with spouses and children, and had a great day re-connecting and discovering each other as well as new people. As always, the reunion led to unexpected insights, experiences, and pleasure at seeing one another again after so many years.

Upcoming I will be re-focussing my attention on getting regular pub nights going. Perhaps we can find a patio in the summer, something cozy and warm in November, a place to break up the terrible February days and a pre-reunion date in May. I will be posting these dates on the website in addition to sending out e-mails so please log on regularly.

Finally, the Candlelight Fair: in an effort to be more visible alumni/ae at the November 2005 fair joined the rest of the vendors in the hallway of the new wing right outside the gym. Unfortunately, the location didn't end up being ideal, and so traffic and sales were lower than hoped for. This year, we will be in the Music Room in the new wing, which should provide for better prospects. I am looking for vendors, ideas, and volunteers and I welcome any thoughts on alumni/ae participation in the Candlelight Fair. ■

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Above: TWS high school students lay school's entrance paving stones, 1986  
Right: Class of '86 initiates the Class of '89, fall 1985  
- photos courtesy of Michelle (Russell) Torraville '89





## 20 YEAR REUNION Class of '86

On June 16<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> 2006, we, the Class of 1986, celebrated our 20 Year Reunion at TWS. The reunion began on Friday evening when Iain Muncie and Matthias Hintze spoke at the Grade 12 graduation and welcomed the Class of 2006 to the alumni/ae community. On Saturday, Bob Pickering and class advisors Gerhard Rudolph and Larry Ney welcomed us back and delivered a warm address. A lovely lunch was served followed by a school tour. At mid-day, we participated in an interesting and lively class circle, facilitated by Helga Rudolph. We also planted a tree in the TWS Alumni/ae Orchard (thank-you for pre-digging the hole for us – it was a scorching 32 degrees outside). The day was capped off by a fantastic barbeque hosted by Cheryl Skory and Peter, her husband. Class members from as far as Europe and Quebec attended. Also in attendance were a few former teachers, as well as parents and families of class members.

What were we to expect from our 20 Year Reunion? Was it going to be awkward, or, like a bad movie cliché, would we sit around with our glasses of wine trying to out-impress each other? Fortunately, it was neither... Anticipation struck as I approached the TWS music room. On the other side of the door was a room full of people I knew so well twenty plus years ago. In fact, back then, we were a family of fledglings taking our first steps together: learning and growing and looking optimistically at our future. Well, the future had arrived and I was about to relive my past. I walked through the door immediately recognizing some and being a little puzzled by others. We hugged and kissed and were introduced to loved ones. I could recognize my classmates in the faces of some of the children scampering about. We shared stories of our journeys through life. We laughed and sentimentally pored over pictures. Sure, we had all changed in twenty years but the cores of our personalities were still intact. As evening fell, our reunion drew to a close. There were more hugs, more kisses, an exchange of phone numbers and e-mail addresses and promises to keep in touch. As I got into my car and drove homeward, back to my life, I had such a smile on my face and happiness in my heart to have had the opportunity to relive some of the joy from my past. It was great to see you Class of '86. Let's do it again!

Natalie (Krystolovich) Semenov

- photos by Claudia Rauch and Bernard Podolski



Class of '86 in Grade 10



## Grade 12 Play

*Walking on Water*  
by Dave Carley

Class of 2006  
June, 2006



## TWS Faculty and Staff

### FACULTY/STAFF LEAVING JUNE 2006

Jocelyne Arseneau - Educational Support 2002-2006  
Elisabeth Chomko - Class Teacher and recently Lower School French and Music Teacher, 1976-1984, 1991-2006  
Gail Doughton - Kindergarten Assistant 2004-2006  
Natashia Hanna - Nursery and Parent & Tot Assistant 1994-1996, 2002-2006  
Bonny Hietala - Lower School English, Math and substitute Main Lesson Teacher 1995-2006  
Anneline Koopman - Patti Wolfe's sabbatical substitute for P&T 2005-2006 (also taught 1984-1991)  
Greg Paskaruk - Orchestra 2004-2006  
Karen Weyler - Kindergarten Lead Teacher 1999-2006

### FACULTY/STAFF JOINING SEPTEMBER 2006

Esther Chu - Eurythmy Pianist  
Stan Cyprys - Orchestra  
Bill Frey - Grade 1 Intern  
Angela Hammar - Lower School Music and Wind Instruments  
Catherine Maguire - Eurythmy Pianist  
Mary Mitchell - Kindergarten  
Nazli Mohsin - Nursery Assistant, Parent & Tot Assistant  
Lea Philpott - Parent & Tot, Extended Care  
Eunice Reynolds - Handwork  
Lucas Sorbara - High School English, Geography, and Civics (Rachel Aide's maternity replacement)

### FACULTY/STAFF RETURNING

Sandi Churchward - High School Art (from sabbatical)  
Kathryn Humnphrey - Grade 1 (from sabbatical)  
Patti Wolfe - Parent & Tot (from sabbatical)

### MATERNITY LEAVE

Rachel Aide - High School English (to June 2007)





## Greetings From Other Schools

Dear Former Students of TWS,

Greetings from the **Alan Howard Waldorf School** – your Alma Mater’s downtown cousin! As we have received news of TWS

alumni/ae through *outofbounds* and our many other connections, we have been warmed by your recollections of TWS, thrilled by your tales of post-graduate adventures and heartened by the continued connections among Waldorf alumni/ae.

After all, our two schools do have many connections. In addition to the shared philosophy and approach to education, we have Alan Howard himself in common. Due to the efforts of a small group of parents to create a Waldorf school in the heart of the city, our school opened in 1987, named after Alan Howard, who was a founding teacher of TWS and an inspiration for all involved in the Waldorf movement in Canada.

Other teachers have found a home and a role in both the Alan Howard Waldorf School and the Toronto Waldorf School: Renate Kurth, who helped to found AHWS after leaving TWS; Helene Gross, long-time TWS teacher, who sat on the AHWS Board of Trustees in the early years; Brian Searson, who is currently a faculty member at TWS, graduated the grade eight class last year at AHWS; Gregg Robins, who teaches grade five at AHWS, was a TWS teacher in the '80s; Robert Teuwen (TWS '84), who graduated the grade eight class at AHWS in June and started anew with the grade six class this September, was both a student and teacher at TWS; and Ena Bruce, who teaches the exuberant grade threes, was an administrator at TWS; Michelle Huppler (TWS '86), who is our grade one assistant, attended TWS. Kathy

Brunetta, Vivien Carrady, Tanya Kutchera, Jim Reid, Karen Blitz, and Allan Hughes are other teachers who have taught at both schools. Still other TWS teachers, Gerhard Rudolph and Les Black among them, have served as mentors of AHWS. As well, former TWS students have become AHWS parents – including Felice Sriver (TWS '90), Robert Teuwen (yes, the same!), Sara Anderson (TWS '85), Dan Jaciw (TWS '83), and Carla Sorbara (TWS '91). And quite a number of AHWS students, on graduating from grade eight at our downtown school, complete their high school at TWS, which means that we also have alumni/ae in common.

Finally, we have the shared experience of each year unfolding in the Ontario seasons: the Rose Ceremony in the last heat of summer, the chill of the Lantern Walk, the warmth of graduation, and the many festivals, ravine walks, camping trips and skiing trips that are woven throughout the fabric of the school year.

The Alan Howard Waldorf School provides a Waldorf education in downtown Toronto, where we honour and celebrate our diversity, nourish our community, and cultivate the balance of heart, hand and head in each child. Our current home at 50 Madison Avenue, near Spadina and Dupont – much larger than our first – holds one- hundred and seventy students from the Parent and Child Programme through to grade eight. As we prepare to celebrate our twentieth anniversary, we cordially invite all those who have or would like to have a connection to Alan Howard Waldorf School to join in the celebrations as we appreciate our past, are fully alive in the present, and move with freedom and courage into the future!

Arlis Peer, AHWS Registrar  
admiss@ahws.org www.ahws.org 416.962.6447



by Michèle Rossi, TWS's administrative director

Whether you left us this past spring or thirty-seven years ago, all alumni/ae on visiting will find that some things are new and different at TWS.

Firstly, we are delighted to have completed a full renovation of our kitchen this past summer. Our kitchen was in its original condition, and was overdue for a makeover. Classes from grades one through twelve use the kitchen for a variety of purposes, from making soup each week to harvesting their garden crops to chemistry experiments. The school hosts conferences, we run a school café each day, and, of course, the weekly Village Market makes regular use of the space. The kitchen is now up-to-date, with new appliances including a new dishwasher and laundry facilities too! If you are around, drop by to see it, or watch for a glimpse on our “virtual school tour” coming soon to the main TWS website.

Other physical changes include some improvements in our office spaces, and the beginnings of a renewed effort to hang student art around the building. We have also been in conversation with our alumni/ae coordinators about finding a home for alumni/ae art in the building.

We are making changes to our program this year too. We have just implemented a new extended care program to serve the families who are not able to pick up their kindergarten or lower school children at the end of the school day. We have created two settings for care and supervision until 5:30pm if needed, one for kindergarten through grade two, and the other for grades three to seven.

We are also launching a program called Joyful Beginnings after a successful pilot-project a couple of years ago. This program is designed for parents and their infants. It will help parents explore early movement patterns, signs of developmental stages and provide hints and support for family life with the new baby. We are very pleased to be able to extend our Early Childhood Program to parents and their very youngest children in this way. Don't be surprised if you read about a TWS pre-natal program in a few years – we intend to keep enriching our work in this area. We know

that parents are looking for this kind of support.

We have spent a great deal of effort in the past year working on a “self-study” as part of a re-accreditation cycle with the Association of Waldorf Schools of North America (AWSNA). For the first time, AWSNA is partnering with Canadian Education Standards Institute (CESI) to jointly accredit TWS. We will be hosting the accreditation team in the fall, after they have read our two-hundred page document outlining our full curriculum and operations, with all our strengths, challenges, plans and priorities. At the time of writing this article, the key themes in our plans have not yet been finalized. We look forward to sharing them with our alumni/ae community in the coming months.

The TWS Board of Trustees has been focusing in the past couple of years on long-range planning and in particular on financial development and fundraising. We are always looking for people with skills, experience and interest in working with us in this area, either on a board committee or on the board itself. If you have experience on non-profit boards, in fundraising, tax planning for charities, or other related fields, and you'd like to spend some volunteer time back at TWS, we'd love to hear from you. Please contact me at mrossi@torontowaldorfschool.com or our board chair, Alan Ward, at award@torontowaldorfschool.com.

Some things *aren't* new at TWS. We still serve about four hundred students and their parents each year. We have a wonderful group of experienced, talented and incredibly dedicated people in the teaching and non-teaching positions around the school, working together to bring Waldorf education to world. We have committed parents who support our work in too many ways to count. Our alumni/ae numbers are growing, each of you bringing your own gifts to the world. There is something very special here, as I am told there always has been. I for one feel very privileged to be part of it. I hope you'll stop by in person or virtually to strengthen your own connection to TWS as your journey takes you forward. ■ mrossi@torontowaldorfschool.com



Mr. Krause at age 3, listening to his neighbour's stories, 1936  
Mr. Krause as a young man, 1950 and 1955  
Mr. Krause with Mrs. Krause in the Muskokas, 1959



## *In Memoriam*

*Helmut Krause, class teacher  
1933-1994*

# Meeting Mr. Krause



*by Anna Purcell '91*

*photos courtesy of Renate Krause*

I first met Mr. Krause in 1981 when I was nine years old. It was at the school's Christmas Fair and I was lurking around Mrs. Sparling's cookie hut when he called me over. Even though my mum had been told by the administration that his class was full, she had introduced herself to him and explained her desire to get me enrolled in the school. I can't remember what he and I talked about briefly that afternoon, and I have no idea what made him decide to admit me, but he did. I joined his class, the Class of '91, in the new year - only to make him question his decision, I'm sure, by committing a series of naughty acts, the culmination of which was sneaking out of bounds to smoke menthol cigarettes. I don't know, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

Anyway, I was quickly found out, and Mr. Krause invited me to spend a few days at home thinking about how I could "make it up to the class." At the time, I had no idea what he was talking about. What did the class have to do with this? Even though I didn't understand his line of reasoning I did know how to bake a mean cake, which seemed like something "the class" could enjoy, so I emerged back at school two days later with my coffeecake apology.

From then on I detected a mysterious and unmistakable faith in my potential emanating from my new teacher, along with a deep longing, in what I can only describe as my being, to live up to it. This is the first thing I think of when I remember Mr. Krause: his unwavering faith in his students' basic goodness, and how he expanded me beyond my delinquent cigarette-smoking, Judy Bloom-reading ways. I'm grateful to him still.

Mr. Krause always wore brown pants. He had huge hands and would magically cut our apples in half at lunchtime to reveal five-pointed stars in the middle. He nibbled his own apples down to the barest core with relish. He taught us dozens of songs and poems that still bubble up in my mind from time to time, and when he would count us into a song, or recorder piece, he would do an energetic little plié right before we were to begin. His morning stories were the most riveting, and his chalkboard pictures the most beautiful of

anyone's. He sketched little drawings and wrote little verses on our math quizzes and composed plays and epic poetry to supplement our learning. He handed us cloth napkins at lunch and for eight years he gave each and every one of us a unique, handmade birthday and Christmas present.

He also had a tremendous amount of personal authority in the classroom, which was a good thing because we were what has been euphemistically described as a "spirited" class - this means we made substitute teachers cry and could be heard from the other side of the school if left unsupervised for more than thirty seconds. At these moments, Mr. Krause would come storming back into the classroom, his expression a thundercloud, and without a word from him it suddenly felt very important to sit down and be quiet. He was always so deeply, personally, affronted by our misbehaviour, like a parent would be. And, like a parent, he sometimes drove us bananas. By middle school the ban on make-up was beginning to feel tragic for some of us and I can remember him merrily chiming, "painting's not until Friday, girls!" as he briskly strode past a group of us who had been trying to sneak colour onto our faces amongst the coats in the hallway. He seemed so pleased with himself to have found a cheerful way to let us know he was onto us, while we rolled our eyes and silently cursed the darkness. Mr. Krause was creative, energetic, confident, and enthusiastic - even if his charisma and high principles sometimes seemed to stray into the realm of bossy idealism.

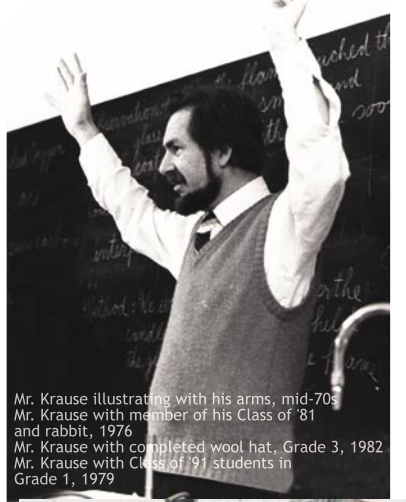
I'm sure he taught us other things besides poems and stories, because I entered high school knowing the anatomy of the eyeball, and what photosynthesis is, but it's hard for me to remember specific academic lessons. I suspect that this is at least in part because he would couch even the driest subjects in an attractive and experiential narrative. When I think back, learning specifics seems almost incidental compared with the overall shape and character that the lessons themselves took on.

Years went by, and with them high school and university. I saw Mr. Krause from time to time, but my next important meeting with him didn't occur until I found out, in the summer of 1994, that he had cancer. I went to visit him at his home in Milton, where he'd moved to teach at the Halton Waldorf School, and was struck by how thin and grey, yet optimistic about recovery he was. I felt embarrassed, ashamed really, to be taking reassurances from him, instead of giving them. When he died several months later, on November 19<sup>th</sup>, 1994, I returned again for his funeral.

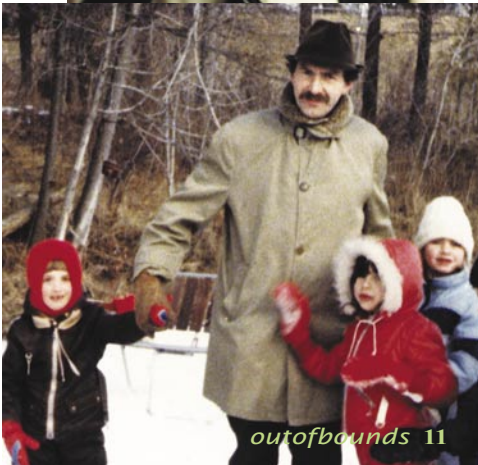
The service was held in the enormous chapel at Toronto's Mount Pleasant Cemetery and it was filled to teeming with people come to pay their respects. The only place left for my group to stand inside the church was up on the dais in front of everyone. By the time the funeral was underway, the chapel doors had to be propped open to account for the mourners spilling out onto the front steps. I looked out over the crowd and felt so glad to see everyone there, and so proud to have been what was beginning to look like a very small part of a great person's life. I admit I almost felt jealous. I mean, who *were* all these people? I started to suspect that Mr. Krause had actually carried on a committed and involved life utterly independently of teaching me. The moment when we realize that our teachers are people separate from their responsibility to us can be shocking. Where on earth had all these people come from?

To an extent this question has been answered by my research for this article. I've learned that Mr. Krause was born in Hamburg, Germany in 1933, to Gertrude and Gerhard Krause, and that he had two younger sisters, Helga and Heidi, both of whom also taught at TWS, Heidi briefly and Helga forever and still, masquerading as Mrs. Rudolph. In 1945 their father was taken prisoner of war, and young Mr. Krause (apparently they called him Helmut) had had to assume the role of man of the house, going from farm to farm basically begging for food. After the war, times were just as hard and Helmut and his sisters scoured the harvested fields for remnants of grain that he would smuggle, at personal risk, over the border of the dysfunctional French controlled area of Germany where he lived to the American controlled side to be milled, and then back again. He tiptoed through dangerous bogs looking for edible mushrooms, and cheered up Helga and Heidi in the evenings by telling them exciting adventure tales as they all lay together hungry in their beds.

I learned that by the time Helmut was nineteen years old, the Cold War was bringing with it the



Mr. Krause illustrating with his arms, mid-70s  
Mr. Krause with member of his Class of '81 and rabbit, 1976  
Mr. Krause with completed wool hat, Grade 3, 1982  
Mr. Krause with Class of '91 students in Grade 1, 1979



outofbounds 11

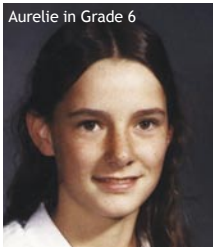


Hundreds of volunteer hours have been dedicated to this magazine - many thanks to the

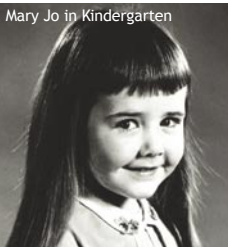
# contributors



**Rachel Aide '92** took a gap year after graduating. In that year, she toured Europe with fellow alumna Frances Nussbaum (now Trefny); lived in a medieval castle in northern Germany; and worked as a nanny, first for a Waldorf family in Germany, and then for her sister in Sault Ste. Marie. Rachel moved back to Toronto in 1993 to complete a BA in English and history. In an effort to combine her love of literature and her passion for children and youth, Rachel obtained a BEd from the U of Alberta. Rachel taught her first class at TWS in January 1999. Over the past seven years, Rachel has taught an assortment of courses at TWS and has been an advisor to the Class of '02. Currently she is teaching English, geography and civics. Rachel lives in Toronto with her husband, Jeff Herrle, and her four-year-old daughter, Emma. Rachel gave birth to her second child, Lauren, this July.



**Aurelie Heintz Duhemal '89** After completing a BA in psychology at York University in 1992, Aurelie went to France to travel and explore her culture. There she enrolled in L'Universite de Montpellier III in the Sciences de l'Education and completed an MA degree. Subsequently, she returned to Canada to take her Waldorf teacher training at the Rudolf Steiner Centre, Thornhill. She became a class teacher at the L'Ecole Rudolf Steiner de Montreal in 1997. After four years there she moved to Avignon, France, in April, 2001, and gave birth to her daughter, Eva...then to her sons Nils in 2002 and Sean in 2005. She founded a Parent & Tot group called "Pas a Pas" (Step by Step) with the hope of perhaps helping to found a Waldorf school in this area of France, "La Drome Provencale," into which she and family have recently moved.



**Mary Jo Clark**, TWS's physical education teacher, was born in Toronto and moved to Guelph in 1967. She spent most of her high school life in the gym of Centennial C.V.I., playing on the basketball and volleyball teams. She was Female Athlete of the Year in her graduating year. She also attended tap and baton lessons, competing every weekend in baton competitions across Ontario. She attended Seneca College for Recreation Facilities Management and then landed a job in the hotel business, working at The Harbour Castle Westin until her two children, Erik, 18, and Hilary, 16, brought her to TWS. She became an involved parent, then took a position in TWS's Early Childhood Program. Her heart had never left the gym, however, so she found herself volunteering to coach the volleyball team. As fate would have it, she came full circle and finally became the gym teacher she always wanted and was meant to be.

**SELL YOUR WARES AT THE FAIR**

Sell your art, crafts, music, or other goods at TWS's Candlelight Fair. This year it takes place on Saturday, November 18th, with the alumni/ae located in the Music Room of the new wing. It will give you the opportunity to experience the fair, meet friends and teachers, make some money and support the school's tuition assistance fund. Please contact Corinna Ghaznavi SOON for further details: 519.369.2814, cghaznavi@sympatico.ca.



**John Chapman '99** attended King's College in Halifax and UBC in Vancouver, graduating in 2005 with a degree in geography. After finishing university, he and his brother Andrew (Class of '00) rode their bicycles down the west coast of North America to Mexico. He is conscientiously avoiding a real job and pursuing a nomadic existence as a riverguide, ski bum, hammer-swinging, and adventurer. He can usually be found on rivers, mountains, bike-trails and in coffee shops across the country and internationally. Future dreams include more of the same...avoiding consistency and actively seeking new experiences.



**Katherine Dynes '84** After many years of part-time study, Katherine will be commencing the final year of her BFA at the Ontario College of Art and Design in September of 2006. Although she is officially a printmaking major she has developed a passion for bookbinding, papermaking, photography, and fibre arts during her time at the school. Life after TWS included attending the Ryerson Theatre School and a ten-year career as an actor and front-of-house manager. She and her partner, Nan, recently bought a house in downtown Toronto and now spend most of their free time gardening and dreaming up their next great adventure.

threat of renewed German conscription, and so Mr. Krause Senior and Mrs. Krause, wanting nothing more to do with war ever again, put the gears in motion to move their draft-age son and the rest of the family to Canada.

Helmut Krause landed in Guelph, Ontario, with his father in 1952 and took work as a painter and brick-layer. He also became involved with the Christian Community Church in Toronto right away, signing the charter and singing in the choir. In fact, it was at the church's rehearsals for the nativity plays that he met Renate Neuwirth, whom he married in 1959.

I learned that he had taken voice lessons, even dreaming of becoming an opera singer at one point, and that he had felt a strong calling to be a priest. Instead, he received his teacher's certificate from the Toronto Normal School in 1955, and taught in the public system for the better part of the next decade with Renate while earning his general BA and MEd from U of T during evenings and summers. I learned he was fluent in French and had spent the summer of '68 in Paris hoping to finish his French baccalaureate - that infamous summer when riots and protests had the city shut down almost entirely. Making lemonade out of lemons, he reinvented himself there as a one-man taxi company and ferried people in and out of the city. I hear he had the time of his life. In addition to finishing up his French degree, Helmut had planned to take his Waldorf teacher training in Stuttgart while Renate studied Eurythmy, but the Waldorf school there was in such dire need of an English and French teacher that he jumped into that role instead, returning to Canada in 1969 to become TWS's third hired class teacher (after Alan Howard and Diana Hughes). When his first class, the Class of '81, graduated from grade eight in 1977, he took a year off to teach at the Vancouver Waldorf School, and another year to study speech and painting in Switzerland, before taking my class in 1979.

I learned that regardless of never having completed the official Waldorf teacher training program, Mr. Krause was one of the true founding fathers of TWS, actively present throughout its philosophical inception, planning, and construction. A Waldorf graduate himself, having attended the Freie Waldorf Schule Tübingen in southern Germany, he was raised under the influence of anthroposophy. His grandparents knew Rudolf Steiner and his father had done Eurythmy himself at the tender age of ten (in 1913) with wooden rods wrapped with copper wire. As an adult, Helmut continued to draw not only on anthroposophy as the source for his inspiration and spiritual growth, delving into the works and transcribed lectures of Rudolf Steiner with robust commitment even into his last weeks of life, but also on his family's relationship to Waldorf education. In fact, it would not be inaccurate to say that the whole Krause/Rudolph clan provided a vital part of the framework upon



which TWS sits, in some cases literally: the dodecahedron buried under its foundation was made by Mr. Krause Senior, after all. In the early years, the TWS faculty was still quite small, and with Helmut and Renate Krause, Helga and Gerhard Rudolph, plus Mrs. Krause Senior (who taught gym) all instructing actively at the school, family gatherings sometimes took on a striking similarity to faculty meetings. Even after his second class, our class, had graduated, Helmut continued his long-held role of school treasurer and also became the chief fundraiser for what was to become the new arts and

sports wing. He finally left TWS in 1990, only to move on to the brand new Halton Waldorf School where he took another class before he fell ill. His devotion to both the spirit and the practice of the Waldorf ideal were unwavering. Recently, Renate told me that Helmut stayed up until after midnight almost every night for decades, diligently composing poems or stories to introduce new subject topics, planning lessons, or reading topical books

voraciously. I think of this industriousness, and of all the things I've learned about him, and am amazed and heartened once more. Of course hindsight is always 20/20 and it can be so tempting to see patterns where they don't exist, but I can't help feeling that Mr. Krause never really stopped being a big older brother, that he never really stopped braving the bogs for mushrooms, so to speak. Whether fundraising, fostering fledgling schools, shepherding students, dreaming of being a priest, or ferrying startled tourists out of a riotous Paris, it seems as though he never ceased mustering resources and bravely providing all manner of sustenance for the human family he encountered and accumulated.

And while I've learned many details of his life that I had been unaware of before, nothing has really come as a surprise. All those people with whom I mourned at his funeral weren't custodians of strange and hidden relationships with Mr. Krause. He was always very good at living in the moment and shielding us from his personal life, but, it turns out, now that I can see past one or two of the shower curtains he had drawn before his students' eyes, I can report that his whole life was really of a piece. He was pretty much exactly who I thought he was. I think of him and imagine something between a dandelion and a sunflower - rooted, stubborn, vigorous, and somehow magnificent, reflecting some spark, something golden and noble. I think of him as lionly. ■ annafofanna@gmail.com - annazucchini.blogspot.com



# SPORT *at* TWS



*by Mary Jo Clark, TWS's gym teacher*

*photos by Katja Rudolph '84, unless otherwise noted*

It is only 8:30 am and already the grade seven students are making their way down the hallway for their ritual morning game of Island Ball. It is one of their favourites and they never seem to tire of it. Grade six comes into the gym next and takes up the same game. Half an hour later, grade twelve arrives and proceeds to enter into twenty minutes of silent movement - their Spacial Dynamics exercises that serve as a main lesson enhancement of their History of Architecture block. At 10:30 am it's little recess, and the gym fills with high school students playing pick-up games of basketball or volleyball. And so the day begins. The gym won't be empty until the last basketball is put away, sometimes after that grueling Sr. Boys basketball game long after the dinner hour is over.

Movement Education (or "gym" as it is often referred to) at the Toronto Waldorf School is comprised of a curriculum that blends games, sports, physical education, Bothmer Gymnastics and Spacial Dynamics into a unique program for grades three to twelve. Children in grades three to five are taught movement education through games, leading the child slowly and rhythmically into a gentle awakening to the world around her, her body and

other children. The goal is for the child to experience joy in movement without the self-consciousness that premature physical awareness can bring. Activities from grades three to five can include clapping and singing games, tag games, jump rope, tumbling, relay races, and dodgeball and tag games.

The curriculum in the lower school culminates in the fifth grade experience of the Greek pentathlon that corresponds to their main lesson work in Greek history. The students spend the year training in the javelin and discus throw, Greek wrestling, running and long jump. Students are taught to honour each other's efforts and to better their own performances. In the spring, fifth graders from other Waldorf schools in Ontario and Quebec join together to compete in an Olympiad to test

their performances of beauty, grace and skill. They are not judged solely for their distance or speed but also for the strength and carriage of their movements.

After the sixth grade, students are ready to take on a more disciplined and regulated form of movement – they are ready to withstand the physical and emotional trials of competition and the beginning of sport and formal physical education is begun. More emphasis is placed on the development of skill and technique and the rules and regulations of various sports are introduced, always highlighting the importance of good sportsmanship and fair play. These sports include: basketball, volleyball, badminton, Ultimate Frisbee, orienteering, spaceball, floor hockey, European handball, soccer, lacrosse, archery, and softball. At the high school level, the emphasis is on continuing physical education by playing familiar games and sports, and creating an atmosphere where the students can foster a love for lifelong participation in a sport or activity. High school students, taught by George Amzu, are required to take three classes a week of physical education in grades nine and ten and can choose it as an option in grade eleven. The grade twelve course is a university level course called "Exercise Science" that is a combination of theory and practical work. The high school students' classes consist of friendly competition and full participation is a requirement. For those students who excel in a particular sport, the opportunity to play on a team to further their skills at competition-level is given through the after-school sports program

Bothmer Gymnastics and Spacial Dynamics are an integral part of the movement curriculum. Bothmer Gymnastics was developed by Fritz Graf von Bothmer for the students of the first Waldorf school in Stuttgart, Germany, at the request of Rudolf Steiner. It is a series of twenty-seven movement exercises designed to give children the opportunity to experience and explore the relationship between the properties of gravity and levity, centre and periphery, and the three planes of space (frontal, horizontal and symmetrical). Spacial Dynamics is the term used for "a growing body of spatially oriented movement exercises, activities and games," developed by Jaimen McMillan.\* TWS is fortunate to have two Spacial Dynamic trained teachers, Les Black, class teacher, and myself, who strive to bring these two disciplines to our classes.

And so TWS students have plenty of opportunities for play and the learning of sport during the school day: grades one and two create games and play in the forest, grades three and four have one formal gym class per week, grade five has two gym classes per week, and grades six to twelve have three classes per week. TWS begins its after school sports program at grade seven and gives middle and high school students the opportunity to pursue specific sports activities more deeply.

Students are encouraged to join teams, and although try-outs are not held, a high level of commitment of time, interest and deepening of skill level is expected. Practices and games are held twice a week and each sport that is offered follows the traditional seasonal placement: cross country running, girls' basketball and boys' volleyball in the fall; boys' basketball and girls volleyball in the winter; badminton and track and field in the spring. Individual sports like cross country, badminton and track and field hold two practices a week to train for their one-day meet. League sports (volleyball and basketball) usually consist of a schedule of ten games per season balanced with an equal number of home and away games. Other sports are taken up at the school depending upon the interest of the students and the availability of a coach. Attending games and practices is required and in the middle school coaches attempt to give all players game experience and help each player develop his or her skill in competition. In the high school, a higher level of skill and competition is being sought by the team and by their opponents and, although the coach strives to give as much game experience as possible to each student, those students who are senior or at a higher level of skill will carry the team. It is important to note that all students, even at a junior level, are important members of the team and have a role to play. They are there to improve skills, to experience teamwork and be a part of a social group that is striving for excellence in movement and team-building.

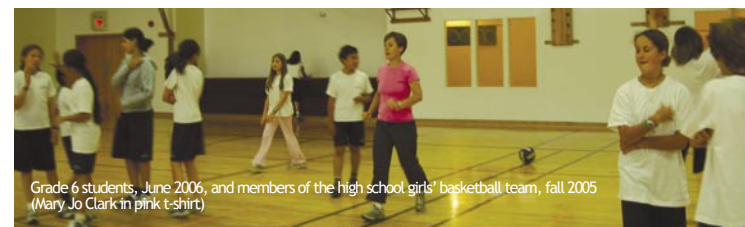
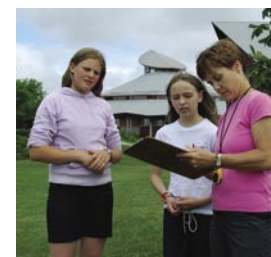
Toronto Waldorf School is a long-standing and highly active member in the Small Schools Athletic Federation (SSAF). This is a growing body of thirty-one private/independent schools that help with the organization of the federation and the running of leagues and tournaments. Our teams are highly competitive in this league, taking part in girls' and boys' basketball, volleyball, cross country running, badminton and track and field. The after school sports program not only gives students the opportunity to play and develop their skills at a particular sport but also gives them a setting to meet other athletes in a competitive and social manner. Many of the students will



Photo by David West

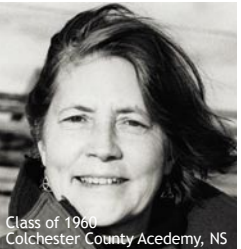


Photo by David West



Grade 6 students, June 2006, and members of the high school girls' basketball team, fall 2005 (Mary Jo Clark in pink t-shirt)





Anne in Grade 2



Class of 1960  
Colchester County Academy, NS

**Anne Greer '60**, former TWS English and drama teacher, was a parent and teacher at the Toronto Waldorf School for twenty-one years. Both her daughters, Sarah White '89 and Emily White '95, attended the school from kindergarten through twelfth grade. Anne taught English and drama for eighteen of those years and served as the Waldorf School Association of Ontario (WSAO) Chair, TWS High School Chair and TWS Board Chair. Anne grew up in Nova Scotia and after thirty plus years' experience teaching in public schools, teacher-training institutions, community colleges and Waldorf schools, she has retired to live by the ocean once more. Her passions include theatre, poetry, picking wild strawberries and hiking. Her latest project is an overhaul of how grammar is taught in Waldorf high schools: to atone for outrageous infliction on her former students! [annegreer@canoemail.com](mailto:annegreer@canoemail.com)



Ellie in Grade 6



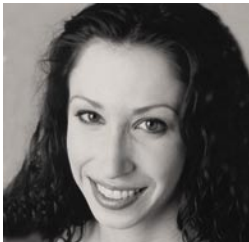
**Ellie Hariri '90** attended grades 4 through 8 in Mr. Haller's class and completed high school at York Mills Collegiate. She then went on to U of T and pursued her love of art by completing an Hon. BA in fine arts and art history. During these years, Ellie began volunteering with elementary students at several schools and recognized her passion for teaching. She then sought out an MA in education at Boston U. Upon completion, she remained in the Boston area and pursued a position in Education and Adult Training. She worked on a substitute basis for school systems throughout Massachusetts for their newly launched technology and computing initiative. Ellie then went on to pursue a career in technical training, working for a startup company in the area of computer-based learning for larger corporations. She is currently staging the business strategy for her new venture in children's bedroom design.



Lara in Kindergarten



**Lara Gross '02** is what is known in the 'Wally World' as a 'lifer.' Her school career began with one year of kindergarten at Michael Mount Waldorf School in Johannesburg, South Africa, followed by one-and-a-half years of kindergarten at Alan Howard Waldorf School in Toronto, and thirteen years at TWS. In June of 2003, she finished her OACs at TWS and embarked into the 'real world,' as it is sometimes referred to. She enrolled at Glendon College (Collège universitaire Glendon), York University, where she is in her last year of a four-year Honours BA with a double major in mathematics and psychology. She is thoroughly enjoying being a university student, improving her French (Glendon is a bilingual campus), studying, working part-time, and travelling when time and money permit. What her future holds only time will tell.



Kierstin in Kindergarten



**Kierstin Henrickson '93** is a true Waldorfian after thirteen years at the Toronto Waldorf School. After a brief jaunt on the West Coast, and many visits since, capturing the mountains and the ocean on film, working as a vegetarian cook, organic gardener, and frame builder, Kierstin made her way back to complete her Bachelor of Fine Art at Ryerson University, in the Photographic Arts Department. This year, Kierstin completed teacher training to become a fully certified Moksha Yoga Instructor, and now teaches Hot Yoga in two major studios in Toronto, and private classes as well. [artecaproductio@aol.com](mailto:artecaproductio@aol.com) [www.artecaphoto.com](http://www.artecaphoto.com)

Alice Priestley's *outofbounds* Morning Verse illustrations 1 & 2 are for sale in poster form.  
Contact Alice to place an order: 416.488.7491  
[alicepriestley@rogers.com](mailto:alicepriestley@rogers.com)



Helene in Grade 5



Class of 1970  
Hyde Park High School  
Johannesburg, South Africa

**Helene Gross**, TWS class teacher and high school math teacher, was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, to parents who grew up in rural South Africa. It was around middle-school age, enrolled in South Africa's authoritarian public school system (called "Christian National Education"), that she began to become aware of the political situation that surrounded her. When she was twenty and living in Cape Town, she had her first child, who turned out to be twins Shani '92 and Thandi '92. A decade later, Lara '02 came along. Helene had vowed not to subject her own children to apartheid-era public education and soon discovered Waldorf education. She has been involved in Waldorf education in one way or another since that time, first in South Africa, then at the Chicago Waldorf School, and for the past seventeen years at TWS.



Siobhan in Kindergarten



**Siobhan (Sarah) Hughes '92** began attending the Toronto Waldorf School at the age of three-and-a-half. After finishing her OACs, she traveled to Peru where she worked in a Waldorf-inspired kindergarten outside of Lima. Back in Toronto she worked for a chiropractor for three years before attempting university. It did not live up to her expectations so she went back to work, first at U of T and then as Human Resources Administrator for a small Canadian company. In 2001, Siobhan decided she had better get a Bachelor of Arts or it was never going to happen. Her four years at the University of Waterloo have been a challenging and enriching experience. In April, Siobhan returned from a five month trip to Israel. She is currently working at the Rudolf Steiner Centre while looking for an assignment overseas. She is pursuing a career in community building, peacebuilding, human rights, social justice and mediation.

play against the same students from other schools for their entire school life – friendships are developed and healthy competition is fostered. Sports can lay the groundwork for respecting and embracing challenges in life – responsibility to a team, showing up for practices and games and discovering the best that an individual can be.

TWS also meets annually with other Waldorf schools in athletic events. The boys' and girls' basketball teams have traveled every year to Kimberton, PA, for more years than can be remembered to take part in the Kimberton Varsity Basketball Tournament – and not to be outdone, TWS has hosted the Co-ed Varsity Volleyball Tournament. The same high schools from the States have been meeting for years and the competition and rivalry that exists between each school has made these tournaments the highlight of the sports year. They are not only sports events, but highly social outings as we look forward to seeing returning athletes, coaches, parents and fans each year.

This year, our year ended with a highly successful Athletic Awards Banquet. All athletes gathered to share a meal and athletes from each team were awarded Most Improved Player and Most Valuable Player. These players were chosen as team members who showed skill development, leadership, and sportsmanship on and off the court. The Male and Female Athletes of the Year awards were also presented. This will become an annual tradition that we hope will raise the standards and commitment of our athletes to the program. We presented banners to our successful teams in the SSAF League.

This year, 2005-06, we won the team championships in U16 Girls Cross Country Running, U20 Boys Cross Country Running and the High School Badminton Tournament. All ten members of the badminton team placed in the top three in their categories. Our league teams continue to do well and place consistently in playoffs. Although a team championship has eluded us for a few years, the talent and natural abilities that are apparent in the middle school and grade nine bode well for building strong and competitive teams in the near future.

As important as our traditional sports program is, this beautiful gym is also home to a flourishing group of students who continue to develop the Circus Arts Program. In grade six, the basic skills of juggling, unicycling, tightwire, trapeze, and globe-walking are taught. Most students become masters at juggling with balls or pins, Diablo or devil sticks, and many enjoy the tumbling and acrobatic work with a partner or sometimes creating pyramids with their entire class. Once the skills are mastered, the students create acts that they choreograph themselves and then blend together for a circus performance. It is a joy to watch a student who may not be an athlete in a traditional sport, take a risk and challenge herself or himself in a non-traditional setting such as this and work co-operatively and creatively with his classmates.

As a movement teacher, I must have the most amazing job on the planet. I get to play for a living, and we are blessed to have one of the best gyms in York Region (and the most aesthetically pleasing). Long gone are the days of badminton in the forum, and the stringing up of nets from the railings to stop balls from bouncing onto the mezzanine. Our gym is regarded as a gold-mine for tournaments and special events for the SSAF league and for outside renters. Tournament participants are in awe of the facility - not only its functionality but its beauty. When



TWS high school students create a circus show, 2006 - photos by Ryan Lindsay

I start making a wish list or start whining about what I don't have, I remind myself of what many alumni/ae were used to, how most private schools in the area have small, cramped gyms and that most Waldorf schools across North America have a small or shared space or no space at all, in which case all their classes are held outside.

As a movement teacher at TWS, I am also blessed with a full and rich curriculum to teach. It is nearing the end of our 2005-2006 school year, and as I review the basketball and volleyball season, all the practices and games, tournaments, and rock-climbing trips, I realize why I am ready for the summer. Yet I am also anxious to start planning a new year – to start our 7:30 am cross country runs, to choose a new Athletic Council to help support the program and better communicate with students, and to continue coaching and teaching students. I can't wait to start again to strive to inspire students to do their very best, whether it be in juggling, running, skipping or spiking the volleyball: if they are doing their best they will always be winners. ■

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\* Re: Spacial Dynamics - Notes from Spacial Dynamics Training. Director: Jaimen McMillan, Spacial Dynamics Institute. Curriculum notes from "Movement Education: A Lifelong Journey" by Jacqueline Davis in *Waldorf Education: A Family Guide 2nd Edition*, Michaelmas Press, 1999 - with permission from the author.





# INTERNATIONAL WALDORF NEWS

by Alexander Koekebakker '84

## Waldorf Schools in Africa

Waldorf schools have a relatively long tradition in Africa. This is due to the long established schools in South Africa. The oldest are Michael Mount Waldorf School near Johannesburg, founded in 1960, and Michael Oak Waldorf School, founded in 1962. A second wave of new Waldorf schools has swept over the continent in the last two decades, with new schools opening in Egypt, Kenya, Tansania, and Namibia, as well as many in South Africa.

The older schools in South Africa were established during the apartheid system. They were mainly white and the number of children from other races that a school could admit was strictly controlled by the state. To disregard this quota meant risking heavy penalties. In the past ten years, the number of Waldorf schools in South Africa has risen from six to eighteen. Some schools are

predominantly white, others predominantly black and five are truly multi-cultural and multi-racial.

Since the end of apartheid the educational system in South Africa stands before an enormous task. The South African constitution guarantees each child the right to education, yet less than 50% of the black population can read and write. There are far too few classrooms and there is a great lack of teachers. In the past year, 4,000 teachers died of AIDS, and more and more children are left to grow up without parents.

The Ikanyezi Waldorf School is confronted with the results of these issues every day. The school is situated in Alexandra Township on the outskirts of Johannesburg, where half a million people live in on one square kilometer, which means that each person has an area of two square meters in which to live. Ikanyezi is the Zulu word for "star." The school, founded in the 1980s and now with seven classes and a kindergarten, stands in the middle of the many ramshackle and

makeshift huts of the township, as though from another world. It is a stout brick building with a garden, protected by a high barbed wire fence.

Not far away, in Soweto, the Sikhulise Waldorf School struggles to hold its own. As in Alexandra, Soweto is overcrowded, and the atmosphere restless and tense. The school was founded in 1988 and now has classes from kindergarten to grade seven. The students are housed in two old, shabby barracks.

Such black and multi-cultural Waldorf schools live constantly on the brink of collapse due to a lack of financing, training and community support. The schools are run entirely by black teachers. Their survival depends to a large extent on financial support from various European funding organisations. The older Waldorf schools have mostly white children and reflect European cultural values and standards. Through the school fees and fund-raising, these schools are on the whole financially self-sufficient. The fees make it difficult for poorer children to attend these schools.

The South African Waldorf School Movement now has major tasks to deal with, such as teacher training, funding of poor schools, the need for security, the AIDS crisis, multi-culturalism and the overcoming of race prejudice. As Michael Grimley from the Waldorf School Movement in South Africa states, "the apartheid system no longer exists but the racial problems remain. Even today the whites, representing 10% of the population of 40 million, still own most of the land, contrasts of wealth and poverty continues to aggravate racial tensions with the frustration and anger of the black people rising with the fears and insecurities of the whites. Race prejudice is very deep and difficult to overcome." ([www.waldorf.net/southafrica.htm](http://www.waldorf.net/southafrica.htm))

The difficulties Waldorf schools have in Germany, Canada and other so-called First World Waldorf schools seem so mundane, even meaningless, in relation to the struggles of these front-line Waldorf schools. Insight into their work helps us to see our own difficulties in relative terms, to value the incredible privilege of our situation, to be humbled and inspired by those schools working where Waldorf education is most challenging and most needed, and to get motivated to lend a much-needed helping hand. ■

Info. from: Erziehungskunst 11/05 and [www.waldorf.net/southafrica.htm](http://www.waldorf.net/southafrica.htm)

Since 1997, its grade one year, the TWS Class of 2009 has been sponsoring a black student at the Michael Oak Waldorf School in Cape Town, South Africa. This child's need was made known to the class by Helene Gross's sister who was the sponsorship coordinator of the Michael Oak Waldorf School at the time. The class has been providing up to half of the student's tuition. This sponsorship will continue at least until grade ten, which is the final year of the Michael Oak Waldorf School, after which students who wish to continue to grade twelve go to the Constantia Waldorf school.

Kathryn Humphrey

Opposite page: Kindergarten - Penang, Malaysia  
Class Play - Windhoek, Namibia  
Botany - Khayelitsha, Cape Town, South Africa  
Circus - Yerevan, Armenia  
Eurythmy - Hyderabad, India





# TWS HISTORY PROJECT

## TWS AND THE ONTARIO MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND TRAINING

by Bob Pickering

### Accreditation Since 1975

The Toronto Waldorf High School has been inspected annually by the Ministry of Education for the Province of Ontario since the school's inception in 1975 and has received ministry accreditation and permission to grant the Ontario Secondary School Diploma to eligible students each year for the past thirty-one years.

Since the beginning, the high school faculty has realized the benefit to the students of being able to grant the commonly accepted high school diploma, and has worked hard to develop and maintain a positive working relationship with the ministry in order for this to continue. This relationship has not always been easy given the nature of the Waldorf curriculum and the importance to Waldorf teachers of working out of freedom from various forms of state bureaucracy, yet the prevailing feeling amongst the high school faculty has been that the minor compromises and inconveniences that have been necessary have been in the students' (and therefore the school's) best long-term interests.

### Recent Changes to Diploma Requirements

Beginning in the school year 1999-2000 the ministry implemented significant

revisions to the high school curriculum in Ontario. The major thrust of these revisions was to move to a four-year high school curriculum consistent with other provinces and jurisdictions, and to abolish once and for all the need for a fifth year of high school in preparation for university studies.

Rather than simply eliminating the fifth year requirements (formerly six grade thirteen or Ontario Academic Courses) however, the ministry effectively "downloaded" the content of these courses into the four-year high school curriculum. These revisions have led to significant changes to many areas of the high school curriculum throughout all grades, indeed with some impact into the middle school grades, across the province of Ontario. In part, this has meant that high school has become a "harder," more challenging learning experience, especially for non-academically oriented students. While these changes have some benefits in terms of a higher standard of education, they have been accompanied by an increase in high school drop-out rates in recent years in Ontario, although this phenomenon has not been observed at TWS. What has been observed at TWS is an increase in stress and anxiety amongst high school students in general over the past several years. Whether this is related to curriculum changes or other factors such as parental and societal expectations or aspirations related to post-secondary options is not clear.



TWS teachers in action: Inge Shukla on recess duty, 1977;

As well as changes to the academic curriculum, the ministry determined that students working toward the high school diploma must meet two additional criteria prior to eligibility for graduation. These are the completion of forty hours of volunteer community service activities, and the passing of a standardized test of English language proficiency known as the Ontario Secondary School Literacy Test (OSSLT). Under the "new" revised Ontario curriculum, students are required to achieve thirty high school credits, including eighteen compulsory and twelve elective credits, pass the OSSLT and complete the community service requirement in order to be awarded the Ontario Secondary School (OSS) Diploma.

In order to maintain its accreditation status with the Ministry of Education, the high school has had to work hard to find ways to accommodate the requirements of the new curriculum, while striving to remain true to the principles inherent in Waldorf education.

### Community Service

In terms of the community service requirement, implementation of this diploma requirement has not been difficult. The concept of community service is quite consistent with the principles of Waldorf education, especially at the senior level. In fact, the high school has been offering its own version of the community service requirement for many years in the Work Experience Program, also known as the "practicum." This is an integral and highly successful

mid-1990s when the ministry first proposed the Provincial Reading and Writing Test for students in grade nine, TWS chose not to participate, finding the requirements for this test to be inconsistent with the ideals of a Waldorf education. As the test was not a requirement for graduation at that time, and demanded teacher training and curriculum time for student preparation, this was the position the high school felt it should take, with the backing of those members of the parent body who shared our concerns. In 1999, the ministry instituted the

OSSLT lie within the realm of the family, not the school.

It may be of interest to note that since first offering the OSSLT in 1999, only two students/families have chosen not to participate for philosophical reasons. Fortunately, despite being ineligible for the OSS diploma, both of these students were able to plan and/or participate in post-secondary education options without discrimination. In recent years, the high school faculty has continued to carry concerns about standardized testing,

RECENT PHOTOS BY KATJA RUDOLPH '84



Bonny Hietala, June 2006; Greg Scott, June 2006; Bob Pickering discovering fire in the late '80s; Brian Searson, June 2006; Michael Wright, June 2005; Dr. Levin, Mr. A and Frau McLeod in the early '80s

component of the Waldorf curriculum but because it is a "curricular" program, it is not considered strictly volunteer, as is required by the ministry. The ministry's requirement is for forty hours of community service work outside of school time, to be arranged by the student with the assistance of her or his parents. Aside from the increase in paperwork for the administration, the fact that responsibility for community service activities lies with the students makes implementation of this diploma requirement relatively straightforward from the perspective of the school.

### Ontario Secondary School Literacy Test

A significantly larger challenge has been to come to terms with the OSSLT. Many Waldorf teachers hold strong personal convictions about standardized testing, questioning its validity as an assessment instrument and its impact on the curriculum, as well as its infringement on the rights and freedoms of individuals with respect to their choices in education. In the

OSSLT as a diploma requirement. Since that time, the high school faculty at TWS has worked with the question of the struggle between philosophy and practice in the implementation of a truly free, Waldorf high school curriculum. The present consensus of the faculty is that it does not support the requirement for this standardized test, but it will not take a position which may jeopardize the graduation status of any student by refusing to offer the test to those who wish to participate. Today, although the test is administered during a morning lesson time on one day per year, it requires no further preparation on the part of either teachers or students and is evaluated as a simple "pass/fail." Students failing the test may re-write the next year, or the year after that, making compliance with this diploma requirement a strictly administrative task. As with the community service requirement, decisions related to an individual's participation in the

and has chosen not to participate in a non-compulsory standardized test of mathematics for students in grade nine. However, it is not a current agenda item. For most families in the high school, philosophical concerns about standardized testing seem to have become somewhat of a non-issue.

### Curriculum Revisions

In many respects, finding congruence between ministry course requirements and the ideal Waldorf high school curriculum has provided the greatest challenge to the high school. Many hours have been spent by teachers re-writing course descriptions in the prescribed format, and revising course content to allow for a strong Waldorf influence in ministry approved courses of study.

For example, new ministry course guidelines are "outcome-based," specifying learning expectations for each



course. From a pedagogical perspective, an “outcomes-based” approach to education is quite fundamentally different from a “process-oriented” approach to teaching. Therefore re-writing course outlines in this new format presented a philosophical challenge to teachers who may have been more comfortable with “process” than “product.”

As well, the ministry required that certain language be used in the course outlines. Terms such as “overall and specific expectations,” “strands,” “achievement charts,” “rubrics,” and “provincial standard” were unfamiliar and required some transition time for teachers to develop a working comfort level.

### Further Curriculum Work

Many of the new guidelines were specific in their designation of specific units and topics which needed to be covered in a certain course. Main lessons such as Thermodynamics, Atomic Theory or Genetics & Evolution, for example, do not easily “fit” with standard ministry courses due to the fact that these topics are taught “out of sequence” with ministry course descriptors. This is a crucial issue for a Waldorf school and its developmental approach to curriculum design and continues to be a delicate issue under negotiation.

In the case of grade nine science, application has been made for “Locally Designed” status in order to accommodate for some of the above disparities. Although this is a satisfactory short-term solution, the longer term implications of this arrangement are potentially unstable and therefore unsatisfactory, due to a required annual approval process.

At this point, most teachers feel comfortable with the degree of revision required in their respective programs. Indeed, in the case of the mathematics program the revisions have provided greater synchronicity between the Waldorf curriculum and the Ontario ministry curriculum. Flexibility

on the part of the ministry toward variety in course content, structure and modes of delivery has contributed to making the time consuming process of designing and implementing course revisions a largely successful experience for the high school. At the same time, the high school continues to work closely with the ministry, striving to uphold the values inherent in a Waldorf education.

### Strengthening the Waldorf Curriculum

Over the past two years, the high school faculty has implemented several initiatives in order to strengthen the Waldorf component of the high school curriculum. These current high school initiatives are being conducted in the spirit of active research, as attempts to experiment with and explore aspects of curriculum development. They have also served to address concerns amongst the high school faculty that compliance with ministry requirements may be undermining Waldorf ideals in high school education.

One of these initiatives is the highly successful Arts in the Main Lesson Research Project, an initiative to bring 20-30 minutes of daily artistic activity into each main lesson. The thinking behind this initiative is that participation in an artistic or movement activity can complement the main lesson theme and may stimulate the understanding of abstract concepts presented in the main lesson itself. To date the high school faculty is pleased with the progress of this project and plans to continue it into the next academic year.

Another research project recently undertaken by the high school faculty is the Pathways Conference on Adolescent Development. The first Pathways conference, held in October 2005, explored the role of movement in education, and proved to be a very successful community event. The second annual Pathways Conference, exploring the education of morality, will be held on October 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup>, 2006.

### Continuing Work with the Ministry

As with all schools in Ontario, both public and private, TWS continues to work hard at implementing the requirements of the revised high school curriculum. There has been much dialogue with ministry representatives exploring ways to work together to meet basic ministry requirements yet keep the integrity of the Waldorf curriculum intact. This dialogue has been primarily with visiting supervisory officers (ministry “inspectors”) who visit the high school on an annual basis, or more recently, every two years.

TWS is fortunate to have enjoyed the benefit of positive and fruitful working relationships over the years with most of our inspectors. Our most recent inspector, Mr John Futa, has offered valuable guidance and support in many discussions with high school teachers. A typical visit by Mr. Futa includes a meeting with the High School Chair, the High School Administrator and the High School Executive Assistant (next year’s chair) to discuss administrative issues. This is followed by classroom visits with teachers, a visit to the office to check on student records, and a second visit with high school administrators to discuss observations and recommendations. Following a recent visit in December 2004, Mr. Futa reported:

*“Please accept my thanks for the warm reception I received when I visited your school on Wednesday. You, personally, and your staff have done a great deal of work in trying to comply with Ministry of Education policy while at the same time being true to the Waldorf principles. When I left TWS, I felt good. The faculty and students were most gracious with me and the teachers whom I visited were prepared....”*

In recent years, TWS has been sending representatives to bi-annual (twice per year) ministry-sponsored conferences for private schools. These conferences provide exposure to a wide variety of educational issues, methodologies and strategies as well

as an opportunity for dialogue with ministry consultants and other conference participants. Teachers attending these conferences report back to the high school faculty at large and this has been a valuable learning experience for our teachers.

### Alternative Accreditation

TWS continues to be interested in developing a new form of high school accreditation, in conjunction with other independent schools in Ontario, and with the Association of Waldorf Schools of North America (AWSNA). Our school led this latter initiative by becoming the first school in North America to become accredited by AWSNA in June of 1998. Interestingly, the evaluation process undertaken by the school to meet the requirements for AWSNA accreditation provided many of the same kinds of benefits the high school has been experiencing through working with ministry accreditation requirements.

This year, TWS has again initiated a formal evaluation process with AWSNA, striving for re-accreditation in accordance with AWSNA’s seven-year accreditation cycle. At the same time, we are pursuing accreditation with CESI (Canadian Educational Standards Institute). CESI’s mission is “to promote educational excellence through a rigorous school accreditation process.” CESI accredits over fifty independent schools across Canada, including many of the local independent schools. We are excited to be creating this relationship with CESI. Together with re-accreditation with AWSNA, it will validate and support our work as a high quality independent school and help us move towards the creation of an independent Ontario high school diploma, fully recognized and accepted by post-secondary institutions and businesses and equivalent to the standard ministry OSSD. Progress towards this goal is slow but sure, and we are confident that we are making good progress. ■

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# Testing Our Principles

by Anne Greer

The eighteen years I spent teaching at TWS hold rich memories impossible to detail. Looking back, though, I am particularly grateful to have been part of the David and Goliath battle that woke me from my bubble of complacency. Somehow, finding Waldorf education had allowed me to forget the intense interest in educational reform that had fuelled my early years as a public school teacher. The inner and outer struggles around the question of standardized tests, while never easy, helped me to understand the globalized educational agenda that threatens the future of us all.

On a hot June morning in 1993, I sat with the high school faculty attempting to tidy up the academic year. We were all a little worn from marking the last of the year’s main lesson books and writing final reports, and grubby still from class camping trips. We had already spent several hours finishing up the year’s business. As lunchtime approached, our chairperson read a memorandum from the Ontario Ministry of Education and Training announcing that, during the next academic year, the province’s 140,000 grade nine students, ours among them, would take part in an obligatory Provincial Reading and Writing Test. If it hadn’t been an English test, perhaps I would hardly have heard the announcement. If it had been a math, or history, or music test, maybe it would have been one of my colleagues who faintly murmured, “Hey, wait a minute.”

We learned that mandatory in-service training for our teachers would be scheduled. Assessment was to be carried out by an anonymous “central committee of teachers.” The process would require fifteen percent of English curriculum time, and the results were to be included in final grades.

Some of us wanted to make a decision then and there to have nothing to do with the request; others felt that we couldn’t upset the ministry. From the beginning of the TWS high school, a spirit of compromise and mutual respect had allowed our students the necessary credits resulting in the Ontario Secondary School Diploma, passport to higher education and essential employment. For eighteen years, guidelines had been sufficiently broad to allow us to remain true to Waldorf ideals. So, we agreed to go along with the ministry.

The fall term of 1993 was, as always, busy and full. The ministry launched the first battery of tests with much fanfare, heralding the advent of the latest and greatest in educational reform: they assured us all that establishing a common curriculum, setting specific learning outcomes, measuring and testing student performance would lead to much needed accountability. TWS was to take part in the second round of tests.

When the resource material arrived in November, it didn’t seem so bad. It wasn’t exactly *Oedipus Rex*, *The Odyssey*, *Parzival*, or Shakespeare, but there were a few poems that could be easily included during a subject lesson. Finding between twelve and fifteen classroom hours to cover rather simplistic material and arranging time for in-service training wouldn’t be quite as easy, but compromises could be made. We



could decide how to make the necessary adjustments after Just Desserts and first semester reports.

Looking back twelve years later, I can still feel the lurch in my soul when, alone in the front office of the school, I opened the preparation kit late that January afternoon in 1994. Frankly, up until that point, the whole idea of “soul” was a bit of a mystery to me. I hadn’t had many moments when the earth seemed to shudder and focus suddenly into an undeniable starkness. All I can say is it happened that afternoon. I knew that I was being called to decision. Within seconds, I found myself laughing. Clearly, this was a very elaborate hoax, a parody of a standardized reading and writing test, complete with the ministry letterhead. On the first page was a facsimile of a Kraft Philadelphia Cream Cheese package. This page, turned sideways, was entitled “How to Read a Label.” Two of the multiple choice questions could not be answered from the package but clearly relied on consumer knowledge learned from advertising. It was like asking students to sing a soft-drinks commercial to test musical understanding. And that was only the beginning.

Who could be blamed for thinking this was a joke? But it wasn’t. My faint “Hey, wait a minute” from the June before became an insistent “I will not subject my students to this travesty.” What had happened in the educational world while I had been teaching, contentedly, at TWS?

And so the battle began: parents and faculty met for hours to reach the decision to say no. What followed were angry calls from the ministry, threats to withhold the diplomas of the grade twelve students, my own daughter among them. We held our ground and when an “unofficial” suggestion came that we simply send the tests back blank, we did just that. In the meantime, a small group of teachers and parents began meeting regularly to find out all we could about what was causing these heavy-handed impositions in education and to articulate our concerns clearly.

Before long, a picture emerged of the forces behind the educational reform sweeping the Western world and the growing sense of educators everywhere that the teaching profession had been betrayed. We had grown used to casting our curricula in somewhat vague terms in order to please ministry inspectors. Now, we were asked to subscribe to specific learning outcomes, always beginning with the imperative “students will.” It seemed that no longer were suggested curricula being developed by identifiable educators in consultation with teachers. Rather teachers were becoming part of a delivery system of increasingly demanding and standardized learning. Interestingly, all this was being touted as an aid to accountability, but an attempt to discover who was accountable for outcomes, curricula, or tests was impossible. One thing was obvious: Ontario and most Canadian provinces had adopted this new regime from the United States.

One of the best resources in the investigation of where this push was coming from was *The Threefold Review*. The name of this useful periodical comes from Rudolf Steiner’s idea of the threefold social order. Steiner said that the cultural sector, of which education is a part, thrives best when human beings are free to exercise or express their individual creativity; that the political and legal sector thrives best when individual human beings are equal before the law; and that the economic sector thrives best when human beings are cooperative.

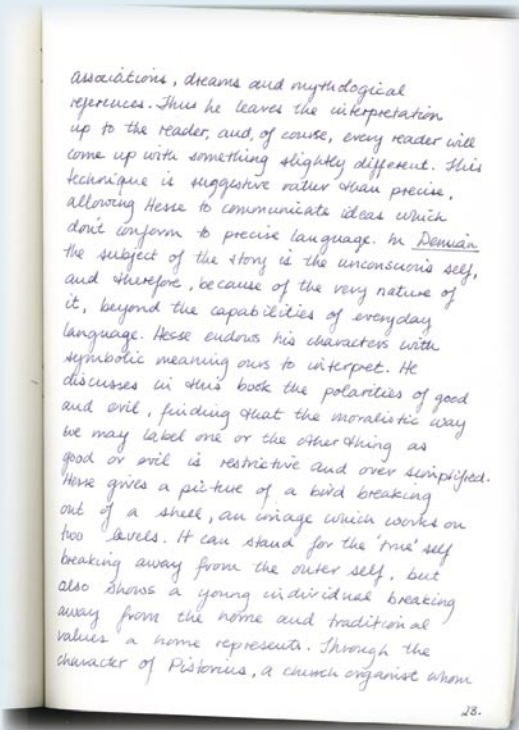
Clearly the new direction in education was allowing the economic and political to intrude on the cultural. And, in the interest of multi-national corporations, the economic realm was becoming increasingly competitive.

In November 1994, Les Black, Ed Edelstein and I attended a conference in Harlemville, New York, organized by the editors of *Three Fold Review*. It was called “National Education Goals and Standards: A Critical Review and Dissent.” There, we learned of the involvement of the Business Roundtable, a group of eighteen people including CEO’s from such companies as Nabisco, Exxon and AMEX.

Much of this seemed inimical to Waldorf education. While some of us accept the principle that government has a role to ensure that all children have access to education as a basic right, we could never agree that the government (in bed with business) should define and restrict the content of that education.

Centrally defined curricula and evaluation based on a transmission model relegates teachers to be mere conveyors of information and ideas; such a model works only for mechanical and totalitarian ends. What happens to teachers’ professional engagement and enthusiasm? Teachers need to be free, within the law and collegially determined broad guidelines, to develop their own courses, employ their own methodology, and undertake their own evaluations. If students are to become contributing members of society, the adults whom they model must be able to think and act independently and critically.

Increasingly, we noted, the stated aims of education were beginning to be cast in terms of becoming “the best in the world,” whether it



Grade 12 English literature research paper on Hermann Hesse, pre-personal computer early 80s

was the U.S. Goals 2000: Educate America Act in 1994 or directives issuing from the Ontario ministry. The whole thrust of education had clearly been co-opted by the prevailing notion of global competition. Rudolf Steiner said that the young bring the future. But through this other view of education, the future was being presented as an already defined social order to which the next generations have no choice but to conform, battling each other globally for resources and jobs.

Waldorf teachers have always believed that it is not our task to educate the young into an existing, defined world but rather to develop capacities that will enable the next generation to shape and change society with courage, initiative, and social responsibility. Steiner also warned of the effect of cynicism on the idealism of the young. Going along with what was being asked was not only cynical but was contrary to a model of reflective autonomy.

We returned to Toronto rekindled with clear objectives: to continue our study group, to mount our own conference, to seek allies among other independent schools, and to encourage a worldwide Waldorf community awareness of the destructive agenda of the new educational reform.

What a coincidence: awaiting us was a phone message from the ministry announcing a mandatory training session for the “Grade Nine Reading and Writing Test 94/95.” I phoned back immediately to say that we would not be taking part. The woman on the other end of the phone assured me that we certainly would be, that “this year the rules have changed... the minister is tightening the net.” The battle heated quickly: if we didn’t take part in the test, our ministry inspector would not visit and without her visit we had no authority to grant credits or give diplomas. We called our lawyers.

On May 24, 1995, the Toronto Waldorf School began legal proceedings against the Ontario Ministry of Education and Training. Less than a month later, with a provincial election looming, the ministry agreed to an out of court settlement. They insisted on a room set aside for those students wishing to write the test and “letters of exemption” from the parents of all those not writing. Ministry officials arrived, the set aside room remained empty of students, the box of materials neatly packaged and undisturbed. The letters were delivered and the officials left, apparently satisfied.

As far as we could determine, our grade nine students were the only ones in the province who didn’t take part in the test. TWS was instrumental in a newly formed council of independent schools. We made contact with international Waldorf educators worldwide, and soon had clear indication that the difficulties we had experienced were global. In October 1995, we held our own diversity in education conference with three hundred participants listening to keynote speaker John Taylor Gatto. A small committee at TWS continues to work on freedom in education issues, thanks primarily to Les Black.

Over the past six years, I have watched the push for standardized testing intensify in Ontario (particularly with the establishment of the Education Quality and Accountability Office in 1996), across Canada,

as province by province signed on (with Prince Edward Island holding out until 2005), and worldwide. One of the most widely used and publicly lauded tests is the Programme for International Student Assessment (PISA). PISA has been developed and is promoted by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) – the same folks that tried to bring you the Multilateral Trade Agreement. For the OECD, the role of government is to foster economic growth with culture and society subordinate to the economy and students seen as “human capital.” Have a look at the OECD report *Measuring What People Know: Human Capital Accounting for the Knowledge Economy* (1996). Further, the OECD is using its leverage with the World Bank to influence educational policies in countries hoping for loans.

While there are millions of protestors watching the international trade agenda of the OECD, there is hardly a murmur of protest about the international education agenda. Parents who have chosen alternatives such as Waldorf education clearly question the role of government in educating their children. Surely, though, we cannot turn away from our responsibility to the larger society. Waldorf schools such as TWS need to understand the threat that corporate standardized education poses.

My memories of TWS include the Michaelmas torchlight singing of Grade Twelvers over the years: “I will not cease from mental strife/ Nor will my sword sleep in my hand...” We are all called to decision about when to compromise and when to resist.

My battle goes on. I have asked to make a presentation in October to the local Council of Canadians here on Nova Scotia’s South Shore called: “Who’s Running/Ruining Public Education?” I continue to follow the agenda of multi-national business as it “tightens the net” globally, using the education of children as its most useful tool. As John Taylor Gatto puts it, “standardized customers and employees ... are predictable in certain crucial ways.... Business (and government) can only be efficient if human beings are redesigned to meet simplified specifications.”

What do I think is at stake in complacently going along with the prevailing model? Quite simply, the future of humanity. ■

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Interested in learning more? Here are some useful sites:  
“Standarized Testing in a Non-Standardized World” by Eugene Schwartz [http://www.waldorflibrary.org/Journal\\_Articles/RB1203.pdf](http://www.waldorflibrary.org/Journal_Articles/RB1203.pdf)  
Standarized Testing in Canada <http://www.maritamoll.ca/webmom/news.html>  
Challenging the Myths of Modern Schooling <http://www.johntaylorgatto.com/>  
The Corporate Agenda in America <http://www.susanohanian.org>





by Katherine Dynes '84  
katherinedynes@hotmail.com

photos by Katja Rudolph '84  
katjarudolph@aol.com

Lisa Wood is waiting with her ten-year-old son Jonathan at a café in Toronto's Little Italy. I recognize her the moment I see her although we hadn't known each other well at TWS. I look at this woman who is clearly my age and marvel at how a two year age difference could stretch like a canyon in childhood.

Lisa attended TWS from grade four to twelve, graduating in 1982. She then moved on to grade thirteen at Banting Memorial High School in Aliston. I ask her what that transition was like for her. "It was actually great because I think I had always secretly worried that I was not being prepared for the real world, but then when I graduated I realized that I was more than prepared. Banting had two thousand students at the time, it was enormous. To go from a graduating class

of twelve to a school with several grade thirteen classes was amazing. I loved it. I really, really, loved it. It felt like a whole new world had opened up and that I could manage it."

After high school, Lisa went directly on to York University where she began a journey through a variety of programs in search of the right discipline. "I don't think at that age you can be at all sure of how you want to spend the rest of your life. I started in English because I like to read, then I left English because I like to read." Lisa laughs. "Then I went into French because I thought I might be a translator. Then I went into German because I wanted to get a scholarship to study in Germany, which I did - I studied in Freiburg for a summer, which was fabulous. Next was creative writing. I submitted a portfolio to the Creative Writing Program and got accepted, which was a huge honour, but then I promptly turned around and decided I didn't want to study that either because it was too much like being in a fish bowl. Then I decided I would take humanities because it seemed a discipline that was very well suited to someone who couldn't make up her mind." Lisa laughs again. Humanities followed an approach with

which she was familiar and comfortable. When she took a course on Romanticism, for instance, they looked at visual arts, music, theatre, as well as at philosophy and science and economics. For Lisa, it felt like a natural progression from her interdisciplinary Waldorf education.

In the third year of her BA Lisa met her future husband, David (they married in 1990). After her BA, she continued on at York, completing MA and PhD degrees in English literature. Lisa was drawn back to the York English Department by her desire to work with a particularly inspiring professor, Dr. Anne B. (Rusty) Shteir. "My dissertation was in women writers. It was actually completely different from what you might expect. I looked at English women writers who were politically conservative and writing just after the French Revolution. Mostly they used the novel as a tool of propaganda, as a way of disseminating an anti-feminist politically conservative message. But at the same time they were crossing boundaries everywhere themselves!"

Lisa's interest in these women writers began with some reading she did for Professor Shteir's course. "I read Hannah Moore who was this... fingernails-on-a-blackboard sort of begins to describe her writing. I was furious reading it! She talked about women needing to be subordinate and submissive. She was talking about a very real political situation: women were almost entirely disempowered, couldn't hold property in marriage. Once they made a choice about marriage that was it. If you chose an abusive man, if you chose a man who was going to spend your entire fortune in two years, you'd have to go find a job yourself to support your ten children. A lot of what Moore does is help women to negotiate these things, but it's a disempowering kind of negotiation: adapting to a horrible situation." The paradox of women writers who advocated one thing (a domestic life of service to men and children) and enacted quite another was too intriguing for Lisa to pass by. Lisa was able to turn her dissertation into a book within a year. *Modes of Discipline: Women, Conservatism, and the Novel after the French Revolution* was published by Bucknell University Press in 2003.

Lisa loves to teach, and the book opened that door for her. She taught Children's Literature at York University on contract for five years, but was getting frustrated by the length of time it would take to gain seniority. She was curious, if a bit doubtful, when she applied for a teaching position at Laurier Brantford (a branch of Wilfrid Laurier University). She knew nothing about the campus and had the impression that it was more a community college than a university. The campus had opened in 1999 with just fifty students, and Lisa joined the faculty in 2004. She didn't want to uproot her family until she was sure she'd made the right decision, so she commuted for the first year and a half. Much to her obvious pleasure she had struck gold. The university turned out to be an exciting place to develop her teaching career and gain tenure. "I love Laurier Brantford because you can be as experimental as you like and nobody forces you into any particular category or stream. All students at our campus major in Contemporary Studies which is an interdisciplinary program – they get a very broad education. There's a lot of cross-fertilization between disciplines and we want to keep it that

way. What we have is amazingly rare. I think it's partly because it's still a new and innovative campus. We're building it, so that gives us a lot of creative control."

When Lisa had Jonathan, she became fascinated with new technologies and what they do to children's communities and interactions. She was also very interested in marketing so she spent years looking at the marketing of Pokemon and Nintendo. "When things are changing so quickly you need to track it, especially when you're talking about things that influence kids' lives so profoundly." Jonathan was not exposed to commercial television when he was younger, but one sleepless night when he was three he was sitting on her lap as a Harvey's commercial came on. He said, "They're trying to sell me a hamburger" and Lisa thought great! I've made him media-literate. Then a second later he said, 'I want a hamburger.'" Lisa frequently uses this example when she lectures to underscore the profound impact marketing has on us despite our awareness of the methods being used to create desire. Last year Lisa developed a course called "Children, Toys and Media." She took all of her Pokemon and Nintendo marketing research and put it into the course. Students loved it. "They have a kind of authority in that area that most of their professors don't, including me." The students would even give her updates. "This is the best kind of course to teach, when a student will say: 'I see the world entirely differently now, I'll never watch TV the same way again.'" Many students came in thinking it was going to be a bird course, but Lisa gave them a lot of theory to read. They struggled with the material, but rose to the challenge. "I think students are sensing the many disjunctions in the world around them and the theory gives them an opportunity to explain it, not to solve it, but to explain it and explore it. Next year I'll be teaching a class I've developed called "Consumerism and Identity." It's going to look into theories of consumerism and consumption and how social, individual, national, international, and global identities are constructed through consumerism."

Lisa Wood's intelligence and enthusiasm are invigorating. Whether discussing her newly acquired interest in drum-making, a favorite book, or her involvement in founding the Willow Academy (an independent school that Jonathan attended until the family moved to Brantford) Lisa is articulate, funny and insightful. It takes very little imagination to see that her students must love her.

If you were lucky, at some point in your school career you happened upon a teacher who lit up the room with her passion for the material, who inspired thoughtful and lively debate amongst classmates you had previously been convinced had no pulse. Something tells me Lisa is that teacher. ■

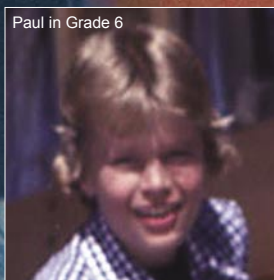


Lisa in Grade 4

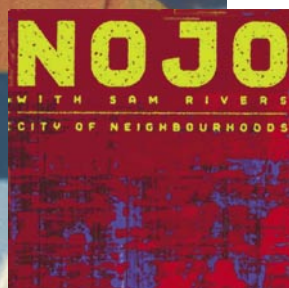
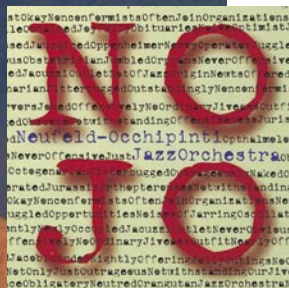


# paul neufeld

class of '86



Paul in Grade 6



Some of Paul's album covers

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photo by Kierstin Henrickson '93  
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We couldn't be certain, but we figured it must have been about twenty years since we'd seen each other. Paul had been two years ahead of me at TWS. As always, "little kids" remember "big kids" much better than vice versa, but memory wasn't even necessary: he looked just the same. Yet despite the fact that we spent six years at the school in tandem, this would be my first opportunity to bridge what seemed then to be the untraversable two-grade gap, and to get to know Paul as more than simply that very cool blond guy who was really into music.

We met at Parliament Street's Jet Fuel Café, a slick bicyclists' coffee bar with the best lattes in town. The setting seemed fitting for an interview with a definitive star of the Canadian jazz world – but it seemed even more apropos than usual: we eventually noticed that the exposed brick walls were covered with comfortably familiar images. In place of the usual canvases by local artists was series upon series of slightly warped watercolour paintings. The subject: grades one and two Colour Theory. The artists: Alan Howard Waldorf School students! The serendipity was sublime. We concluded that twenty years after we had left its multi-angled walls, Waldorf had become hip.

And so had Paul. In those same twenty years, he had transformed himself from a self-proclaimed "music hound" to a top dog of Toronto's jazz scene. But it wasn't an obvious or inevitable journey. Unlike child prodigies, Paul claims that he didn't show extraordinary talent for playing and composing music. Although

singing was a large part of his Mennonite childhood, and though he took the obligatory piano lessons, his was a family of music lovers, not performers. But Paul's love of music transcended mere listening. He was intrigued by the intricacies of rhythms and sound, their history, and the technology of musical instruments. Prokofiev's version of Peter and the Wolf was one of his first inspirations: not the story of how Peter caught a wily canine, but how the different instruments of the orchestra could express different characteristics and how their sounds could be woven together in a musical web.

This interest in the complexity of compositional technique to convey a whole world was complemented during Paul's formative years by aspects of Steiner's pedagogy. He was particularly inspired by the interconnectedness of the curriculum – the way the notes from one main lesson harmonized with those of another to create a full orchestra of stories and ideas. Among others, Paul credits Mr. Rudolph's approach to history – the interweaving of disparate historic voices to create a choral symphony – for inspiring his interest in the history of music, its interconnectedness and its cross-pollinating influences. It was around this time that, listening to artists like Eric Clapton, Paul began tracing melodies to their original founts: eventually, Muddy Waters became clear, and Paul found the source of jazz and blues.

Paul's intellectual interest in music at TWS was balanced by his practical side. He developed an interest in folk (now reflected in his repertoire of adapted spirituals) by joining Mr. Pickering's legendary jamming sessions. His interest in instrumentation was inspired by Mr. Edelstein's woodwork classes. Paul began making a guitar (which he apparently sold, half-finished, to Mr. Pickering for an "undisclosed" amount – an early sign of his natural entrepreneurship) and later made a lap dulcimer – an auger of his subsequent interest in alternative instruments (although Paul composes for everything, he plays the keyboards and the sousaphone(!), the python-like tuba worn by

marching bands).

Even though it might have been destined, Paul's path was nevertheless one that was deliberate and blazed, not found or followed. He did not fall or luck into music; it is a passion he worked hard for and intentionally courted. It was Paul's profound interest in, rather than unusual aptitude for, music that was the key to his vocation. Sometime in his later teens, he realized that he didn't have to simply be a bystander to music, he could be at the centre of it. And so, in grade eleven, consciously metamorphosing from audience to player, he asked well-known Toronto pianist Brian Rudolf to teach him to play blues.

After taking a year off following graduation, Paul enrolled in York University's music program. It was here that it all started happening. Though his curriculum included classical music, his true interest remained in blues, world music, jazz, big band, and composition. It was at York that Paul met Michael Ochipinti who has become his long-time collaborator. Together, Paul and Michael started arranging situations of necessitated creativity by inviting some of Toronto's top musicians in the field to Paul's parents' basement for jam sessions and offering to write music for them to play. Gradually, and perhaps typically, in the bowels of a suburban basement like so many other great bands, NOJO, the Neufeld Ochipinti Jazz Orchestra, was born.

And the rest is history – or rather, the rest has made history. If you google NOJO now, you will find accolades such as, "these guys make the blues sound new," "the Neufeld-Ochipinti Jazz Orchestra is a Canadian treasure – there is a sense of joy in NOJO's playing," and NOJO is "a Canadian band that is one of the most imaginative large ensembles on the current jazz scene." Each of NOJO's five albums has won a Juno nomination, and in 1996, their self-titled CD won the Juno award for Best Contemporary Jazz Album. NOJO's fifth album, released on their 10th anniversary in collaboration with legendary saxophonist Sam Rivers, has been hailed as "a masterpiece." As if this weren't enough, Paul also fronts six other groups and projects: Spirituals Project,

Rhythm & Truth, GrooveYard, Rivethead, the Paul Neufeld Society Orchestra and Suitcase Brass, as well as doing solo work. And his career continues with the same originality with which it began: a reporter notes that Paul takes a classic traditional repertoire of spirituals and gospels and "put[s] it on an original path, creating a burning improvised performance."

With a life as full as that, Paul still claims that he has more ideas than time and energy. It's hard to imagine. He has been commissioned to write music for orchestras, television and film, and has been invited to arrange music on many CD projects for other artists. His reputation has taken him all over the continent, as well as to Europe. When we met for our interview, he had just returned from a week of benefit concerts in Louisiana for post-Katrina rebuilding. According to the CBC, "about a dozen of Canada's top musicians...join about a dozen New Orleans players on stage for a benefit concert" at the House of Blues in New Orleans. It was a privilege for Paul who claims to be "smitten by the funky street brass band music of New Orleans." Notably, he went down south with his sousaphone.

And it was a privilege for me to reconnect with a Waldorf alumnus I had not seen since he prophetically played the creative genius, Albert Einstein, in his grade twelve class play "The Physicists," almost two decades before. Paul is now happily married with two young daughters, living out his dreams and enjoying a life that he considers blessed. During the course of our two-hours together, the two year gap that seemed insurmountable to a "little kid" twenty years ago disappeared entirely. Though still a "very cool blond guy," Paul was also warm, open, approachable, and engaging. It was as if we were old friends who had always been in the same grade. Serendipitously surrounded by the paintings of stars and planets by students from the Alan Howard Waldorf School, which reflected our common history, we were peers in a mutual Waldorfian galaxy. Good to see you again, Paul. May it be less than twenty years until the next time! ■





by Lucas Sorbara - [lucas.sorbara@sympatico.ca](mailto:lucas.sorbara@sympatico.ca)

photos by Lucas Sorbara

I have arranged to meet Josh in the lobby of The Toronto Star building before the start of his night shift as an editor with that paper's sports department. Though it has been twenty years or so since I have seen Josh, we have no difficulty recognizing each other. Dressed in casual attire, perhaps a little more generously proportioned than he was as a Waldorf student, Josh still possesses the quick smile and ebullience I recall from school. He shakes me heartily by the hand and leads me into the elevators and up to the seventh floor where we settle into an unoccupied room.

I am lucky, really, that Josh has agreed to meet with me today. Not because he has agreed to come in early for his shift, not even because his wife, who is pregnant with

their first baby, is due to give birth any day. No. Josh, who has been a sports reporter since his undergraduate days at York University, is sitting talking to me while, on a small TV just outside the room we are in, the Canadian men's hockey team is desperately trying to restake their claim to Olympic hockey-dominance against their legendary rivals the Russians. It is, needless to say, not going well. A group of Josh's colleagues are gathered anxiously around the screen, their groans and the occasional cheer audible from where we sit. I ask him if he minds missing such a big sports event. "Nah, not really" he says. He'll be reading about it later as the accounts of the game come across his desk.

I am curious how he became involved in sports writing and ended up working for one of the country's largest circulation papers. After TWS, Josh enrolled at York University where his father was, and still is, a professor of theatre history. Josh went on to complete a three-year BA in history. While this took him four years, he was also spending a lot of that time developing his taste for journalism. "I was working on the student paper and having a great time," he recalls. With York's considerable track-and-field facilities there was plenty of sporting news to cover so sports became Josh's beat.

With the mother of all of sports stories, the Summer Olympics, taking place in Barcelona in 1992 during his final year at York, an opportunity too big to pass up presented itself. Following the age-old maxim "go big or go home," Josh, along with a photographer friend, concocted a scheme to cover "The Games." Lacking press accreditation but not chutzpah they convinced as many university newspapers as they could to support their application to the Canadian Olympic Committee. "We harassed the Canadian Olympic Association and had every campus paper in the country fax and say 'Please accredit Clive and Josh; they are going to be covering the Olympics for us.'" Whoever was receiving those faxes finally relented. "Finally the guy called us up", recalls Josh, "and said 'You can stop sending the damn faxes. Leave us alone.' It was a pretty wild experience." For a young kid intent on pursuing sports journalism it was like hitting the jackpot. "We saw some of the original Dream Team basketball games and saw Ben Johnson

fall on the track in the quarter finals." The two managed to file a number of stories for the campus papers as well as a couple of pieces for bigger news outlets. Even though they ended up losing money on the deal, it was, says Josh, "a hell of a life experience, that's for sure."

With his mind set on a career in the world of the printed page, Josh enrolled in Ryerson's two-year journalism program where, as he says, he acquired a good foundation in the "practical aspects of the business." With degrees in history and journalism, though, Josh could well have set out to change the world through journalism. Pointing this out, I ask what made him choose a career in the sports pages instead. Had he always been interested in sports? "I was always a sports buff, but also it is a little easier to break into sports because there are less serious consequences if some young kid screws up covering a football game than if he screws up war reporting or covering city hall. So, yeah, I'm a sports fan but I think it was also a practical matter. It was easier to get in at the beginning."

The beginning for Josh was a job at The Star doing the agate pages, or scoreboards - that page that condenses all the previous day's wins, losses, RBIs, ERAs, goals, baskets, and what-have-you into table after table. "Utterly boring stuff" he admits. Not exactly what an aspiring sports writer dreams of, although, he points out, it is "very well read."

Toiling away on the agate pages, however, provided the occasional opportunity to do some actual reporting. If it turned out that the paper didn't have anybody to cover an event someone would say, "Well, send that kid over there." After four years of compiling the scoreboards, freelancing and covering the occasional story, Josh got his break. With newspapers going digital, Josh landed a job reporting for The Star's website where he got the chance to cover "hard news and business" assignments in addition to sports. Josh wrote for The Star's digital news for three years - long enough for him to come to the conclusion that he preferred sports reporting to covering hard news. "The news stuff was interesting," he recalls, "but thoroughly depressing. And that kind of reinforced in my mind that I didn't necessarily

want to do news." But sports, of course, often is big news. Josh tells about covering stories such as the case of a young NHL star charged with conspiring to have his manager killed.

When I ask what stories he has really enjoyed working on, Josh describes a trip he took several years ago to Cameroon where he wrote a couple of pieces for The Star on soccer in that country and on its national soccer team. With the World Cup coming up the following year, Josh managed to sell the idea of "the Brazil of African soccer" to his editor. Cameroon didn't make it to the World Cup that year, but that didn't matter. The highlight of the trip was his experience of sport as a means of intercultural dialogue. "What I found really interesting was being able to talk to people about their sports. It really kind of brightened them up and opened doors in terms of getting to know them." In contrast to the serious and morose discussions generally associated with aid workers from Europe and North America, Josh found that being a foreigner and talking about sport produced far more positive reactions. "You know, you say 'Holy crap, did you see that second goal?' and people's faces light up."

Unlike French and German, the language of popular sport wasn't big at TWS and I ask Josh about how his education (he attended TWS from grade four to grade twelve) influenced his career. "Waldorf taught you to think on your own and not conventionally. And in this business, particularly when I was doing news stuff, you just can't be judgmental. You can't afford to be closed-minded." He points out that, as with all philosophies, in the hands of zealots it can become close-minded, but the general message of Waldorf education, for him, he says, was "Check everything out and decide for yourself." Because graduating from TWS makes you an unofficial expert on the place, I ask Josh about the potential consequences of long term exposure to Waldorf. "You mean besides the possible effects of that water in our classrooms?" he jokes. Both of us reminisce about having to hold our noses when drinking the water. Ah, the good old days.

Josh isn't the way I imagined sports reporters, or editors for that matter, to be. I always assumed that they were sports nuts - given perhaps to the memorization of sports stats and trivia, always ready to talk about the latest game, the prospects for the coming season or which player has been traded to what team. However, in the hour or so that Josh and I sit and talk, aside from the Cameroon story, sports doesn't even come up. I ask Josh what he enjoys doing outside of work. Besides waiting for his wife to give birth and walking the dog, says Josh, "Food is one of my passions. I love to cook. That's what I like to do to relax - cook a nice meal, have a bottle of wine." I ask Josh if I might come across his work soon in The Star's food section - perhaps a turn as a restaurant reviewer? Josh laughs. He has written a few pieces for The Star's food section, but he says, patting his stomach, "I've already got enough pounds on me that I don't think I need that. But yeah, it could work."

As we finish our interview, Josh offers to take me on a short tour. I've never been in a newsroom before. We walk along a corridor hung floor to ceiling with trophy shots: memorable photos from photo journalists. The corridor opens into a vast room entirely given over to a maze of cubicles. There, desk after desk is piled high with books, papers, coffee cups, etc. Being somewhat prone to desk clutter, I find this scene deeply comforting. It is amazing to think that this is where news is made, where "knowledge" is created *en masse*. It's quite staggering really. I feel as though I have stepped into an inner sanctum of sorts.

By the time he sees me out Josh is running late. News doesn't wait. There'll be the Team Canada story, and dozens of other wins and losses to pore over. So we say good-bye and Josh heads off to make the news. ■

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Post-script: Josh's daughter, Ilana, was born on March 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2006. And, as everyone knows, Team Canada (the men, that is) lost.



# class of '94 danielle kotras

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Danielle in Grade 4

I had some misgivings about interviewing Danielle Kotras, one of TWS's most politically active graduates. When I called to arrange a time for a telephone interview, she told me that she was not used to speaking 'on the record.' Since Danielle has spent most of the past eight years working closely with some of Canada's most influential politicians I thought I might have to content myself with an hour (if I were lucky!) of well-rehearsed political platitudes. She did, however, agree to talk, and once we began my fears evaporated. Far from being evasive or reserved Danielle is warm and responsive, yet reassuringly matter of fact and businesslike.

For several years Danielle has worked for the Liberal Party in the upper echelons of Canadian politics, involved in organizing campaigns and conventions for various Liberal MPPs, MPs and, most recently, ex-Prime Minister Paul Martin. Between campaign

stints she has worked at private firms closely connected with politics.

Danielle says that she entered the political fray quite accidentally, having never considered a career in politics when she was young. It all changed when she joined a campaign to help her former University of Toronto law professor, Michael Bryant, get elected as MPP for the riding of St. Paul's. She was attending University of Toronto's Trinity College at the time, where she graduated with honors and a double major in Political Science and Conflict Studies. From this beginning she never looked back and as her biography unfolds, it does not come as a surprise that she has arrived where she is now. Three episodes from her high school years provide an inkling of what was to come.

First, following eighth grade and uncertain of whether to continue at TWS, Danielle went out and, on her own initiative, interviewed and attended classes at half a dozen other high schools. Having diligently done her research, she

decided to stick with TWS after all and ended up completing the full twelve year journey. Why did she stay? "TWS offered a lot of extras," she says, recalling the devoted teachers, the student exchange opportunities, and the camping trips. Apparently the other schools could not offer such a combination. Also, she wanted to discuss issues and to be engaged by the subjects, whereas at other schools learning seemed to be 'rather impersonal.' In ninth grade she was sent by TWS, along with Kas Marynick, to speak about Waldorf education to the Royal Commission on Learning. "We took the message to them that Waldorf education fosters a love of knowledge, a love of learning." At the end of their presentation, one of the Commission members said they were so convincing that they should take their presentation 'on the road' for the school. She describes her class as feisty, highly engaged and regularly getting into heated debates (stirring warm memories of my own time at TWS) and I imagine that she and Kas acquitted themselves very well in front of the Commission. Lastly, in eleventh grade she arranged an internship at the United Nations in New York City for her practicum. At this point, I am not surprised to hear that the people she worked with called her the youngest person ever to work at the UN. These episodes paint a picture of a determined young woman with a desire and ability to go out and make a difference, whether at the personal, institutional, or international level.

After helping get Bryant elected, she went on to work first in the Ontario Liberal Party Office helping to organize the Annual General Meeting, and then in the office of MPP Marie Bountrogianni. While there she took a 'holiday' to tour with then Finance Minister Paul Martin ahead of the 2000 elections. It was at this point that she got involved at the federal level. In July 2001 she joined the public affairs team at the big multinational firm Hill and Knowlton. Although she was now working for the private sector, she was still deeply involved in policy issues. There is a lot of interaction between government and firms that work with, for, and around the government. Hill and Knowlton, for example, advises companies in the private sector, helping them understand policy and build long-term relationships with the government. When I tell

her that this sounds like the description of a lobby firm she concedes that technically it does belong in that category, "but not in the sense of calling up some politician and asking for favours."

Following the 2003 Liberal Leadership Convention, which saw Martin elected as party leader, Danielle went back to campaigning. This time she worked for Red Leaf, a consortium of advertising agencies that forms to do the creative, production and media buying for the Federal Liberal Party during campaign periods. While there she helped develop "the look and feel of the campaign." Then, in June 2004, once again effortlessly shifting from the private sector into public politics, she became Director of Public Affairs and Development for the Liberal Party of Canada where she was responsible for fundraising, direct mail, events, the biannual convention, on-line fundraising and preparing for the campaign (among other things). She describes campaigning at this level as an exhilarating 'logistical nightmare.'

On the corruption scandal which hurt the Liberal Party, Danielle says that there were a few rotten people who should not have broken the law and it is they who end up tainting politics. She says they should absolutely be punished, but regrets that their actions fuel public cynicism.

Regardless of whether or not she is in government, she says that politics is now in her blood. What it boils down to for Danielle is pretty fundamental: working to change society for the better. When I ask her why she chooses to stay within the establishment, given the general skepticism toward politics these days, she says that most NGOs focus on one issue, whether it be wildlife, the environment or human rights. While she is supportive of them, such an approach is not enough for her. She feels that with a political party she can work on a much broader level. Why the Liberals? She says the party's approach resonates with her. According to Danielle, the Liberal Party is interested in creating rules and regulations to make society more just, for example through enabling low and middle income families to have more opportunities

(she cites the public daycare program that the Liberals developed with the provinces before they lost government) and creating a Canada that is more welcoming to immigrants. In Danielle's view, the Tories are focused on creating a more individualistic society.

I get the impression that although she has clearly found her vocation in life, it has not been a walk in the park. She says that in the world of politics some people look askance at her for what is considered unseemly ambition in such a young woman. "But," she says, "what's wrong with striving to accomplish something, if it means going out and doing what you believe in?" She also says her former classmates tend to raise their eyebrows at what she is doing, suggesting that working within the political establishment is a somewhat unusual career choice for a Waldorf graduate.

But the winds of change spare no one in politics. Her party out of power, Danielle is once again working in the private sector. After the last campaign she became vice president at the Gandalf Group, a public opinion research firm founded by David Herle, the outgoing official pollster and campaign chair for the Liberal Party. Danielle had moved to Ottawa two years ago with her boyfriend, Jim, a former advisor to the PM and now the National Director of Operation for the Stephane Dion leadership campaign. But not long after our interview Danielle accepted a job in Toronto and moved back to the city she loves. She is now in the Stakeholder Relations and Public Affairs department at GlaxoSmithKline, the global pharmaceuticals company. She and Jim have just purchased a house at Queen Street East and Broadview.

Where will she go from here? "I've always felt more comfortable out of the spotlight, even though my friends insist I'll run for office one day," she says. I don't know that it matters. Having seen the forces that are propelling her, and given the fact that she has at least thirty years of career ahead of her, I'm willing to bet that Danielle will be having an impact on Canada's future, whether from 24 Sussex Drive or some other address. ■



# lynn cullen

class of '02



# heather cullen

class of '04

by Lara Gross '02  
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photos by Katja Rudolph '84  
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It is a bright, summery last day of April when I drive to meet Heather and Lynn at Mary's Yarns, their mother's beautiful wool store in Unionville. The store is closed when I arrive, but Heather and Lynn are still there tidying up after the day. We decide to settle on the front porch for our interview. As Lynn points out, it is the perfect spot to watch the hustle and bustle of the people going by on Main Street Unionville. It is made even more perfect by the mug of rooibos tea I am offered to sip on. And so we settle in to have a chat and catch up. Lynn makes herself comfortable with her knitting. Her latest project is a stunning scarf with an elaborate pattern.

You see, Lynn and I were in the same class for four and a half years and Heather was only two classes behind, so these are not strangers that I'm sitting down with over tea. Rather, they are old friends with whom I am catching up. There is much to discuss: what

our common friends are doing now, how each of our families are, as well as our own stories since graduation, and we agree to make this interview as informal as possible.

Lynn and Heather are not TWS "lififers" but they might as well be if you take note of the creativity oozing from them both. Lynn joined TWS in grade nine. She came from Unionville High School where she had already done grade nine once. But she was too young to go into grade ten at TWS and so repeated a year. Heather was in the same situation, joining her class in grade seven for the second time after leaving the Stouffville Christian School. The transition was different for each of them. Lynn was coming from a high school of two-thousand five-hundred students to a class of about thirty and Heather was transferring from one small school to another. Their common experience on first attending TWS, however, was that it felt "totally different." They both mention the initial challenge of finding their place in a class of students who all knew each other so well and had been together for so long. But it did not take either of them much time to become fully integrated into their respective classes. I'm sure that if you ask their classmates they would say that it was as if the Cullens had always been there. Heather describes a newfound solidity in her education

that came with attending TWS. Lynn says that in her experience there was a lot of deferral of responsibility in the public school system. At TWS it was clear that if you wanted something done you could get it done yourself. She feels that this environment gave her a certain degree of freedom to do things how she wanted to and encouraged her to take initiative in varying situations.

I ask them why they came to enrol at TWS and they realize that they don't really know. They say it just sort of happened. Back then the public school system was going through a period of turmoil and their parents decided that Waldorf education, and TWS in particular, would be a good change for their children. Heather and her younger siblings Emma and Ben were enrolled to join TWS in September, 1998. Lynn was planning to return to Unionville High School for grade ten, but she tells me that she went to pre-registration, then phoned her mom from a payphone at the school and said, "I'm just not feeling this." So her mom picked her up and they drove straight to TWS for an interview for the one spot left in the incoming grade nine class. This was one week before school started in September.

And so it happened that all the Cullen children, Lynn, Heather and their younger



sister and brother, Emma and Ben, attended TWS. Lynn graduated in 2002 and then returned to Unionville High School to complete the first semester of her OAC year while saving money to return to TWS for the second semester and the trip to Peru for a month with Susana Toledo's world issues class. Heather graduated in 2004. After TWS, both Heather and Lynn dove straight into the 'real world' of university life.

Heather is at the University of Guelph. She has just completed her second year of a general BA. She says that she was not sure what she wanted to specialize in and so she left it open to exploration. She's been taking many geography courses but has decided that this is not the direction she wants to pursue. After a lifetime surrounded by the plant world, thanks to her father, Mark Cullen, former president of Weall and Cullen Garden Centres and a celebrity in his own right (dubbed "Canada's own garden expert"), she says that she always felt she wanted to do something with plants, but didn't quite know what. Taking her evident creativity into account, she explains that she is less interested in the science of plants, which she's

explored, and more interested in the design aspect of the field. She explains that she wants to explore all facets of the plant industry before deciding on a direction. Last summer she spent a few months in British Columbia working with Brian Minter, a horticulturist and entrepreneur. Brian is the president of Minter Gardens, a thirty-two-acre world-class show garden, and also the president and general manager of a retail garden centre and greenhouse growing operation. Heather came home from this experience and took a landscape architecture course at Guelph, which she loved and which ended up being her highest mark of the year.

Heather has been accepted to transfer into the Bachelor of Landscape Architecture (BLA) Program at Guelph in the new school year. It is described as a program that requires an understanding of people, land and the relationship between them. "By using creativity and innovation, landscape architects aim to meet the needs of people while improving the environment." As part of the application process, Heather had to submit a portfolio to help the admission committee

gauge her creative potential. The content of the portfolio was left open and the requirement was only that she demonstrate a sense of who she is through her artistic creations. Heather laughed when she told me that she found herself submitting many projects undertaken at TWS. These included her paper box from grade nine woodwork, her table from grade ten woodwork, a set of bedposts created in grade eleven woodwork and a sketch of a bed she designed, her book from grade eleven bookbinding, a fountain created in grade eleven metalwork, and many pairs of socks knitted over the years.

Lynn is in the Costume Studies Program at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is four credits away from graduating with an honours degree in costume design. She is part of a group of twenty students in the program for her year who take all of their classes together, not unlike the TWS class experience. It sounds like a gruelling, challenging, yet thoroughly enjoyable program. The costume design students design and make all of the costumes for the Dalhousie theatre department. As a potential honours

project, Lynn may take on "doing a show" with only two other people - a job which normally involves at least twenty. "Doing a show" means building all the costumes for a theatre production. This involves drafting the patterns, buying the material, conducting fittings, and then sewing the costumes.

Once she has finished school, Lynn plans to take a few years off and embark on an adventure which she has called her knitting odyssey. She has been saving money to travel around the world to locations that are rich in knitting culture. She is interested in all sides of the knitting industry. From the sheep, alpacas, angora rabbits to the mills to the wholesalers and the dealers. She wants to know about all of it. She says that there are plenty of countries that are known within the "knitting world" to have spectacular yarns, or be the homeland of a particular brand that knitters go nuts over. A few of the places on this list are Australia, Japan, and the Shetland Isles. Last year she was asked to design a knitting pattern for a company in Toronto, and she plans to do more of this kind of work in the future.

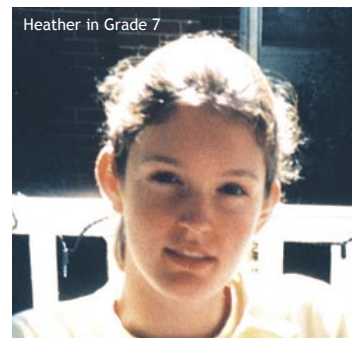
After a few years off, Lynn says that she hopes to return to school to complete a Masters of Business Administration (MBA). She says that she comes from a family of entrepreneurs and it seems like a natural path for her. I wonder why someone with both feet so firmly in the arts would want to enter this world and she explains to me that she will be able to manage her creativity most effectively by expanding her knowledge of the business world.

When I ask Lynn and Heather how they are enjoying university life they both exclaim that it is fantastic! They love it. They explain to me that their transition from TWS to large universities was the same as the transition for any of their peers from their respective high schools. For Heather the challenge was not at all overwhelming; if anything, she says that she felt well rounded and ready for any learning environment. She felt more trepidation before her trip to British Columbia last summer. She arrived not knowing a single person out there. But she tested her comfort-zone and ended up loving it and is going back this summer. She credits this ability to challenge herself to her experience at TWS, where she felt she was always encouraged to do more and to push her boundaries by doing things that she never thought she could do and probably would not have done left to her own devices. She mentions going winter camping with Mr. Pickering!

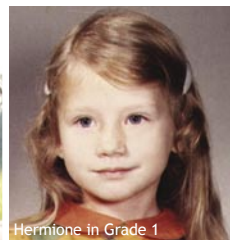
Lynn says that going to a large university was absolutely fine. The challenge for her was the fact that she moved to a new city where she did not know anyone. She did not live in residence in her first year and had to work that much harder to meet people and to make Halifax her new home. But in true Lynn fashion, she has entirely succeeded in creating a new home in a new city. She currently lives in a house rebuilt by Waldorf hands (Mr. Edelstein's - his sons, Ezra and Micah, also live there), and says that Halifax is in some ways the perfect city - for now. It is small enough to know well, but large enough to offer all that an urban centre can.

When I ask them how they relate to each other as siblings and also what impact family has on them they look at each other and smile. They explain that as they are getting older they are getting closer. When they were young they fought like most siblings do, but they realize that they are now actually good friends. Last summer, Lynn flew from Halifax to Vancouver and drove back to Toronto with Heather. They took the scenic route home. That much time spent in a car can test anybody's relationship, but they have plans to do it again sometime. They are a very family oriented group. As all of the four siblings are getting older they are finding common ground and can relate to each other in an entirely new way. They speak about their parents with love and admiration and laugh when they tell me that they are truly "products" of their parents: the knitter and the gardener who have each built a business out of their creative gifts.

It has taken us only a couple of hours over our tea to fill each other in on our respective lives. Beyond the everyday news, I have come to re-discover what motivates Lynn and Heather at a deeper level. They are both intent on using their creativity and apparent interest in design to shape the environment around them. Design in all contexts allows one to take what lives within and apply it to the outside world by combining aesthetic vision with practical knowledge. It can bring meaning and purpose to the many worlds we inhabit in our lives. Through costumes in theatre design and cultivated nature in landscape architecture respectively, Lynn and Heather hope to be part of the important social and artistic work of bringing to life the artistic world which lives within each of them. So, I am not at all surprised by where life after TWS has taken them. I am happy to see that both Heather and Lynn are successfully harnessing the creativity which was evident in each of them throughout school and applying it to meaningful and inspiring fields of future work. ■







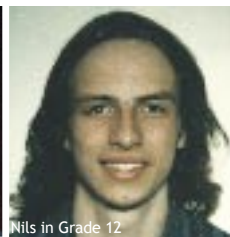
**Hermione Jaschinski (nee Priestley) '82** attended The Toronto Waldorf School from kindergarden to grade twelve. After graduating she went to

Richmond Hill High School for grade thirteen followed by four years of part-time studies at the University of Toronto. She majored in fine art (studio) and English. While attending U of T she worked at different jobs to pay for her horse's board. She worked as a stable hand then later a riding instructor, teaching both children and adults. She also began painting portraits in oils and now sells her work through shows and a Newmarket, Ontario gallery.



**Michelle (Mantler) Josephi '81** After graduating from grade twelve, Michelle traveled through Europe for two months and returned home

still hungry for more Waldorf education. She therefore went for a semester to the Freies Jugend Seminar in Stuttgart, Germany. At twenty-one she went to the University of Toronto and obtained a Bachelor of Fine Arts. She has been painting since, and had her first art exhibit in Unionville in 2005.



**Nils Junge '88** Since 2002 Nils has been working as a consultant in the field of economic development. Once he studied acting in Russia; now he advises Eastern European

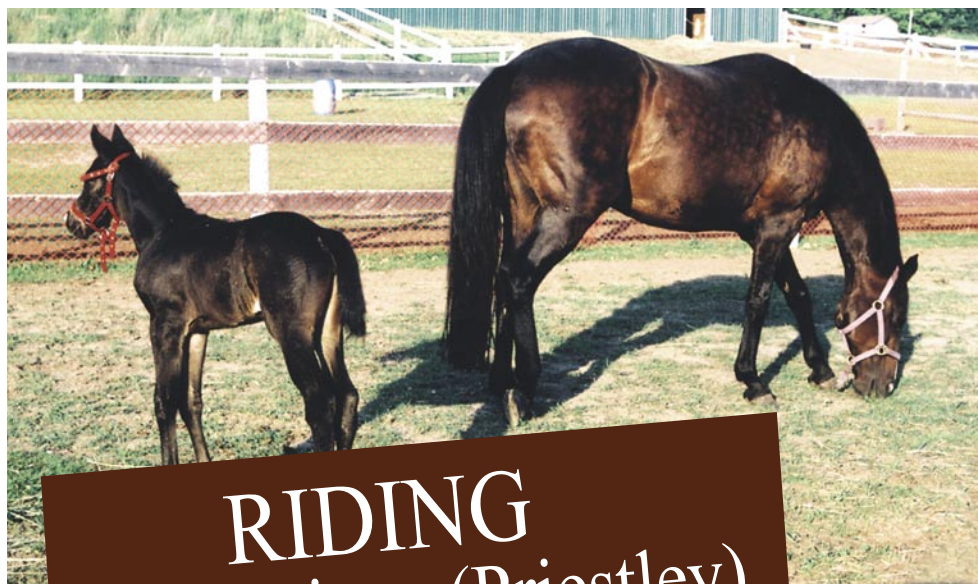
governments on social policy. Over the years he has become a strong believer in obliquity, in taking the long way home. He and his wife Nevila, a social worker, live in Washington, DC.



**Alexander Koekebakker '84** attended the Toronto Waldorf School from nursery until graduation. After finishing grade thirteen he travelled and worked in Europe.

Back in Toronto, he completed a BA in German literature at the University of Toronto, then headed off to Stuttgart, Germany, to do a training in Bothmer Gymnastics (Spacial Dynamics). Since 1995 he has been teaching physical education and English at a Waldorf school in Freiburg, Germany, where he lives with his wife, Ingrid. There he started a children's circus and that is his big passion.

# ALUMNI/AE,



**RIDING**  
by **Hermione (Priestley) Jaschinski '82**

I can't remember a time before I loved horses. As far as I know I have always had a passion for them. My parents tell me that when I was three years old, at Expo '67, they put me on a merry-go-round and I cried and cried when they tried to remove me from it. Like so many other little girls, I could pick out the image of a horse in any situation. I spent hours creating my own horses in drawings and paintings. Of course, the mere mention of the word "horse" would always get my attention.

I tried to convince my parents that a horse living in our back yard would not cause any problems whatsoever. It could stay in the garage in the winter and eat the grass in the summer. (No one would have to mow the lawn!) They didn't go for it. I had to be content with visiting other people's horses and daydreaming about one day having my own.

I didn't actually start riding until I was around sixteen. I quickly discovered I had no natural gift for horsemanship and no more balance than a sack of potatoes sitting on a fence-rail. I fell off over and over, always getting the wind knocked out of me, usually with an audience of seven- or eight-year-olds who almost never fell off. (They could hang on like monkeys.) I was tempted to give up but my parents

# WHAT'S YOUR PASSION?



Hermione's horse farm; Danielle riding; Hermione with her horse

insisted that I keep trying in spite of my bruised body (and ego!). Eventually I gained some degree of competence and at the age of eighteen was asked to teach a few lessons. I soon found that tales of my own struggles could give my students self-confidence when they were having a difficult time themselves.

When I was twenty my grandfather helped me buy my first horse, Oliver, a racetrack reject with a tendon injury. Oliver and I had a kind of a love-hate relationship. He loved to see how far he could make me fly when he bucked me off and I kind of hated it! We did end up being very good buddies over time. I eventually did less and less jumping (just didn't have the nerve) and concentrated on dressage which is more like dance performed by horse and rider. Dressage is all about details: perfecting the art of communication between horse and rider and developing the horse's grace and expression in movement. It takes a lot of patience but the result can be wonderful to watch and to experience as a rider.

Oliver and I were just starting to really connect when a difficult pregnancy forced me to give up riding for a while. When I was eight months along, and looking forward to riding again, Oliver somehow managed to break his hip and I had to make the horrible decision to have him put down.

I taught lessons again for a few years while my new daughter, Danielle, was very young. I often brought her along to the stable where she wandered around patting the horses fearlessly. When she was three or four she would practice her riding position at home sitting in my saddle on the back of her rocking horse. When she was six or

seven I took her for riding lessons at another stable (I was no longer teaching myself) and she was a natural, just like the monkeys who used to laugh at me.

In November of 1996, we bought a piece of vacant farm land in Oro-Medonte (a little north of Barrie, Ontario). Within a couple of years we had built a house on the land and moved in. Later we put up a barn for horses. We started off with two of my friend's horses and a mare that I bought from her daughter. We then acquired a pony on loan for Danielle to ride. She adored him. She would often ride him bare-back, sometimes sitting forwards, sometimes sideways, and even backwards (when she thought I wasn't watching). In September another mare moved in, this one in foal. She gave birth the following July.

The pony moved on to a new home in May of 2005. Danielle (then twelve years old and too tall for her first love) took on my Appaloosa-Thoroughbred mare as her new partner. The same month I bought myself a two-year-old Hanoverian-Thoroughbred gelding to be my future dressage mount. Later that summer we decided to let the boarders go.

Danielle is still as horse crazy as I was at her age and for that I'm extremely grateful. I hope she will always share my passion for horses. Perhaps someday she will teach her own kids how to ride. I know that for now she appreciates what she has: a farm to call home and horses in her own back yard. ■

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## FLYING *by* Rudolf Schneider '84

Katja approached me to write a piece about my life since graduating from the Toronto Waldorf School in 1984 – how it is that I came from being that typical lost and confused high school graduate to being happy in my personal life and passionate about my professional life and the rather winding road that I took to get here.

Let us start just after graduation in June of 1984. We see a motorcycle-riding, Jack Daniels-loving, long-haired guy with a stellar 52% average grade standing before life and wondering, “now what!” I didn’t have any idea of what I was going to do.

Having confounded the teachers at TWS, I thought I would try my hand at doing the same studying business administration at Sir Sandford Fleming College in Peterborough. The first semester passed as most first semesters usually do for students: a bit of drinking and socializing and an honest attempt at making the grade. However, the same could not be said for the second semester. The field of study, I realized, was maybe not my forte. By this time there was still plenty of drinking and socializing, but the honest attempt was losing steam. I found that studying was more bearable sitting in my car somewhere off the beaten path around the Peterborough area. I preferred places along the river or lake that had a nice view, or a logging road where the birds were louder than the traffic. But one of my favorite places was on the south side of the Peterborough airport that gave an excellent view of the airplanes taking off and landing.

It was a spring day in '89 and I was studying accounting from a very large and boring accounting book when I said to myself, “I don’t want to do this.” In front of me was a Cessna 152 on short final, slowly settling itself onto the runway. Suddenly, it became clear to me: “I want to do that!” I put the accounting book aside and for the first time I knew what I wanted to do with the rest of my life.

There are four main licenses in Canada that one must acquire to pursue a flying career. The first is the Private Pilot License and involves a minimum of forty-five total flight hours with an instructor and solo, a passed medical exam and a written test. Then comes the Commercial Pilot’s License,

which requires a minimum of two hundred total flight hours. The ground school portion of the licenses includes a rather diverse field of study. Every pilot flying commercially must take a ground school on the specific aircraft that they are flying. The pilot is taught the aircraft systems, emergency procedures and performance numbers. We study air law, meteorology, navigation aero engines and IFR (Instrument Flight Rules) procedures, to name just a few subjects. And with each license the test becomes more involved. By the time one has passed the final and highest test given by Transport Canada, the Airline Transport Rating, one has a good grasp of all the major systems of an aircraft as well as thorough knowledge of rules and procedures of flying in high density airspace such as over Toronto’s Pearson International Airport. All this costs in the neighborhood of \$20,000, so it took some time for me to come up with the money. Therefore over the next years I worked as a courier in Toronto trying to avoid road-rage and flying whenever the money would allow.

To counter aforementioned road-rage, I learned just how much joy I derived from canoeing and hiking in Algonquin park and others just like it throughout Ontario. Over time I bought all the equipment required to go canoeing, and went as often as I could. During this time I would be, more often than not, up north getting away from it all. I started with the weekend trip in the summer and gradually became more and more comfortable in the bush, culminating in a month-long solo canoe trip through Quetico Park just west of Thunder Bay in the summer of '93. Being out there by myself without anyone being able to find me even if they wanted to, was one of the great joys and fascinations that kept me coming back to these wild places. The sense of connection with the land around one and a true feeling of independence is intoxicating, as is the feeling of accomplishment at the end of a kilometer long or longer portage and that swim in one’s very own personal lake and the subsequent reward of a peaceful campsite with a crackling fire and a good cup of tea while the sun goes down. I still get goose-bumps thinking about it. Looking back at those trips, I can say that this is where

I learned more about myself than ever before.

During one trip, I had just finished a fourteen kilometer day, and was half-way through a long portage to the next lake when it started raining. I felt exhausted and beaten up by the paddling and the mosquitoes, and still had the canoe to portage across. My feet started to slip on the mud and I almost broke my ankle while being miles away from the nearest human. I had hit the proverbial “wall.” This is when one feels the insignificance of one’s own existence while looking around at the endless forest. This is where I once again came to the question, “what do I do now”? The options were to either quit or to keep putting one foot in front of the other never mind the pain and the feeling of not being able to keep going. Here is where I learned that if one persists sooner or later one will make it. Never say die. Ever! This one very important lesson has stayed with me to this day and I hope that it always will. In the flying business, there is a steep climb from private license to flying a passenger plane with a large international carrier and there are plenty of opportunities to quit along the way. But I had put myself on this path and was determined to make it to the end, however grueling the journey would be.

In the spring of '95, I obtained my Commercial Pilot’s License along with a float plane endorsement. It had taken me almost five years, on and off, to get to this stage, having taken the ground school at the Buttonville airport and my flight training at the Oshawa airport. I immediately packed my '86 Civic with a backpack, tent and sleeping bag along with my walkman and headed north on HWY 400 with an envelope full of resumes and began looking for my first flying job. I visited most float operators from Toronto to Red Lake and found very quickly that obtaining that first float job was harder than I had expected. No one it would seem wanted to hire a Torontonians without any flight experience. It was disheartening, to say the least. But then I came to Sioux Lookout and George Allen decided to give me chance. He had some float planes and also had a maintenance operation for aircraft. He sent me to help out around the hangar. For the next month or so, I slept in a pickup truck topper out behind the hangar while doing all the dirty work that no one else wanted to do. I was paying my dues, as they say. After I pulled apart a Mazda engine down to the crank, George started to warm up to me. By August, I was living in Big Trout Lake along with another pilot who would teach me the finer points of how to fly floats and, more importantly, how to survive in the north. He would fly the passenger leg, and I would fly the empty leg back.

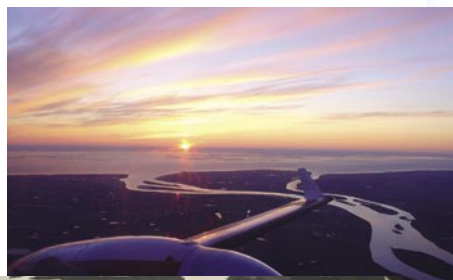
After some time he thought that I had progressed enough that I, nine times out of ten, would not kill myself or anyone else with the plane. I flew my first commercial airplane trip from Big Trout Lake to Angling Lake and back in the fall of '95. I continued flying out of Trout Lake for the remainder of the float season. The snows eventually came and another float season was at an end in Northwestern Ontario. After two weeks of waiting for the lakes to freeze, I once again headed up north, this time flying a wheel ski equipped Cessna 185 out of Muskrat Dam.

Altogether, I spent two years in Muskrat Dam and lived in a log cabin heated with a wood stove. It lacked any indoor facilities, including running water. I lived by myself and would fly trips to other reserves and to the local hunting camps delivering everything from supplies, equipment, canoes, to skidoos and doing more moose hauls than I care to remember. During the summer, the days were long due to the fact that I was a one-person, self-contained unit. I would begin flying early in the mornings and would continue till all the trips were done. Then I made sure I had enough fuel on hand to conduct the next day’s flying, and get more if not. After that, there was paperwork and organizing the next day’s trips to deal with, along with all the other things that needed to be taken care of. Hygiene was well down on the list of priorities.

Eventually, lifting forty-five gallon fuel-drums onto the back of pick-up trucks and cutting firewood for heat at -37C became rather tiresome so I decided to try my luck flying bigger airplanes. This, I thought, might entail less work. But it required more training, a flight test and another written test. In order for a pilot to fly into clouds (IMC - instrument meteorological conditions), one needs an IFR rating. After a month of training and a freshly printed IFR rating, I once again stood there during the winter of '97 saying, “now what”? I applied to numerous companies and with some luck I was offered

Top left: Taking off in the Beech 1900 from Fort Severn in Northern Ontario with Hudson Bay in the background early in the morning, fall 2004.  
Top middle: Taken in Lac La Biche, Alberta, after dropping off fire-fighters, June 1998 - Cessna 208B.  
Top right: The Schneider family at Luke Wintje’s (’84) house, June 2006 - photo courtesy of Luke.  
Bottom left: Air-to-air shot of the Cessna 208B over Northern Ontario, winter 1998  
Bottom middle-left: On route to Lac la Biche - Cessna 208B.  
Bottom middle-right: Rudolf on a month-long solo canoe trip, Ferguson Lake, Quetico Park, 1993  
Bottom right: Cessna 185 on wheel/skis on Agusk Lake in Northern Ontario, spring 1996 - a pick-up after the Caribou hunt.

- photos courtesy of Rudolf





a position with Wasaya Airways based in Pickle Lake, flying the Cessna 208B Caravan. On January 2<sup>nd</sup> '98 I began with ground school.

The next twelve months passed quickly. And if I thought that this lifestyle was going to be easier, I was sorely mistaken. Work days were twelve to fourteen hours, and one was expected to work up to twenty-eight days of the month. The incentive was money. The more one flew, the more one made. But this pace was hard for anyone to keep up and in the winter of '99 the opportunity arose to fly the Beech 1900D out of Thunder Bay.

Another ground school followed, more simulator instructions, and a written and flight test and then I found myself living in the great big city of Thunder Bay. This town boasted such things as restaurants, stores, LCBO *and* Brewers Retail, and most importantly, women! A man has his priorities, after all. During the spring of this year, during one of our little forays to a local bar, one of the girls from the office came along. Jennifer was her name.

During a house party in August of '99 we met up again and talked some more and found this very rare connection that only comes every once in a blue moon: that ability to talk for hours about any and all things and never have that ugly silence come up that is so uncomfortable to people on dates. I drove her back to her truck on my motorcycle and we talked some more till the wee hours of the morning. Knowing a good thing when I see it, I asked her to marry me on New Year's Eve of 2000. The next year was a busy one. I took the last of the major license tests, the Airline Transport Pilot's License, we were married, we bought a house, I made captain, which naturally involved another simulator test, and our daughter, Julie, was born. Jake came twenty months later and completed our little family. For the next several years we lived a happy family life in Thunder Bay.

During the summer of '05, I applied to and was accepted by Air Canada Jazz based out of Toronto and flying the Dash 8 aircraft, which carries up to fifty passengers and flies to a variety of places from Sault Saint Marie to as far as St. John, New Brunswick and Îles de la Madeleine. I started training in August and the following weeks were comprised of sleeping, eating, and learning and very little else. The first week of ground school involved the "Com" book. This is Air Canada's manual for pilots that outlines rules and procedures company personnel must follow with regards to flight procedures, weather requirements, code of conduct and other general rules that we must abide by. Then came two weeks of systems. We started at 8am and went over all the major systems on the Dash 8, ranging from electrical, hydraulic, pressurization, to landing gear, etc. The afternoon was devoted to cockpit procedures, which are taught in a mock-up of a flight deck. Everything from engine start-up to shut down including emergency procedures are detailed until they become second nature. I came home to the hotel at 5pm and tried to eat something before studying all evening for the following day's subject. After all the tests were completed, we were given one week off and then flown to Vancouver where we completed the simulator-training portion of the ground school over two weeks. This is where we got to play the best video game that money can buy. Here we

applied all that we had learned in the classroom and fine-tuned all the normal and emergency procedures before conducting our "ride," which is the final test where everything is being assessed that one has been taught over the previous weeks.

By this time we were ready to fly the aircraft in the real world. We were partnered with a senior captain for the first two weeks who mentored us and made sure we were competent in all aspects of flying the Dash 8. Then came the final line check, which is conducted by a very senior captain who assessed our performance and decided our suitability to fly with the rest of the regular line pilots. The learning curve required to keep up to the minimum 80% pass-rate is akin to sticking a fire hose of information in your mouth. But looking back, it was well worth it.

Up until now, I have always kept an eye out for the next company where I could advance myself. I think that I have now found the company from which I will retire.

Life at Jazz is a lot different than it was with the companies up north. We fly an average of sixteen days per month, but most of these are four day pairings which means we spend a lot of time away from home overnight in places that range from Timmins, Ontario, to my personal favorite, Quebec City, where the hotel overlooks the old city and the Château Frontenac. All of the crews are wonderful, which makes exploring cities such as this rather fun and makes up for being away from home as much as we all are. The amount I work during the day changes from pairing to pairing.

It can be a short day of only three hours, to as long as fourteen. But the working conditions are much improved from lugging fuel drums and doing moose hauls up north. Most of the things we had to do ourselves up there are done for us, which leaves more time for us to concentrate on the actual flying. One could say it's more like an office job, but one a person can feel passionate about.

Which brings us to the present. Right now I am in Cambridge, Ontario, sitting at the kitchen table listening to the kids laugh and play on the swing-set outside while Jen is out running errands and the '80s music channel is playing on TV. I am fully content with my place in life. Flying any aircraft is exhilarating. As a profession, it combines adventure, travel, sociability, with intense responsibility and a high level of expertise. It's a combination that enticed me way back on that spring day in '89 and still seems to fully suit my nature.

So, I look back at my life so far and feel that I've come a long way from the "now what?" after scraping through graduation. I feel a great sense of accomplishment at having persisted during an eighteen-year period of constant training and pushing my abilities. At the same time I feel a deep sense of humility. Humility because I realize that none of this would have been possible without the help of the many friends over the years. And the people who come to mind most are my classmates and teachers at TWS who didn't give up on me and helped me start to find myself more than they will ever know. Especially to them, and to all the others, I say a very humble and heart-felt "thank you all." ■  
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Rudolf sun-bathing on his motorcycle during gym class, while the rest of the class runs laps around the school, June 1984  
- photo courtesy of Katherine Dynes '84

# POINT OF VIEW

## Urban Sustainability: Challenges and Opportunities

by Jennie Moore '85, MCIP, LEED AP



*After ten years at the Greater Vancouver Regional District, Jennie accepted an appointment to the BC Institute of Technology as Director, Sustainable Development and Environmental Stewardship in the School of Construction and the*

*Environment. In the fall, she will also return to UBC to pursue PhD studies.*

In 1987, I had the opportunity to complete my third year of a four year Bachelor of Arts in English Literature in Nice, France. It was there that I witnessed extensive pollution of the Mediterranean Sea and realized the seriousness of global pollution problems and related impacts on the world's ecosystems. Upon returning to Canada, I undertook further studies at the University of British Columbia and completed a Master of Arts degree in Natural Resource Planning at the School of Community and Regional Planning. My research led to a focus on urban areas and municipal governments as a target for change to help heal the earth and restore the ecosystems upon which we depend for life.

Over half of the world's population lives in urban areas and the trend towards global urbanization is forecasted to continue. Cities are compact and this means that per square foot of living space, cities provide an extremely resource-efficient way for people to live. On average, city dwellers require fewer roads, pipes, and other forms of infrastructure to support their daily activities than a suburban or

semi-rural person (assuming they utilize public infrastructure services). However, because so many people live in cities, the cumulative impact of all these people means that cities still draw on vast amounts of resources from areas around the world for their operation. These resources, consumed by urban populations in the form of food, clothing, products and services, are then transformed into wastes which are assimilated back into surrounding areas either as persistent pollutants or as decomposed materials available for renewed resource use.

According to the research of human ecologist Professor William Rees at the University of British Columbia, if everyone in the world lived at current North American, middle-income standards, it would require an additional two planet earths to supply the necessary energy and resources. An objective of urban sustainability, from an environmental perspective, becomes how to accommodate aspirations for elimination of global poverty without destroying the very things we need to sustain health and enjoyment – clean air and water, nutritious food, access to nature, and so on. This goal becomes an imperative when confronted with the reality of a growing global population.

The WorldWatch Institute tracks global resource use. WorldWatch has determined that buildings account for approximately 40% of the energy and materials consumed by humans. Buildings can be thought of as extensions of the urban infrastructure system. In addition to requiring energy and materials for their operation and construction, they are also the destination for resources that are consumed by their occupants. Examples include food and water, furniture, paper, electronic equipment, etc. Not only are these things entering buildings through existing transportation and

utilities infrastructure, they are also leaving in the forms of sewage, garbage, and air emissions.

It was clear to me, therefore, that in order to be effective in my work, I should focus on improving the resource efficiency of buildings and the related infrastructure systems that serve them. This includes not only the materials used for construction and operation of the buildings themselves, but also the resources such as water, energy, food, and other goods and services brought to the people in the buildings as well as removal of wastes from the buildings and, eventually, the "de-construction" of the buildings themselves at the end of their lifecycle.

Through my work as the Manager of Strategic Initiatives at the Greater Vancouver Regional District, I identified and raised awareness about emerging issues that challenge the region. I wrote reports to help senior managers and local government politicians better understand the issues confronting the region and what policy options could be pursued to address them. Often the issues reflected global concerns, such as climate change, that are then assessed in terms of forecasted local impacts and opportunities. Finally, I developed programs and initiatives to try to implement actions to address the issues of concern. These included development of an employee commute reduction program to improve local air quality and coordination

*This section allows alumni/ae to share their knowledge, opinions, & observations with each other. The views expressed in this section and in any alumni/ae or faculty/staff article do not necessarily reflect the views of the Toronto Waldorf School.*





## GUIDING by John Chapman

The buds are beginning to burst, liberating baby leaves in a million shades of green to begin photosynthesising. Birds are making nests and making babies, and blackflies are biting my ears. These events signal the start of another season paddling Canada’s great wilderness rivers. I recently packed up my life into a waterproof canoe pack, loaded into my car, and headed off across the country to find work as a riverguide. I’ll spend the spring working here in the Ottawa Valley, then as spring finally melts the great northern rivers, I’ll move to the Arctic to guide canoe trips there.

How did I come to be so blessed, with a job that allows me to follow my passions and even make a (meagre) living from them? Luck, chance, hard work, and a sense of adventure, perhaps. As I child, my family took camping trips often, backpacking and canoeing through many of the wild areas across Canada. My brother and I spent many summers charging through the forests and mountains of south-eastern British Columbia. My mother likes to tell how she and my father backpacked up into the Purcell Mountains just days before I was born, so I suppose I can’t help but feel at home in the wilderness.

Class canoe trips and Mr. Pickering’s Algonquin winter camping kept me dreaming of bigger adventures through high school, and

following graduation I headed west to climb mountains for a few years. But the white-water seed had been planted years earlier, after kayaking lessons on the Madawaska River, and eventually I left the Rockies for promises of wild northern river expeditions.

My brother Andrew had already been working for several years with Blackfeather, one of Canada’s leading adventure tourism companies, and was regaling me with tales of his adventures. So I signed on too as a hiking and canoeing guide, and after a short apprenticeship in Ontario and Quebec found myself hurtling down the Nahanni River leading a pack of canoes.

I have visceral memories of that first season. Moments of despair and terror alternated with triumph and elation. And I was constantly overwhelmed by the demands of the job. Even though I came in with some significant outdoor leadership experience, the realities of organizing and leading a two week wilderness adventure were huge. Malignant elements, diverse personalities, and clients’ expectations conspire to increase stress levels. “Guide” may sound romantic, but rolled into that title are all sorts of other roles. Mother, chef, doctor, confidante, marriage counsellor all seem to require endless time and energy, leaving little for what we really want to do – run wild rivers!

Pre-trip planning is intense, because once the float plane leaves, you

are all on your own. Arranging the trip logistics and packing food and equipment is tedious and time-consuming. Don’t forget the toilet paper, and make sure everything fits into the canoes! But when you get back on the river life suddenly becomes simpler. When we are tripping we are dealing with the basics: food, shelter, travel – we are living in the moment.

Four years later I am a veteran tripper, but those feelings that overwhelmed me my first year are still there. But they are familiar, and keep me on edge, and now I worry if I don’t feel butterflies before a major rapid. This work requires a diverse skill-set. Every day is challenging, and I love the responsibility and pressure that it brings. But it is a lifestyle, not a job. To be a riverguide requires dedication and flexibility, a willingness to live well below the poverty line, without a permanent address or any job security. The season is short, and even when I am working overhead is high and wages are low. Training and certification are expensive, the vagabond lifestyle is committing, and the work is hard on the body.

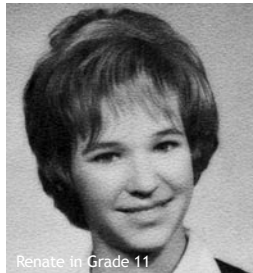
But something keeps drawing me back. I love the mornings. I wake early to watch mist rise from the river. Pale sunshine slides through the trees, smoke curling upwards wafting the scent of brewing coffee to wake my group. I love the anticipation of a big day of whitewater. Nerves are on edge, and my mind is racing with possible disaster scenarios, pumping

adrenaline and the fantastic triumph and elation of a successful run through the rapids. But don’t get cocky – that green river will flip your boat in an instant if you don’t respect her.

I love being outside all summer long. My face gets burnt and tanned and my hands are tough and calloused. It snows, it rains, sometimes the sun shines. The river water is ice-cold and invigorating. I love welcoming people to my office on the river, and watching them relax, come alive and enjoy themselves, away from worries as we travel through the landscape. I love sitting by the fire late, after the others have gone to bed. Exhaustion spreads through my body as the Aurora Borealis spreads across the night sky. And I make my way to bed, to snuggle down in my sleeping bag under frosty sparkling stars.

Autumn comes early to the north. By mid-August the larches are beginning to turn yellow. Water-levels in the rivers have dropped, and the mornings are crisp and chilly. The snow-level gets lower on the mountains and the southerners go home. On the late-season trips we see bears eating to gain weight for their winter hibernation and birds flocking overhead, flying south to warmer climates. The paddling season is coming to a close; it’s time for me to move again too. I’ll trade in my paddle for some skis now, and tell stories all winter long about my summer adventures. ■ johnchappy@gmail.com



Class of 1964  
Chomedey High School, Montreal

Renate in Grade 11

**Renate Kurth**, former TWS class teacher and chemistry teacher, was born in 1947 in Germany and immigrated to Canada with her family in 1954. She started school in a suburb of Montreal called St. Eustace. After four years, she moved to Chomedey, a new subdivision a little closer to the city. There she went to Chomedey High School and later studied genetics and biochemistry at McGill University. After a year at Heidelberg University doing research in human cytogenetics, she went to Emerson College, England, in order to figure out what she wanted to do with her life. She stayed a second year, did the Waldorf teacher training, and returned to take Diana Hughes' fourth grade (the Class of 1980) in the first Waldorf school in Canada. When the class graduated from eighth grade she took a year off, and returned to teach chemistry in the high school until 1984 when her daughter was born. While living in downtown Toronto, she helped to start the Alan Howard Waldorf School, then moved to New York City when her husband took a job with the Metropolitan Opera Company. After a year, she joined the Green Meadow Waldorf School as a class teacher, picking up a class in third grade. She took that class through to eighth grade and is now with her third class in sixth grade.



Larissa in Kindergarten



**Larissa L. McWhinney '88** was Waldorf educated from kindergarten to Grade 12 at TWS and Waldorf schools in Paris and north Germany. She has a BA in Philosophy & Ethics from the University of Toronto's Trinity College and an MA in Medical Ethics from the University of British Columbia. During the course of her PhD work at U of T she was invited to move to Regina to work as a policy analyst on Roy Romanow's Commission on the Future of Health Care in Canada. Larissa taught philosophy at U of T and the University of Regina for several years, and now works as an investigator at the Office of the Information and Privacy Commissioner of Saskatchewan. She lives in Regina with her husband, Randy Widdis, a geography professor at U of R. They are joyfully expecting their first child in late December.

# alumni/ae art

## Artist Statement:

I am often asked what type of art I do. Somehow I am stumped by this question, because my art is neither realist nor abstract, and I utilize many different media. I love printing with my mono-printing press and then working coloured pencil and/or watercolour into my pieces. I also love acrylic painting, and all these diverse media inspire me to passionately create new art expressions every day.

I am an intuitive artist, allowing each piece to speak to me and emerge on its own. I harmoniously bring pieces together through shading, lines, and shapes, utilizing the duality of lightness and darkness. At times I may start with a composition, usually from nature scenes such as cloud formations, hills, and trees. And at other times, I love to use arbitrary shapes found in shadows and magically play with them until layer after layer, the images gradually reveal themselves.

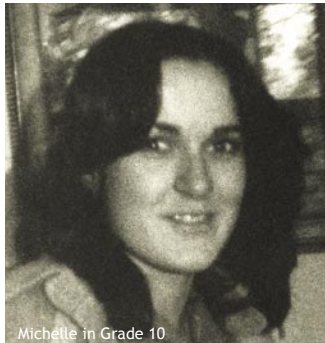
Each piece of art is a new adventure for me, a discovery of limitless possibility. I love to be challenged by so-called problematic pieces because I see the conflicting approaches I could take to resolve them but bypass the rules of schooling and continue to connect with the piece until it expresses its own completion. I'm constantly amazed by the magic and wonder of creating art.

Art has been my passion since childhood. When I ventured into the Waldorf curriculum at the age of eleven with Mr. Krause's guidance, my inner and artistic journeys were bolstered and supported in every class. Mr. Alderson once wrote, "Michelle has a rare promise as an artist. Her work is always beautifully done, exquisite in technique and execution," and such recognition and validation of my passion for art enabled me to keep on pursuing it no matter what was going in my life.

After I graduated from grade twelve, I traveled through Europe by myself for two months and returned home still hungry for more Waldorf education. Thus I went for a semester to the Freies Jugend Seminar in Stuttgart, Germany. Finally, at twenty-one, I went to the University of Toronto and obtained my Bachelor of Fine Arts. I was very fortunate to be mentored by Don Holman, a Canadian master printer, and was inspired to buy a Monoprinting Press. I focused on integrating shading with colour pencil into my print work, a technique which is strongly reflective of my Waldorf education.

I must admit that I struggled for years with my technique and style because critics often said my artwork was too ethereal and different from that of my contemporaries. I also struggled with my health for my entire thirties and sadly this affected my ability to exhibit my art, yet art was also very therapeutic as during that time I accumulated forty-six completed pieces. At the moment when I needed it most, a dear friend of mine relit my art embers by expressing that my sensitivity and uniqueness was the strength of my art, that my style radiated the integrity of my spirit. With renewed conviction my artistic revival began. I found a painting adventure course and became lost in the pure creativity of painting for a week. There I discovered that I could also shade using a paintbrush, which has become my forte. My art exploded with colour, strength and passion.

I had my first art exhibit in August 2005 in Unionville. Many fearful thoughts dominated my mind, such as, "How can I intellectualize my art?," but I ended up having the time of my life because I spoke from my heart. I was in my



Michelle in Grade 10

# michelle josephi

## class of '81



element and managed to avoid all the current art lingo that so dissatisfies me. I was very touched and moved by the enthusiastic words and the happiness that my work evoked in strangers, friends, and family. I felt greatly empowered and encouraged and am now looking forward to further exhibits.

I am eternally grateful for my Waldorf education, for the dedication of my teachers who encouraged and nurtured my artistic journey, and feel I blessed to be a Waldorf graduate. My sensitivity was fostered, which gave me the spiritual depth that has been vital to my art and who I am as a human being. My goal has always been to make some difference in people's lives and I know one way is through my art. My future goal is to donate my pieces to hospitals, rehab centers and shelters. I also would like to start a mentoring program for children who have survived abuse and/or have lived in shelters. Finally, I am ever thankful to my family, husband and friends for continually supporting my art career. ■ michellejosephi@hotmail.com



# ON THE OTHER SIDE. . . OF THE DESK

## Rachel Aide '92 *high school English teacher, TWS, Thornhill*

by Rachel Aide

When I tell people that I teach at the same high school that I myself attended, I get mixed reactions. Some think it's cool, and inquire about the people, the place, and what drew me back; others ask if it's weird to work with my former teachers. And then there are those who simply say that they are happy to have left high school behind. These reactions seem to depend on their individual experiences of high school. The fact that I've been back teaching at TWS for the past seven years, with a year off to have my daughter Emma, testifies to mine.

I'm not a Waldorf "lifer." I joined the Class of '92 in grade eight, after eight years in the public system. My elementary school years were spent happily enough, but all that changed when I entered junior high. On the first day of school in grade seven, I found myself in a boxy, almost windowless, concrete building. I took my seat under buzzing fluorescent lights in a chromium-lined, open-concept "class-space." Minutes later, I was given a two-day rotating schedule and a six-digit student number. And it got worse. The social climate was about as hospitable as the physical: cold, impersonal, and soulless. Picture *Mean Girls* then triple it. I was miserable. Fortunately, my parents recognized that it wasn't the place for me and

took charge. The next year I found myself at TWS.

Imagine my delight on the first day of grade eight at TWS when the whole school gathered in the forum to watch the grade twelve students give the grade one students roses! I listened in awe as teachers told stories, cracked jokes, performed skits, and sang songs to introduce their respective classes to the upcoming year. I was thrilled when my class teacher, Mr. Tibbetts, greeted each of my classmates and me with a warm handshake. I couldn't believe my eyes when I was handed a five day schedule packed with new and interesting classes like Eurythmy, painting, drama, choir, orchestra, German, handwork, and woodwork.

Over the next five years I flourished. The warmth, individuality, and beauty of the TWS building were mirrored by the character of the students. Indeed, many of them have become faithful, lifelong friends. It seems that no matter where life takes us, we can always get together for a drink and pick up where we left off.

My decision to teach adolescents grew out of memories of the unique and stimulating lessons I took in high school. I remember deconstructing poetry with Anne Greer in English; calculating the progressive pattern of a chambered nautilus with Dr. Levin in

*TWS alumni/ae Waldorf teachers, and there are a lot of them, reflect upon life on "the other side..."*

*This edition: Rachel Aide '92, of the Toronto Waldorf School, Thornhill, and Aurelie Heinz Duhemal '89, formerly of L'École Rudolf Steiner de Montréal*



math; and discussing the dismantling of the Berlin Wall with Frau McLeod in German. In Mrs. Haller's choir lessons, between whisperings about cute guys and raucous parties, I found my voice and discovered the joy of singing. I soaked up the curriculum and realized that my actions and my world had meaning.

I had no idea when I helped lay the foundations of the new wing in the summer of '91 that in less than a decade I'd be back teaching at TWS. Don't get me wrong: I knew I wanted to be a teacher, and that the teachers at TWS inspired me, but, like several of my classmates, I thought I'd share that inspiration and sense of purpose with the outside world. Clearly, the fates had other plans. The month I graduated from teacher's college at the University of

Alberta, I learned that TWS needed someone to teach "The Romantics" main lesson to a lively grade eleven class (the Class of '00). I applied, and the rest is history.

Working with my former teachers isn't weird. Sure, there was the usual adjustment period as I assumed my new position in the community, but the trail had already been blazed by Todd Smith '83, Sara Anderson '85, Robert Teuwen '84, Ed Crabtree '94, Eric Philpott '79 and other alumni/ae. And since I started teaching here, I've been joined by Greg Scott '84, Dan Schulbeck, '90, and Genevieve Munro '90, so there's safety in numbers. Besides, I enjoy working with my best friends' hip mother, my trusty advisors, the much loved German/typing teacher, the quirky sculptor-philosopher mathematician,



the multi-lingual, wine-making, latté-brewing French teacher and the bearded leader of countless winter camping expeditions.

It's no wonder that Waldorf teachers develop some wild and wonderful reputations with their students. Waldorf education at the high school level challenges each teacher to be both a "jack of all trades" and a master of one, or two or...you get the idea. Since I began teaching at TWS, I have taught English, geography, history, life skills, drama, world issues, world religions, philosophy, and civics. For the past three years, I have taught English literature across the grades, grade ten geography, and grade nine civics. But that's just the academic teaching load. Waldorf education calls on the teachers to

be actors, poets, musicians, singers, artists, clowns, cops, campers, gardeners, athletes, administrators, and moral/spiritual guides. In my classes, I strive to instil in the students a love of literature and of learning. Steiner's pedagogy enables me to do so from as many different angles as there are in a TWS classroom!

But it's in the role of moral/spiritual guide that I gain the most from the students. This of course is the toughest task of the Waldorf teacher. And believe me, when it comes to my guidance of the students, it is often a case of the blind leading the blind! But to continually recognize the spiritual potential in every student, as well as in myself, is a constant source of personal enrichment and joy.

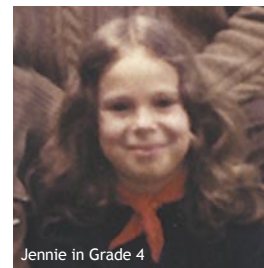


A lot has changed since I was a student at TWS. A functional new wing, one year fewer of high school, two-hour main lessons with added arts enhancements, annual work practica, the Maine trip, an off-site initiation, and a more diverse student body...to name a few aspects. But some things have stayed the same: the teachers share a common sense of purpose, possess a passion for their subjects, and care a great deal for the students. That is what lured me back to TWS. That is why I now sit on the other side of a TWS desk. ■ [rachelaideis@hotmail.com](mailto:rachelaideis@hotmail.com)

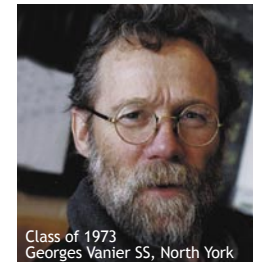
Left: Rachel at the school, June 2006 - photo by Katja Rudolph '84  
Above left: Rachel with classmates in grade ten, 1990  
Above right: Rachel with her grade ten Human Geography: Indigenous Cultures Main Lesson students, 2005  
- photos courtesy of Rachel

ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE DESK

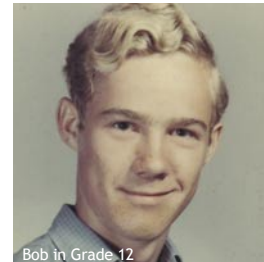
CONTRIBUTORS cont'd



**Jennie Moore '85** is Division Manager of Strategic Initiatives at the Greater Vancouver Regional District. Her work focuses on urban sustainability, and she coordinates the Sustainable Region Initiative Partners Committee that brings together social, economic and environmental organizations from both the public and private sectors. She coordinated the development of the Sustainable Region Initiative Framework to align GVRD long range plans with principles of sustainability, and she developed the sustainability template by which regional plans are developed. Jennie is a Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED)<sup>TM</sup> accredited professional, a member of the Canadian Institute of Planners, and she has a Master of Arts degree in planning from the School of Community and Regional Planning at UBC. After ten years at the Greater Vancouver Regional District, she has accepted an appointment to the BC Institute of Technology as Director, Sustainable Development and Environmental Stewardship in the School of Construction and the Environment.



Class of 1973  
Georges Vanier SS, North York



Bob in Grade 12

**Bob Pickering**, TWS science teacher, travelled and worked in Europe and Asia for a year after graduating from high school. He then entered the BSc program at U of T but quickly realized that the mainstream wasn't for him. He moved into a communal house in Riverdale, enrolled in an alternative high school and took a course in environmental issues at Innis College. He eventually obtained his degree in environmental science at U of Waterloo. It was while working for CIDA in Costa Rica establishing communities for abandoned street children that he became fully aware of global inequalities and eco-degradation and became convinced that solutions to these systemic problems could be found in education. He soon found his way to Waldorf education, in part through his then girlfriend, Patti Wolfe. He has been teaching at TWS for almost 25 years, touching the lives of hundreds of students who carry his concern (and love of music and crazy winter adventures) into the world with them. His sons, Luke and Silas, attended TWS, graduating in '01 and '05 respectively.



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## Aurelie Heintz Duhamel '89

*former class teacher, L'École Rudolf Steiner de Montréal*

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK.....How did I get there?

Thankfulness! Yes indeed, thankfulness led me to teaching. Bear with me in the following demonstration and you will get an idea of how this is so: In French, the word for thankfulness is “reconnaissance,” which literally means “re-co-birth” and which resembles the English word “recognition.” “Connaissance” (co-birth) in French also means knowledge, so “reconnaissance” translates also as re-knowledge.

At first, as a child, the thankfulness manifested itself as a feeling: a wonderful feeling of fullness (and fulfillment) that would well up inside of me when faced with something that struck me as beautiful and truthful – i.e., a song, a sunset or a moment of sharing such as at Christmas time. Sometimes the feeling was very strong and would (and still does) bring tears to my eyes. For instance, when listening to the high school choir or orchestra.

Growing up, I began recognizing and acknowledging this thank-fulness (versus emptiness) in myself. As I started to measure the depth and strength of it, I became more and more curious to understand where it came from. Intuitively, I felt that it must have its roots in my education, at home and at school. I therefore felt the pull to revisit and re-acknowledge (“reconnaitre”) Waldorf education, to discover what was behind the scene, so to speak: to explore the other side of the desk!

Having completed my BA in psychology at York University in 1992, I went to France in order to travel and explore my origins. I was born in France in 1970, and though I grew up in Canada, I felt very attached to my French culture. It was at this time that I began to read and study Steiner’s writing. In 1993, I enrolled in L’Université de Montpellier III in the Sciences de l’Éducation department. I subsequently completed an MA in this discipline and my dissertation (called “memoire” in France, which literally means memory) was entitled “The Role of the Teacher According to Steiner and Montessori.” Steiner’s theories were my main interest, but I studied Montessori also in order to provide myself with a contrast-model. In actuality, I explored and discovered many other interesting educational theories

and practices while conducting my research. What became clear to me is the central importance of the teaching relationship in the educational process. The relationship/interaction between the teacher and the student(s) really is a co-birthing, a creation process – it is in this relationship, a continuous flow from teacher to student and from student to teacher as well as from theory to practice and back again, that learning is stimulated and nurtured and knowledge is born. I began to picture teaching and learning truly as a process of recognition between two or more people. Unique to Steiner and Montessori was the awareness of the necessity for the teacher to first define and develop a knowledge and understanding of the whole human being: body, soul and spirit. They posited that the spiritual dimension of the human being is the context for physical, emotional and intellectual development, and the continuous interaction between all three is the basis of all vibrant knowledge.

This way of conceiving of education inspired me to want to teach. I yearned to put into practice what I’d studied and to give back some of what I was so thankful for receiving when I was a child. I returned to Canada and enrolled as a student teacher at the Rudolf Steiner Centre, which is housed on the TWS campus. There, among many other things (painting, modeling, handwork, biography workshops, inner development courses...to mention a few), we carefully studied the Waldorf curriculum: the what and the why of it. Oh so fascinating! I invite all of you to do the same if you get a chance. To revisit the Waldorf curriculum with the consciousness of an adult is an amazing experience. It broadened and deepened my thankfulness/“reconnaissance” by allowing me to *understand* what I’d felt intuitively as a child.

After completing my teacher training at RSC, I became a class teacher at the L’École Rudolf Steiner de Montréal in 1997. So what is it actually like being on the other side of the desk? Inspiring, incredibly difficult, a huge responsibility, and lots of work, but never boring or monotonous. It requires preparation, both of the subject and of oneself through inner work, imagination, discipline, humour, love of the children, love of the subjects and the curriculum, a knack with report card writing, a way of relating to parents. But teaching and learning with the children is just one part of it. There is so much more: faculty meetings, parent evenings, administrative and general meetings, committee work, meetings to prepare the Christmas Fair, open houses, class presentations, preparation for the various festivals, community days....I realized that teaching is not at all linear, with instruction flowing from one teacher to one student in a classroom, but that it is a multiple engagement and even more complicated and diverse than I had imagined, for there are many students, many teachers, many ways of presenting the curriculum, many demands, many roles to play, many duties to fulfill, many considerations to be aware of, from the most mundane to the most esoteric! So, being a teacher is multidimensional: a whole new geometry of living and working is born, one which continuously changes. What an incredible growing experience it was.

After almost four years as a class teacher in Montreal, I felt like nothing could be as challenging, as stimulating, or as rewarding as teaching....And then I became a parent! I moved to Avignon, France, in April, 2001, and gave birth to Eva in July of that year...and then to Nils in 2002 and Sean in 2005. And so it continues, or rather, it begins again: a new re-co-birth process!

Today I continue to strive, learn and be thankful every day with my husband Eric, my children and more recently with the others in the Parent and Tot group I have created and called “Pas à Pas” (Step by Step) with the hope of perhaps helping to found a Waldorf school in this area of France, “La Drome Provencale,” into which we have recently moved.

To finish, I would like to share with you a verse which gives me strength and which I am thankful to have learned at school:



To wonder at beauty,  
Stand guard over truth  
Look up to the noble  
Decide for the good  
Leads human beings on  
their journey  
To goals for their life.  
To right in their doing  
To peace in their feeling  
To light in their thinking.  
And teaches them trust  
In the guidance of god  
In all that there is  
In the worlds-wide all  
In the souls deep ground.

Rudolf Steiner



Aurelie with crown in grade one, 1977; Aurelie's blackboard drawing for her grade four classroom; Aurelie with her grade four class, 2000

P.S. I am happy to have this opportunity to express and share my gratitude. Thank you to all the teachers at TWS – for their love, dedication, hard work and faith – and thank you to my parents who taught me so well at home. Greetings to my classmates and all others I knew during my time at TWS. ■



## way out of bounds in Boston

Living in Boston for the past eleven years has certainly been a growing experience for me. I arrived here in the fall of 1995 to attend graduate school at Boston University with plans to return to Toronto eighteen months later. Despite an overwhelming sense of homesickness in the first months, shortly thereafter I fell in love with Boston and decided to extend my stay.

Initially, I felt terribly out of place amidst the historical setting of Boston where American flags hung by the dozens from the colonial houses and store corners. The streets were strewn with Dunkin' Donuts vendors, shady liquor stores and establishments claiming to sell antiques that simply looked like old student furniture to me. Over time, I began to see past these rough edges and experienced what is commonly referred to as New England charm. I began to cherish the idiosyncrasies of a city as old as this one and fell under its spell like the many wanderers who enter as transients and end up making a long-term commitment to Beantown.

Among Boston's many quirks is its driving culture. You can never assume that you will be able to get back to your point of origin by making four right-hand turns as you are sure to in another town. Given that the city is not on a grid, there is virtually no rhyme or reason to this old maze-like road system. Even the seasoned Boston driver is likely to get lost without a map. 1995 marked the beginning of a massive construction project in Boston known as the Big Dig, which entailed burying several street level highways. The scheduled date of completion was the year 2000 and I often joked about wanting to stay long enough to see the final product. Unfortunately, it has become the largest federally funded project in American history and I may have had to live in this city for fifteen or more years in order to attend the unveiling.

The main reason I have chosen to make this my home for the time being is, without question, the people of Massachusetts. From my first moments here I have felt welcomed and surrounded by warmth and kindness. It is uncanny to see this sort of congeniality amongst the general public. It makes me smile to recall the Boston-based 80s sitcom, "Cheers," with its intro music lyrics assuring us it was



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ELIE

a place where everybody knows your name, as this actually captures my feeling about the city. Each time I have visitors they cannot believe how helpful and personable the residents are. The irony is that New Englanders are regarded as cold and snobbish within the US itself.

It amazes me to see Bostonians' reactions when I tell them I am Canadian. Because of the city's proximity to the Maritimes and the province of Quebec, Bostonians are often of Canadian descent themselves and wish to engage in conversations about their lineage and background. They have such positive things to say about their friendly neighbours to the north. Massachusetts is comprised predominantly of a Democrat population and therefore of people who wish they could live in a country more like Canada. In other words, in a social democracy that works.

Boston and surroundings has historically been known for its institutions of higher learning, boasting thirty-two post-secondary colleges and universities. The largest of these are Harvard, MIT, Boston College and Boston University, each of which draws a huge variety of international students. These students bring much diversity and life to the city, keeping the population young and always in search of knowledge and growth. Each year, Boston has an influx of 250,000

students; they arrive in the fall and leave in the late spring, making the city considerably quieter in the summer months.

My undergraduate degree was in Fine Art Studio and Fine Art History at the University of Toronto so I have a love of the arts and Boston seems to feed that passion. The Museum of Fine Arts is home to some of North America's greatest collections. Many of the works of the Impressionist Era were purchased by local families and eventually became part of this gorgeous gallery.

Another draw for many is the Boston Pops, which is world-renowned for its symphonic performances. Being in a city with so much history, it is hard not to be swept away by the sounds of the 1812 Overture as it is played each year beside the Charles River for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration while the fireworks shoot off across the modest but beguiling skyline.

I have been in this enchanting city for eleven years and each day has been an adventure, be it personal or professional. I have finished a master's degree in education, had several jobs in teaching, succeeded at a career in corporate training, made some lifelong friends, met my wonderful husband Frank, and most important of all, found happiness during my stay. Feeling contented at this stage, I view each day as a present: I am eager to wake up and rip open the wrapping to see what it contains.

In the near future, I will be launching my own business in childrens' bedroom-design and possibly starting my own family. As for my love affair with this city, I am not sure it will be a forever commitment but I will always have a tie to this big university town that holds so many wonderful memories.■

elleboston@hotmail.com

*way out of bounds in Israel*



This section of the wall is near the Qalandia checkpoint, which separates the Palestinian towns of Ar-Ram on the west and Ramallah on the east.

## A Road Map of Another Kind Part II – The Real Deal

In the last issue of *outofbounds* (vol. 3, 2005/06) I wrote about how I became interested in the crisis in Israel and Palestine in the context of my Peace and Conflict Studies Program at University of Waterloo and about some of the peace-building initiatives that are working there. In early November I went to Israel to live and volunteer in a small Arab town called Ibillin.

It wasn't long before I realized that the milieu/state of affairs was quite different from what was portrayed in media reports and on the pages of academic texts. Most shocking was the recognition of how separate the Jewish and Arab communities are. I lived in a town that was exclusively Arab (60% Muslim, 40% Christian). Other villages or towns nearby are either exclusively Jewish or Arab with almost no exception. Haifa, half an hour away by car, is the third largest city in Israel and its most mixed city, although it boasts nowhere close to Toronto's diversity. Jews and Arabs may frequent the same restaurants and

shopping malls, but schools and neighbourhoods are mostly segregated. The communities are physically divided but they are also divided by language, economics, history and culture.

After almost two months in the Arab towns of Ibillin and Shefa'amr (Shefar'am), I ventured off to visit Kibbutz Harduf, which is home to a Waldorf school and anthroposophical community. As we drove through Adi, Harduf's neighbouring Jewish town, I was amazed by the paved roads with no potholes, by the park with brightly coloured swings and climbing structures. The houses looked almost European – small with red roofs and gardens. There were signposts announcing the town and gates at the entrance and exit from town. There was space and grass and colour. I hadn't realized that I had become used to the two- to three-story concrete buildings with wires and metal posts sticking out the top ready for the next floor into which the next generation will move, making quarters even more cramped. Although there are ancient olive trees in Ibillin, there is very little grass. Colours can be found only in the laundry on the lines fluttering in the wind.

How incredibly different these two towns were: just a twenty-minute drive away and yet a vastly different quality of life. I knew that Jews in Israel and Palestinians in the Occupied Territories lived separate, segregated lives except for the violence that binds them together, but I had no idea that life in Israel itself was so divided. I knew the Israelis had started to



build a very visible wall cutting off the West Bank and a bit more from Israel in the name of security. But when you see this mammoth - a twenty-five foot high concrete barrier that coils through fields and orchards, along valleys and streets, in many places cutting Arabs off from their farms, their work-places, their mosques, their neighbours, sometimes even their families - you realize how truly deep the animosity between the two nations is. In the wall, I saw a physical manifestation of feelings that have hardened into complete blindness to how others live. I realized that historical and economic pressures as well as political practicalities have deformed, almost destroyed, the flow of human sympathy and feelings. The wall physically represents the terribly vast cultural, social and economic divide between the Arabs and the Jews. On the one side is the sort of life that comes with a successful economy, on the other poverty and often despair. Imagine what Canada would be like if nearly half the population lived in miserably poor reserves occupying most of the space between Toronto and Montreal, and clustered all round Vancouver! Imagine the feelings of people on each side if tensions and disputes between the two were constantly boiling over into confrontations and violence, so that the differences between the two parts of the nation were constantly reiterated!

I spent most of my five months at Mar Elias Educational Institutions. Abuna Chacour, a Palestinian priest, founded MEEI in 1982. He started with a high school for local students. Now there are almost 5,000 students from kindergarten to university level. The school is continually looking for space to expand. Whenever they have enough money they add another floor, building upwards as there is little space to expand outwards. I spent most of my time at the fledgling university which is officially a branch of the University of Indianapolis. In its third year, the university offers three undergraduate programs: computer science, communications, and environmental science with chemistry.

I went there to work in the peace centre at the university. I had understood that there were seminars with the university students and some programs involving the greater community. The reality was quite different. There was indeed a peace centre, which consisted of a room on the third floor of the university with beautiful chairs and two bookcases of donated books – mostly from the 1970s and '80s. The centre had been founded with the assistance of the Swiss government. Marie, a volunteer from Australia, had helped to set up the centre and was now trying to establish programs for students and the community. This undertaking proved to be incredibly difficult. The university is forced to focus on the day-to-day and has little time to address future plans. Students are trying to cram a four-year degree into three years and teachers are trying to make do on a very modest salary, which is often paid late. Both teachers and students travel long distances to get to Ibillin. While some students expressed an interest in the peace centre, the predominate feeling was that discussion of the country's problems would not help to change their future.

With assistance from the community, I began to look at possibilities

for change. I researched the effects of dialogue programs between Arab and Jewish youth and coexistence education programs in Israel. Most of the research indicated that these programs were not successful in changing positions but they did give participants the chance to meet each other in a non-violent situation. Together with Marie and Fauzi, a science researcher from the university, we began to explore a community environmental project that would involve the Mar Elias schools, the Harduf community and two nearby Bedouin communities. How could these groups work together, with the assistance of local environmental groups, to improve the environment of the local stream and begin to build an understanding of each other? When I left, the project was still developing and they were continuing to look for funding. It will be a great project if it takes off, however there are many obstacles to overcome: what language is spoken at meetings, where the group meets, who actually oversees the project, how funding is distributed and many more excruciating details that require vast reserves of patience and commitment to resolve given the prevailing patterns of fear and mistrust.

On Christmas day I traveled to Bethlehem. I arrived in the early evening and met up with a friend from Waterloo who is volunteering for a year with an organization called Holy Land Trust. It was incredible to walk around Bethlehem with a bunch of internationals on Christmas Day. Most shops were closed but we found one small restaurant just off Manger Square that was open. I ended up talking to Rania, a graduate student from George Mason University in Washington, who was on an internship in Ramallah. She mentioned that she had to leave before the checkpoints closed. Why, I wondered naively? Why couldn't she just go straight to Ramallah? It is about twenty-five km between Bethlehem and Ramallah but the trip usually takes two to three hours. Why? Because Palestinians must take small roads that detour around Jewish settlements. The main roads are for settlers and the army. Checkpoints are set up indiscriminately and getting through them can take hours. So many take the back roads, sometimes walking around checkpoints and then picking up a service (shared taxi) at a designated point. Rania wouldn't be taking either route. Instead, she would go through the Bethlehem checkpoint into Jerusalem and then cross back into the West Bank at the Qalandia checkpoint near Ramallah. Although going through these checkpoints wasn't much fun the trip would take less than an hour. Rania and I had the flexibility of going in and out of the West Bank and into Israel. Most Palestinians do not have this option and many are confined to ever shrinking areas, their communities cut off from others that used to be neighbours.

The history of Palestine/Israel is immensely complex, with both Arabs and Jews having legitimate claims and grievances, but the result of accumulated events, political decisions, ideological rhetoric and years of strife is that Arabs are living as impoverished, occupied people in their own land. In a recent paper, I argued that religious leaders had an obligation to preach acceptance and to invite their communities to work at understanding the other. I believe that

politicians and protest leaders are also duty-bound to do this. For there is no one answer, no magic bullet. I really can't suggest options or possibilities that I believe will produce a fair lasting solution. Some of the options I've heard are: Israel should get out of the West Bank and end the occupation; if Israel insists on a wall then it should be built on the Green line and families who lose land should be compensated; hire a trusted third-party negotiator, but good luck finding one. The Palestinians and Israelis have to figure out a joint solution together: Should they have help? Yes, but a lasting solution can not be imposed on either one.

In my studies of the situation over the past few years, I've tried hard to remain unbiased but the truth is I can't help but feel more sympathetic towards the Palestinians as the material and political underdogs of this terrible territorial stand-off. It is even more difficult to be dispassionate after living with Palestinians for almost half a year and seeing so clearly the deplorable divisions on every level. It is like watching the logic of "First World/Third World" colonization and disrespect occurring in one very small geographic area. I am still overwhelmed with the emotions and images of my time there. I vacillate between outrage and anger on one hand and the pressing need to find some peace in myself about my experiences on the other. Going through my pictures brings it all up again. What do I do with all these impressions? How do I process them all? What has happened to all those people with whom I came into contact? I feel a sense of responsibility. I feel compelled to do something. As someone genuinely interested in a fair and just solution for all, Arabs and Jews alike, and with a belief that mediation can help to resolve conflicts, I must find a way to calm my own emotions and listen to all points of view and act in an impartial and evenhanded manner. This, I have realized, is a much more difficult task when on the front-line.

In Bethlehem in December, I attended part of an All in Peace/Spacial Dynamics seminar. Learning more about this anthroposophical form of movement inspired me to consider enrolling in a Spacial Dynamics program. The All in Peace program focuses on peace through cooperative sports with grade five students. My two visits to the Waldorf kindergarten in Shefa'amr and discussions with a parent in the kindergarten made me think maybe I should become a Waldorf teacher, learn Arabic and Hebrew and return to assist in the growth of this new school that has great potential to bring healing to the area. I spoke to Palestinians in the West Bank who said they needed advocates who understood their position, their culture, their real fears and could also communicate this to "the West" and be taken seriously. When I asked Father Chacour what internationals could do he said, "listen to us, hear our stories and let the world know what is really going on here." Of course, that's what media people think they are doing already, whether it's the CBC or Al-Jazeera, and it's not obvious to me that adding myself to the crowd of reporters and researchers would make me feel that I'm bringing something new to the situation. But it has its appeal. Should I campaign and protest and seek others to join this cause? Should I become a lawyer with the hope that one

day I'll make it to the World Court at The Hague, or to the Security Council in New York, quietly making an irrefutable case for changing the way the country is run? Or become a teacher in order to help adapt anthroposophy to meet the needs of the Palestinian community? There is one thing those months in Israel/Palestine taught me: I can't just go back to the rest of my life as if I hadn't been there, hadn't seen hatred and poverty at work. It won't let me rest. I can't let it just lie there. I am not sure what the next step is but I do know that we can all listen to those who don't have a voice and we can share their stories and hope that the world is listening. ■

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Top left: Siobhan with MEEI Environmental Studies students, Lina and Jasmine, in the halls of the University in Ibillin, 2006.  
Top right: Palestinian children wave flags in support of political parties Hamas, Fatah and the PFLP outside a polling station in the Jenin district on election day January 25, 2006.  
Middle left: Siobhan talks to a Palestinian election official at a polling station in the Jenin district of the West Bank. She was part of Nonviolent Peaceforce, one of several NGOs that monitored the Palestinian elections.  
Middle right: Siobhan with Jerry Levin, a long-time Christian Peacemakers Teams volunteer who was once a network journalist in the USA - they are touring the once busy market place in Hebron in the West Bank.  
Below left: The Waldorf kindergarten in Shefa'am, an Arab town of 40,000 about 4 km from Ibillin (where Siobhan lived) and 10 km from Harduf, home to an anthroposophical kibbutz and Waldorf school. This fledgling kindergarten has about 20 children - they are hoping to start a grade in 2007.  
Bottom right: Israeli soldiers patrolling in a disputed area of Hebron. Most of the Palestinian residents have fled as settlers have moved into the area.

Photos courtesy of Siobhan







# Inge Shukla

25 years at the school!

by Inge Shukla

recent photos by Katja Rudolph '84, June 2006  
other photos courtesy of Inge Shukla

“I don’t get it!”, one of the grade ten students exclaims, as I try to explain for the tenth time the nature of a switch preposition. “This is so crazy! Why do I have to say, ‘*Das Buch liegt auf dem Tisch*’ and then ‘*Ich lege das Buch auf den Tisch*.’ I don’t get it!” I rearrange objects in the German room and try again. We get up and move around to aid in learning about the different perspectives connected with a preposition. “Isn’t it great to look at situations in a way you are unaccustomed to?,” I say. The lesson ends. The grade twelve class arrives. They are reading Goethe’s *Faust* in their English main lesson block. A few lessons ago they asked me to read from *Faust* with them in the original. I rejoiced. Their books have the German on one side and the English translation on the other. We read the scene called “Auerbach’s Keller.” The students are reading different characters. Vicki starts with her part, “*Will keiner trinken, keiner lachen...*” There is life in her rendition. Amelia reads her part, there is a pause and she says, “The English does not express what Goethe wrote - the German is so different.” We look over the text and the students concentrate on Goethe’s words and the essence of his writings. They continue reading their roles and their characters fill out. The buzzer signals the end of the lesson and we are called back from our experience into the rhythm of a school day. After the grade twelve class leaves I tidy up the room and look at the posters of Heidelberg on the wall (one of my favourite towns) depicting the birthplace of Friedrich Ebert, one of my favourite figures in history. He came from a very humble background, his father was a saddle maker, and he was put into an extremely difficult position as the first chancellor of Germany after WWI. He was very honest and tried to lead the country from monarchist thinking to democratic thinking (use your own mind, do not follow orders blindly).

I have always loved the study of history. It has great importance for our lives. This was made very clear to me by my father, who influenced me the most as a child and young adult. In the 1930s, he was very active in a student group connected to the “White Rose” dissident organization, which opposed the Nazi party. He tried to leave Germany when the war began, but was caught, drafted and sent to the eastern front on suicide missions. He was shot in the head in 1942 on one of those missions and left for dead. A friend of his rescued him. As a result of his injury he was paralyzed on the left side of his body and in the beginning could not walk. He also suffered severe brain seizures. Back in Germany, sitting in a wheelchair, he continued to oppose

the regime and toward the end of the war was nearly shot again by the “Volkssturm” as a friend of his wheeled him along the street. This because he was known to be an anti-Nazi and they wanted to vent their rage on him as it became obvious that Germany was losing the war.

He instilled in my sister and me the credo taken from enlightenment thinkers, “*Habe den Mut dich deines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen*” (have the courage to use your own mind). He also loved other cultures, languages, travel and I remember lots of trips as a child to Switzerland, Austria, France or long hikes in the surrounding woods and hills. I was born in a small town in Southern Germany, called Wernau, in 1950. When I was five years old my family moved to Köngen, another small town in the region. The reason for our move was that my father wanted to be treated by anthroposophical doctors. Köngen was a centre for anthroposophy. Here there were two doctors, a bookstore (Köngener Bücherstube), a Euryhmy school, and the Christian Community Church. My father read a lot and took us to the bookstore. He would buy different books, many on traveling, some by Steiner. I still have a copy of *Die Philosophie der Freiheit (The Philosophy of Freedom)*, which was my father’s. At first my sister and I were only interested in the wonderful wooden toys and colourful picture books. As I got older I, too, bought books on philosophy and education. Other aspects of the rich anthroposophical life interested me and when I started university, I was to take three Eurythmy courses at the Eurythmy school.

Growing up in post-war Germany was a unique experience. On the one hand, there was the tremendous economic upswing after almost total destruction, which brought with it possibilities for work and innovation, as well as a cultural and economic opening towards Europe and the world. This gave young people many opportunities for cultural exchange, travel, access to information, encouragement in the arts. Many German cities cultivated a relationship with sister cities throughout Europe. The young people of these cities could take part in a youth exchange program through which they spent time in each other’s families and schools. In this way I traveled to France, Italy, and Great Britain. On the other hand, these exchanges often brought questions to the surface that still lived as a dark legacy beneath Germany’s economic boom. Our generation still keenly felt the guilt and shock of the apocalypse that was WWII. Some German families felt very uncomfortable with this topic, but both my mother and father were very open and ready to enter into dialogue. I still remember my Welsh family visiting and my father and Mr. Hoskin (my Welsh exchange dad) very directly and honestly discussing with us their respective experiences of the war and their analyses of what had occurred.

I attended an all-girls gymnasium in Stuttgart, called Königin-Olga-Stift. It took an hour and a half to travel back and forth from my home, which meant I had to get up at 5:45 every day! But I loved school. My teachers were truly inspiring. My favourite subjects were German, English and history. After completing the ‘Abitur,’ which is the final high school exam that allows one to apply to university, my real traveling began. First it took me to West Berlin for a look at the wall and a face-to-face encounter with the Cold War. I saw the guards on the towers on the other side, the mine fields in no-man’s-land. It sent cold shivers down my spine. I suddenly realized how real it was and it

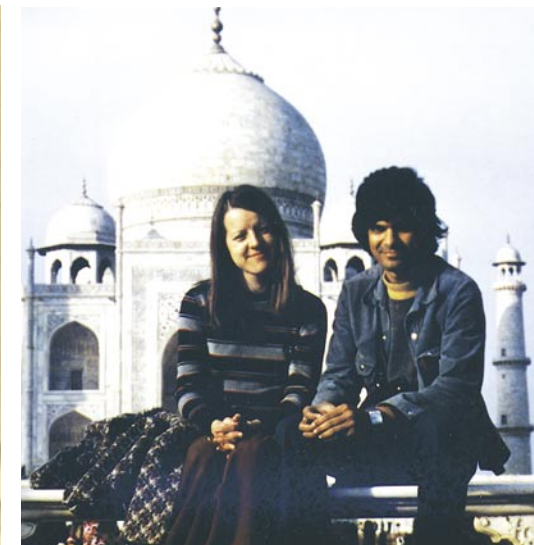
made me very sad that the defeat of fascism should culminate in this.

Then I took part in a summer program which offered young people a chance to travel to the US. I worked as the foreign counselor in a Girl Scout camp in Pennsylvania. In return for my work, I could go on a tour through the East Coast states, staying with various families. One incident from the camp still sticks out in my mind. There was an American flag ceremony in the camp every morning. I as a foreigner was invited to have a German flag ceremony at the same time. German flag ceremony? I had never heard of such a thing. My upbringing after the war precluded any such display of nationalism.

Then in 1969, I enrolled at the Pädagogische Hochschule in Esslingen. I wanted to become a teacher. After four semesters I began to develop ‘cabin fever’ and needed to get out into the world again. Luckily I was always a good student and managed to get a scholarship to study in the US. One of my majors was English and one of the requirements for graduation was to spend at least three months in an English speaking country. I was allowed to choose my



Inge in Nursery; Inge and Som in front of the Taj Mahal, 1974



own college and after doing some research I settled on St. John’s College in New Mexico. I attended St. John’s in the 71-72 academic year and my time there far exceeded my expectations. St. John’s has a program of study that is based on the great books of the western civilization. It follows a prescribed course; anybody attending it has to start as a freshman. The first year course focused on ancient Greece. We learnt ancient Greek, Greek mathematics, Greek philosophy. Our classes were small. We had two lectures a week, which occurred in the evenings. We met with two professors and often would discuss till the early hours of the morning. It was not unusual to sit at the breakfast table and have a lively discussion about the Athenian idea of citizenship or whether capital punishment was an option for a democratic country that includes a reference to





**Anna Purcell '91** currently lives in sunny Victoria, British Columbia, with her sweetheart and his twelve year old lunatic, er, son. She makes hats, candles, oatmeal and precariously positioned piles of unresolved clutter that she likes to think of as game of household Jenga-In-Progress. She completed her undergraduate degree in the ever-marketable fields of theatre and women’s studies, and while she has considered graduate work, has found lying around watching grass grow difficult to give up. She dreams of writing, and sometimes actually does it.



**Rudolf Schneider '84** attended TWS from grade three to grade twelve. He subsequently enrolled in Sir Sanford Fleming College’s Business Administration Program before realizing that what he really wanted to do was to fly. Henceforth he systematically obtained all the licenses and took all the tests required to become a commercial pilot. He worked for years with airlines up north, hauling moose and forty-five gallon fuel-drums, and flying ever bigger airplanes. For two years he lived in a log-cabin heated solely by wood-stove and lacking all indoor facilities, including running water. Then the opportunity arose to fly the Beech 1900D out of Thunder Bay. There he met his wife, Jennifer, and soon they created a family of four, welcoming Julie and Jake into their lives. In 2005, he applied to and was accepted by Air Canada Jazz flying out of Pearson International Airport and moved to Cambridge, Ontario.

The TWS Alumni/ae Association includes all former students who spent at least one year at the school. Register yourself online - [www.torontowaldorfschool.com](http://www.torontowaldorfschool.com) (Alumni/ae Pages - Members’ Centre).



**Michèle Rossi**, TWS administrative director, has a Bachelor of Commerce from Queen’s University and an MEd from Ontario Institute for Studies in Education / University of Toronto. She and her family joined the TWS community in 1996 in the Parent & Tot Program. She became the administrative director in the spring of 2005, after serving on the Toronto Waldorf School Board of Trustees for three years, most recently as chair. Michèle is thrilled to be combining her professional training and experience in business and organizational consulting with her passion for Waldorf education.



**Inge Shukla**, TWS German teacher, was born in Southern Germany in 1950, to parents who were interested in anthroposophy. After the war, many German cities cultivated relationships with sister cities throughout Europe. In this way, she travelled to France, Italy and Great Britain. After completing her Abitur, she worked as the foreign counsellor in a camp in the United States and travelled the East Coast. She then completed four semesters of an education degree in Esslingen. She became restless there and was awarded a scholarship to return to the States to study. When the scholarship ran out, she continued travelling, this time to South America. She did finish her education degree and taught for a while in Germany. She had met her husband, Som, during her studies and together they decided to immigrate to Canada. By September 1976, Inge was teaching at TWS and had come full circle from the days when her father brought her to the local anthroposophical bookstore as a child.

God in its constitution. I was often invited to join the fourth year students, since they were studying German literature and culture and reading such philosophers as Hegel, Kant and Nietzsche. I also earned some extra money tutoring some of them in German (the fourth year language to accompany the course). The people I met in New Mexico, students and professors alike, really shaped my life. I became more assertive, more inquisitive and more sensitive towards others. Aside from the regular courses, I also had the chance to try fencing and star gazing. I played pool for the first time!

When my scholarship ran out, I continued to feed my Wanderlust by journeying down to the other half of the American continent, spending time in Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia. I earned my keep by teaching German at the Goethe Schule in Paraguay and English at the American Institute. The memories of my South American travel still bring back a wave of warmth. After about four months, I received a letter from my school in Germany stating that they would de-enroll me unless I returned for the upcoming semester. Reluctantly I flew home and continued my studies. When I tried to decide in what courses I should enroll there were two that drew my attention. One was “Die Philosophie der Freiheit,” which brought back memories. If my father had read this book, I needed to know more about it. The other was on Waldorf education. The title was ‘*Waldorfschulen, angstfrei lernen, selbstbewusst handeln*’ (“*Waldorf Schools, learning without fear, acting in trust and with confidence*”). This sounded like my St. John’s experience. I enrolled in both.

When I finished my second teaching degree in 1975 the document stated that I was qualified to teach at the high school level as well as at the elementary school level. With a lot of enthusiasm I began my first job in a town called Sindelfingen. My first class was a grade nine. I taught them English and history. In the meantime, I had met my future husband, Som, who was an engineering student from India. He studied mechanical engineering and was doing an internship at Robert Bosch GmbH in Stuttgart. We met at a dance that was one of a number of events held to provide opportunities for international students to meet German students. In the beginning of our relationship we lived not far from the Waldorfschule am Kräherwald up on a hill in Stuttgart and often went to attend lectures and courses. My favorite was a pottery course. Maybe I should have taken the painting course instead. It would have helped my blackboard drawings to evolve from stick-people to a more artistic form!

In 1974, I traveled to India with Som to meet his family and experience his culture. It was a profound

experience. The sounds, the colours, the smells, the religious aspects in every day life, not being able to read or understand the language, all felt strange and overwhelming yet immensely evocative at the same time. The trip stretched my imagination in many ways.

Returning home to Germany we encountered the obstacles that bureaucracy provides for people. Having finished his studies, Som was not granted a stay permit and had to leave the country. He changed this obstacle into an opportunity and immigrated to Canada. I had just started my teaching job. While I really enjoyed classroom teaching and the interaction with the students, I was quite dissatisfied with the objectives of the curriculum. It was very different from the goals I envisioned in my educational ideal. I wanted an environment that was free of fear and would help the individual student become everything that this person had within him or her to be. In the state schools this was not possible as far as I could see. It was too regulated.

The chance to work in a school that shared my ideals came on a trip to Canada to visit Som. I looked up the Toronto Waldorf School. The school was in its early building phase. I met David Taylor, the business manager, who showed me around. Then I was introduced to Mel Belenson, one of the class teachers. It just so happened that Mel was also the designated German teacher. He encouraged me to leave my resume and when I immigrated to Canada a few months later I became “the” German teacher of the Toronto Waldorf School. It was a difficult decision to leave my family and friends behind, since I realized that this would be a permanent move. But I followed two loves, Som and the chance to work in a community I could truly believe in. Som and I married the 30<sup>th</sup> of August 1976 and a week later I started to teach at the school.

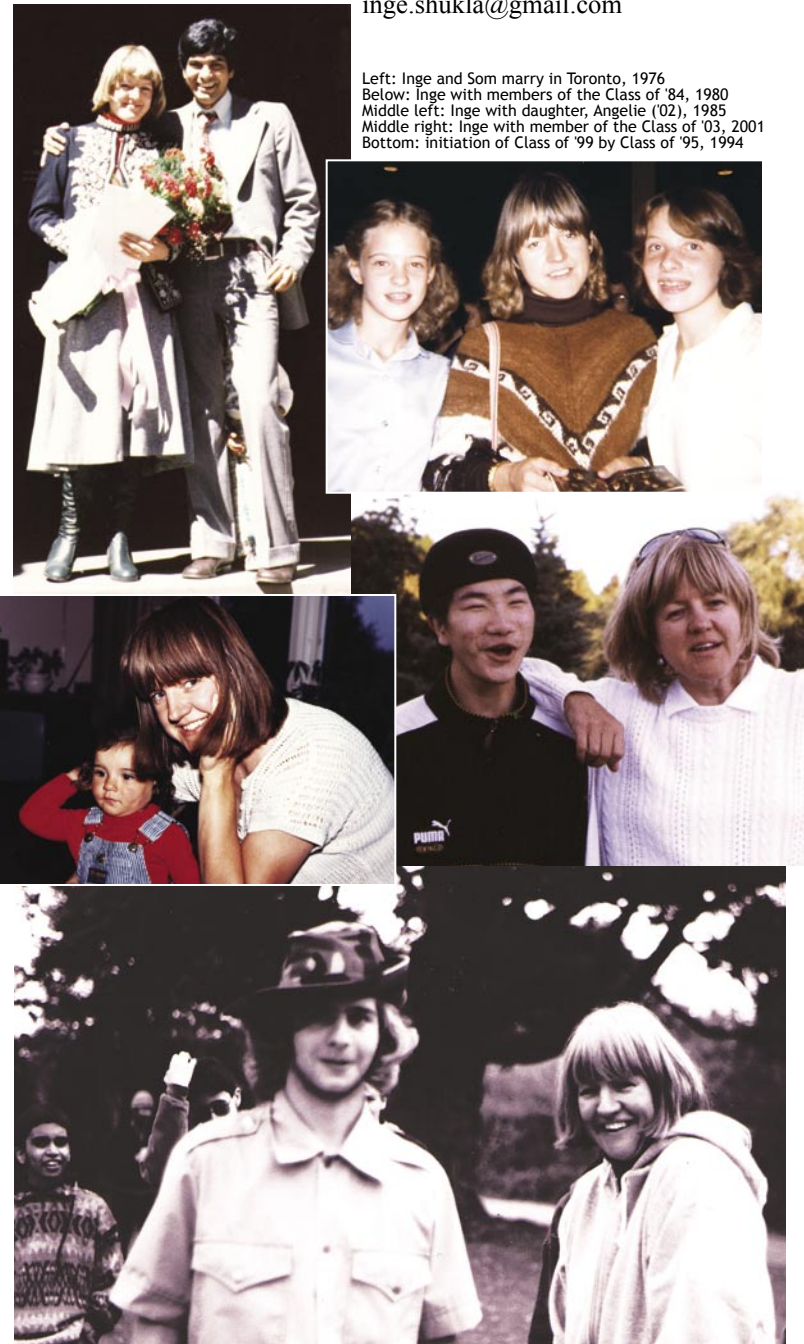
I am still “the” German teacher and have pondered this position from time to time. However, I love what I do. It is a miracle to watch students start in grade one and observe them develop through the grades; it is a joy to be a part of all the small moments in this school that are a testament to the individual person coming into being: a shy student, who hardly said a word in grade three giving a speech in grade eight, the grade six students singing “*Freude schöner Götterfunken*” (the “Ode to Joy”) to a grade eleven class (which recognized this as ‘the milk commercial’!), a grade twelve student avidly reading the biography of Einstein. I see at work a curriculum that actively helps the development of the young person by attempting to remove the obstacles that stand in the way of his or her self-realization. I have also represented the school on various independent school organizations. While many of the other schools seem to look towards the Ministry of Education and ask, “How do we implement their guidelines?,” we always first ask, “Do we want to implement these guidelines? Will they be good for our students?”

I can now look back on being class advisor to four different classes, the Classes of '82, '99, '03 and, presently, '08. Connecting with students and their families over a four year period allows me to experience with them many of their life-altering moments, from class trips to family tragedies to personal triumphs and self-revelations, and this is a true privilege. My own children, son Rishi '00 and daughter Angelie '02, have graduated from the school and are both successful at university, respectively studying political science and biomedical sciences with the goal of joining

the veterinary college. They attended the school from kindergarten to grade twelve and as Angelie remarked the other day after speaking to a particularly tough professor: “Waldorf really gives you self-worth.”

It gives me a lot of joy to connect with former students. I have experienced almost all the grades as a teacher since '76, with an interruption of five years as a stay-at-home mother. In all my graduation speeches I have voiced the same sentiment: You are very special people, born into your time for a reason, and knowing you and believing in your abilities gives me the confidence to face the future. Or as a dear former colleague of mine, Mr. Haller, put it to his students, “Our bus says “Toronto Waldorf School” on it - behave yourselves accordingly.” ■

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by Helene Gross

recent photos by Katja Rudolph '84, June 2006  
other photos courtesy of Helene Gross

It is a very long way from my birthplace in Johannesburg, South Africa, to the Toronto Waldorf School. I don't think I could ever have imagined as a child growing up playing barefoot in the sun that I would end up living so very far away from my home in a country with such very cold winters. It snowed only once when I was young - I was eleven years old – and it was just a sprinkling of snow, but we were beside ourselves with excitement as we ran outside and tried to make snowmen.

I am the eldest of four daughters. My parents both grew up in rural South Africa. My father, who was raised speaking Afrikaans, was the grandson of “veldkornet” Tom Kelly – an Afrikaans speaking Boer of Irish descent who is famous for an encounter he had with Breaker Morant (an Australian lieutenant in the British army) during the Boer War. My mother grew up speaking English but was descended from Dutch and German settlers. My maternal grandmother was a Theosophist and I was named after Helena Blavatsky, the founder of Theosophy (a spiritual movement that Rudolf Steiner was connected to prior to developing anthroposophy).

My parents waited a long time for their first child and they were overjoyed when I arrived on the scene in November 1953. The word that best describes my childhood is freedom. I grew up in a time when children were free to play and explore without too much interference from the adults who were charged with caring for them. I think I was also fortunate to have a mother who was quite a free spirit. She allowed me to climb to the top of the highest trees as well as onto the roof of our house, and to go off exploring the surrounding countryside with my friends for hours at a time. She was also a very spiritual person who raised her children in a way that allowed them to develop a deep connection to their own spiritual life. My father was warm and generous, a man who stood by his children through thick and thin even if he disagreed with their choices.

Being the eldest child, I had a group of readily available students when I wanted to play teacher – my poor little sisters and their friends

# 17 years at the school! Gross

spent many hours “in school” in our garage. I was always interested in learning and learned to read when I was very young, devouring every book I could lay my hands on. My father was a lawyer and his law journals, of which there were many on our bookshelf, were part of my bedtime reading library by the time I was twelve or so.

I was reasonably happy at school until I got to middle school age – standard four and five (grade six and seven). Unfortunately from then on, apart from moments with some exceptional teachers, I treated school as something I had to get through. Up to this point my teachers seemed to have the freedom to teach quite imaginatively – I recall



very clearly learning about the trek of the South African Voortrekkers and their encounters with the African tribes they met. I remember every detail of the stories. (Unfortunately, I was later to find out that the view of South African history that was presented to us fit very neatly into the racist propaganda that the National Party disseminated.) In middle school things became more rigid – the authoritarian stance that the government took to keep the black majority from revolting was very obviously reflected in our public school education in general, which was called “Christian National Education.” There was no room for rebellion or exploration of one's own ideas about life. Corporal punishment was the order of the day. The approach to educating children was diametrically opposed to that which is fostered in Waldorf education. (Although, it has to be said that some anthroposophists who found their way to South Africa during the apartheid era justified their racist attitudes by misinterpreting some of Steiner's ideas, and countering these misapprehensions has always been important to me. Other anthroposophists, who were themselves anti-apartheid activists or aligned themselves with the anti-apartheid movement, worked hard to integrate children of different races into the Waldorf schools.)

It was also around about middle school age that I began to become aware of the political situation that surrounded me. The apartheid era was in full swing. I saw domestic workers being chased through the streets by policemen because they didn't have a “passbook” - the identity document that gave black workers permission to be in the city as long as they were employed (at a less than liveable wage). I was deeply affected by the mistreatment I saw around me. I heard about white people who were in solidarity with blacks and were being arrested. Nelson Mandela was arrested and charged with sabotage on a farm about four or five miles from my home when I was ten years old and in grade six. Life didn't seem quite so rosy anymore. It was important to the survival of the apartheid system that the white majority lived in fear of what might happen if the government were to lose control. From that time until I left South Africa as an adult, I lived in fear. As young adolescents, fear of what might happen if there were a black uprising was drummed into us, and later in my adolescence, my fear of the police and what might happen to me if I chose to become active in the white anti-apartheid movement was great. The propaganda machine was very efficient.

When I got to high school it was no better. The school principal was a man to be feared, and any sign of individual expression was immediately squashed. It was at this time that I vowed that if I ever had children I would make sure that I would find a school that they would be happy to attend and where they would be free to express their individuality. My conviction had as much to do with the political climate as with the content of the education system. In grade eleven, a girl joined my class who had come from a Waldorf school in Cape Town - the first time I had heard of Waldorf education even though there was a Waldorf school quite near to where I lived. I didn't know it at the time, but it would not be too many years before I was in fact looking for a school to which to send my own children.

I graduated from high school two weeks after my seventeenth birthday

and went to university for a year directly thereafter, but I was far too young to enter fully into the experience and I left and got a job at a medical insurance company. Soon after, I met my husband, Frank Gross, and we moved from Johannesburg to Cape Town where I worked in the actuarial department of an insurance company and then ran a health food store (in true hippy fashion). Cape Town is truly, in the words of Sir Francis Drake, “the fairest Cape in all the world.” My soul is deeply rooted in Cape Town and despite my ever growing connection to my adopted country, Canada, I believe that I will return there one day.

On a beautiful sunny summer day (December 21<sup>st</sup> – the summer solstice) when I was just twenty years old, Frank and I were surprised to find, after going to the hospital for the birth of our first child, that in fact we were to be blessed with two beautiful daughters. In those olden days, in the 70s, prenatal screening technology was not quite as sophisticated as it is today. My mother was a Christian Scientist and I was raised attending the Christian Science Church every Sunday with her and my sisters. However, I felt a strong connection to Judaism from a very young age and when Frank and I decided to marry I knew that I wanted to raise my children in the Jewish faith. I made the decision to convert to Judaism – the faith that reflects my spiritual home.

A few years later, when our twin daughters were approaching kindergarten age, I began to seriously explore alternatives in education. At that time I began to read a wide variety of books on education from Maria Montessori to A. S. Neill of Summerhill fame, amongst others. It was when I finally visited Michael Mount Waldorf School in Johannesburg and felt the warmth and beauty in the kindergarten that I realised that this was just what I had been looking for. However, it did not yet occur to me that I would end up teaching at such a school. At that time my husband was a successful commercial photographer and I was very involved with his business.

The situation in the early 1980s was bleak in South Africa. Mandela was still in prison and his party, the African National Congress, was banned.

There was an extraordinary number of people held as political prisoners; there were many unexplained deaths of political activists. We had lived through the dreadful events of 1976 with the accompanying riots and bloodshed and the severe government clampdown in its attempt to suppress the struggle against apartheid. No one

Helene in Grade 8





could imagine that the situation would ever be peacefully resolved. There was no freedom of speech - anyone who spoke out publicly was imprisoned and we began to wonder what our children’s future would look like in such an oppressive environment. Many people were willing to sacrifice their personal safety for the sake of the “Struggle” as it was referred to. I have great admiration for those who put the needs of others above their own family’s needs. Frank and I did not feel that we could continue to raise our family under such conditions. We had close friends living in Chicago, we were in our late twenties and ready for whatever adventure came our way, and we decided that the time had come to leave South Africa.

We landed in Chicago in the winter of 1979-80 and within a day or two of arriving we visited the Chicago Waldorf School where we had decided to send our children, who were now eight years old. We met the girls’ class teacher, Barbara Richardson, and the next day we joined the Chicago Waldorf School community. It was there that I began to volunteer as a substitute teacher. I took Eurythmy classes and had the opportunity to attend courses given by Werner Glas, Hans Gebert and René Querido – all of them luminary figures in the Waldorf movement of North America at the time. It was then that I realised that my connection to Waldorf education and anthroposophy was much deeper than the fact that the Waldorf school was a wonderful place to send my children to each day. I recognised that Rudolf Steiner had had incredible insight into the process of child development and that the curriculum kept on offering the ‘right thing at the right time.’ I also felt that my understanding of anthroposophy as a philosophy was not at odds with my religious practice and I knew that if I was ever to be a teacher, this was where I wanted to do it. I felt that teaching children in a way that was in harmony with their development would provide them with the tools they needed for their future lives. I hoped that in this way I could make a difference in the world. I read everything about Waldorf education I could lay my hands on and I began the process of going back to school to prepare for taking up the career that I had set my heart on as a child. I began my studies at De Paul University in Chicago and then transferred to The University of South Africa where I completed a BSc in mathematics and computer science.

While we were happy living in Chicago and being a part of the school community, our family life took a turn and we made the decision to return to South Africa where our third daughter was born (on June 21<sup>st</sup> – the winter solstice) in 1984. The next few years were spent working part-time in the photography business and furthering my knowledge of Waldorf education at every opportunity I could find. I quickly integrated back into the community of Michael Mount School in Johannesburg where I served as a class-parent and member of the fundraising committee while studying full-time and mothering a young child.

The mid-80s turned out to be even more dramatic than the early 80s in the life of South Africa. The ANC was determined to change

the political landscape of the country and unfortunately they met strong resistance from the National Party that was still in power after thirty-six years. This led to a period of great instability and there were many bomb explosions in shopping centres, fast food restaurants and movie theatres. Our twin daughters were teenagers by this time and we felt that their freedom of movement was severely restricted, a state of emergency had been declared, my mother had narrowly avoided being the victim of a bomb explosion and it was time to once again to uproot our family and leave South Africa. My husband went on a tour of various countries where he had job opportunities. He was by this time directing television commercials. Every place he landed he made sure to visit the Waldorf school as we had decided that it was very important for our children to complete their education in a Waldorf high school. After spending time in London, New York and Toronto we concluded that Toronto, despite the very chilly winters (which we had already experienced in Chicago), was a good place to raise our children. Once again we packed all our belongings and made the journey over the ocean to North America - this time to Canada.

We arrived in Toronto in February, 1989. Our twins joined the grade nine class at TWS. Our youngest daughter joined the kindergarten at Alan Howard School as we lived downtown. The Alan Howard School, housed in its first location on Merton Street, was still in its infancy and I decided to put my energy into helping this new initiative by joining the Board of Trustees. Now that my husband was working for a company and no longer needed me to be a part of his business, I felt that the time had come for me to do a Waldorf teacher training so that I could begin teaching.

Unfortunately, 1990 was the one year that the training was not offered at the Rudolf Steiner Centre in Thornhill. I had met Diana Hughes, its director, shortly after my arrival in Canada and, as these things tend to happen, she is the one who told TWS of my interest in teaching. One day, I received a phone call from Marty Levin, the math teacher at TWS, who told me that they were looking for a part time math teacher as Gerhard Rudolph was retiring from teaching. I agreed to take on the job and, shortly after, Marty decided that he would take a much needed sabbatical. In order to prepare me for the task of taking on the whole high school math program he agreed to work with me for two years in an individually designed teacher training program. The Rudolf Steiner Centre was still offering foundation study courses so I was able to supplement my math teacher training with foundation courses in anthroposophy. This was a fortunate turn of events as it meant that my training could be geared directly towards the task that I was to take up.

On February 11, 1990, Nelson Mandela was released from prison. We watched live on TV as he walked from Victor Verster prison to freedom. What a day it was and how hard it was to be so far away when everything we had wished for appeared to be on the horizon. However, by this time my husband’s health had deteriorated significantly and we were not in a position to even consider another transcontinental move. On April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1994, when I was forty years old, I voted for the first time in the first

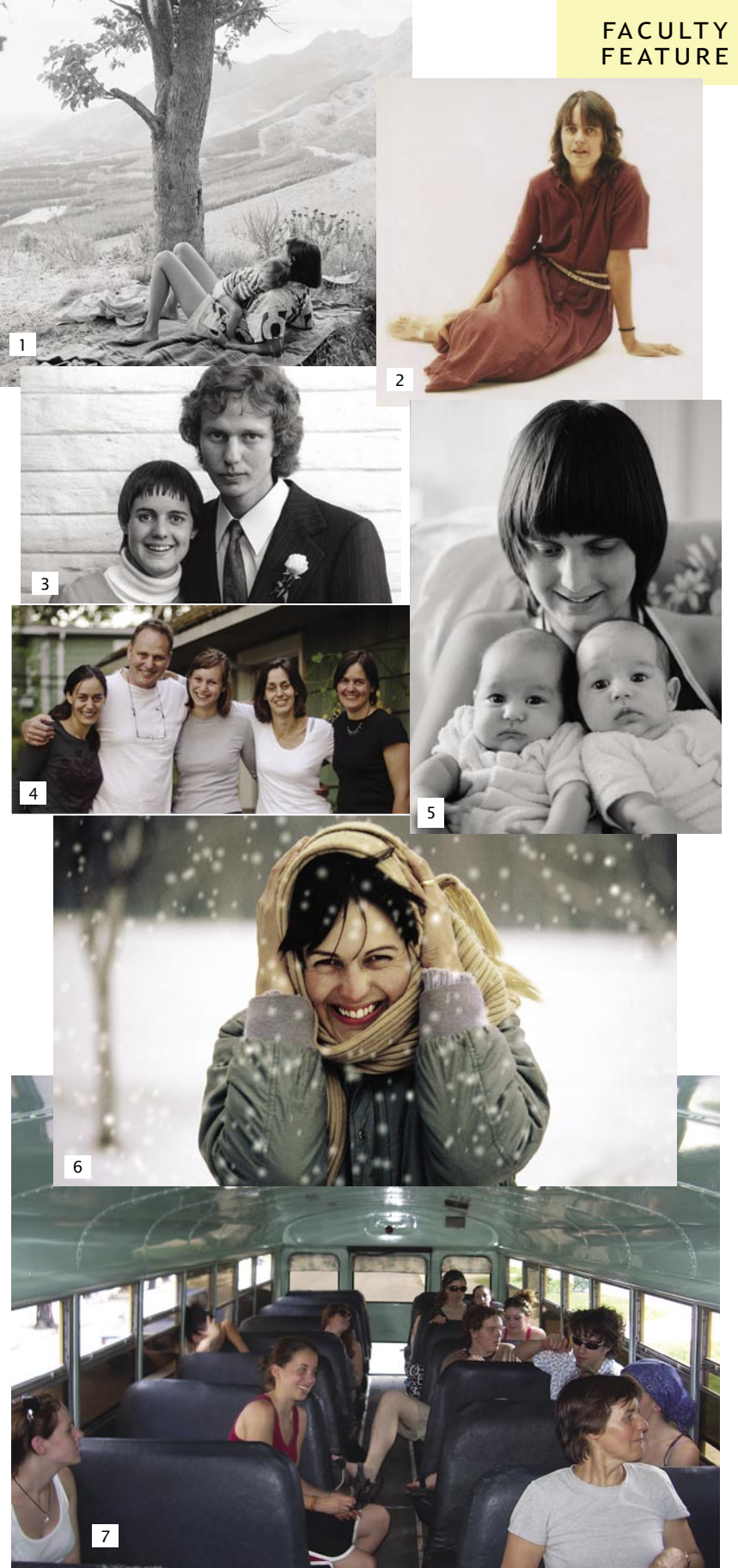
election that included all South African citizens. I was very glad that my very first voting experience was such a significant one. I had chosen not to vote in South Africa before because eligibility was based on the most ludicrous of criteria: skin colour.

Rarely does one’s life follow the precise direction one imagines it will. About two-thirds of the way through Marty’s sabbatical year, a class teacher position became available in grade six. I did not even think of applying for it as I still saw myself exclusively as a high school teacher. After all, I loved teenagers and was quite happy teaching them. Many of my colleagues encouraged me to consider applying but it wasn’t until Gerhard Rudolph said, “You really should think about taking this class, it is wonderful to be a class teacher,” that I thought perhaps I *should* really think about it. The rest is history. One thing led to another and I did teach the Class of 1999 for their three middle school years and I loved it. The year following their grade eight graduation I found myself in front of a delightful group of grade one students – the Class of 2007, my real teachers, whom I taught from grade one to eight. I did, however, always keep one foot in the high school by teaching occasional math skills lessons there.

Through the years 1995 to 2003, I became more involved in the administration of TWS and deepened my understanding of these processes. I served on the board for eight years and as faculty chair for four. After the grade eight graduation of my class, however, I knew that the time had come to return to high school teaching. My subject is mathematics and I am thrilled to be once again immersed in it. I feel privileged to have had the opportunity to teach every grade level in the school (apart from kindergarten). I have now had the added experience of being class advisor to the Class of 2006 – another delightful and inspiring group of students.

I am happy to say that, twenty-eight years after I entered the kindergarten at Michael Mount Waldorf School as a young parent, I feel very privileged to be spending each day working with students who inspire me in a subject that I am passionate about. And I have grown to love my adopted country. I enjoy the passage of distinct seasons. I still feel excited when I look out of the window and see the first snow of the year. I love the quiet that accompanies a snowfall and the sound of a loon on a lake. I also feel a deep longing for Africa whenever I hear anyone singing an African song or the sound of an African bird in the soundtrack of a movie. I love the heat of a Toronto summer but I definitely prefer the dry heat of the African highveld. I dream that perhaps it will be possible one day to bridge the continents by living and working in both of the places that I call home. ■

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## FORMER FACULTY REMEMBER

## David Taylor

TWS business and plant manager, 1970 - 1988



**Lucas Sorbara '88** arrived at TWS in 1979, joining Miss Hoffman's (now Chomko) Grade Four class, an experience which, to this day, still recalls a profound sense of joy and gratitude. After one year at York University directly after graduation Lucas spent the next few years working with his close friend Laurens Wit '88 and traveling around the world before finally returning to university in Halifax filled with a renewed passion for school and for a certain girlfriend Amanda Murray '91. She would marry him in the summer after third year, with the first of their three children born while trying to complete the last few courses of their undergraduate degrees. He earned his BA and MA in social anthropology from Dalhousie University and received international scholarships to pursue doctoral studies at the University of Sussex in England. After a year at Sussex, Lucas abandoned his PhD work to return to Canada with his family. He is now working in the area of healthcare research and happily raising his kids, Freedom, Noa and Mason, who are all now finding the joy in learning at TWS that he discovered as a young student in Miss Hoffman's class.



**Christine von Bezold** - TWS's receptionist - having had an excellent academic education herself in England, found that and much more in Waldorf education, notably at a TWS open house in the late '70s. This inspired her to join the group starting the London Waldorf School, where she became the school secretary. She came to the Toronto Waldorf School in 1991 so that her children could go to high school. They have now graduated and gone their separate ways. Christine continues to watch the world go by (and help it along) from the vantage point of the school's front desk. She has also taken up bookbinding, and has been able to substitute for Helga Sieber in the Grade 11 bookbinding course.



*by Gila Cupchik, David's partner  
- with Eunice Podolski and Gerhard Rudolph  
photos courtesy of David Taylor*

In September, 2005, Gerhard Rudolph and Eunice Podolski went to visit David Taylor and Gila Cupchik, his partner, in their Toronto home. A very pleasant evening was had in their garden, reminiscing over dinner about their work together during the first decades of the school's existence. Though David was diagnosed with Alzheimer's after his three mini strokes in 1999, he was able to recall much of the eighteen years of his life that he dedicated to the school's growth and

well-being. Gerhard, Eunice and David exchanged anecdotes of a time, now twenty or thirty years past, that still vividly live within them.

In 1971, Gerhard and Helga received a letter from Pat Kettle saying that they now had a business manager for the young Toronto Waldorf School and that if they needed any information they should contact him. They were at Michael Hall School in England at the time. David was the ideal man for the job because of his experience working at the accounts department of Consumer's Gas, as well as his interest in Steiner's writings and Waldorf education, his construction experience (highly prized), and his deep interest in the school for his own son.

When the Rudolphs came back from England in 1973, they could see that David was not only the business manager but also the maintenance man, bus driver, and liaison between the business office and the faculty and board, the meetings of which he always attended. He also took care of ordering school materials and organizing various emergency crews when things became dire: for example, the "squeegee team" when the snow was melting on the temporary roof and the floors were awash with water. In all emergencies as well as during little mishaps he remained calm, cheerful, efficient and comforting. He came along on class trips – canoeing, camping and driving the bus. In his negotiations over accounts receivable he showed great understanding for the parents without neglecting the interests of the school. Right from the beginning of the construction of the school, David was part of the volunteer labour crew. This work continued throughout many years after the school moved into the new building.

David came to the school through his involvement in the Christian Community Church. What drew David and his wife to Waldorf education was the central sustained focus on the child rather than the isolating, departmental content of any curriculum. He believed strongly in the harmonious connected oneness of all life and therefore that education should address the spiritual, physical and intellectual aspects of each individual. He was inspired by Steiner's view of the developmental process of a child and the detailed awareness and responsibility he advocated regarding what we as parents/educators/society allow our children to be exposed to and at what stage.

David was born in Marseilles, France, in 1932, to an Irish mother and an English father. His father

was in the British cavalry during WWI and was to enter the war office in India during WWII. David's parents divorced when David was very young and his father, a career officer in the British army, was subsequently stationed in India. David visited his father twice when he was still very young, but has no recollection of India or of his father.

David was the youngest of two brothers and two sisters. When he was born, his eldest sister was nineteen, had already moved out of the family home, and was married to a French doctor. His older brother and other sister were fifteen and thirteen respectively. The youngest of his brothers was less than two years old when David arrived but died (probably from diphtheria)

shortly afterwards. So David was in effect an "only child" and was brought up largely by an Indian ayah. His mother, understandably depressed by the death of her child, was spiritually inclined and interested in séances.

The family business was horse racing, and they owned a stable of about a dozen thoroughbred racing horses. David doesn't remember NOT riding horses.

He started on a pony and grew to English saddle on racing horses. When WWII broke out, his mother, who joined the French underground resistance and used the horses as a cover for her activities, sent seven-year-old David with his ayah and his then twenty-year-old sister out of France. They lined up for the ship with the other fleeing refugees not knowing exactly where they were going. The ship landed in England. French-speaking David and his sister ended up living with their aunt and uncle (from his mother's side) just outside of Liverpool. Then David was sent to boarding school in the south of England. He was persuaded to lose his French accent quickly after a few beatings with taunts of "Vichy" by his boarding schoolmates.

His education was spread over four different schools since finding a school that remained open during the war was not easy (due to lack of teachers). David became a ward of the court during the war. A lawyer and his family took him in and David subsequently spent his summers sailing, fishing and swimming in Cornwall. At seventeen another aunt, also from his mother's side, who lived in Ireland, needed help on their farm. David went to help and celebrated his twenty-first birthday there. He then moved to Leicestershire to work a mixed farm with a school friend and the friend's father for a year or so.

A lecture given by CN Railways attracted David to Canada. It was 1954. David was twenty-two. He sailed across the Atlantic to Montreal, immediately got on a train to Vancouver and tried to find the gorgeous, golden farm-land shown by the CN Railway recruitment film. This land did not seem to be readily available, and it took only a few weeks for David to realize that the film was far removed from the reality. He took the train back eastward to Toronto. So began some years of employment in various places around Toronto. He took a job for a year with Donhead Farms,

David at 9 years old in England, 1941  
Building the school, early '70s: David and Allan Hughes;  
David, Allan, Aedsgard and Elisabeth Koekebakker



where he tended the sheep. Then he had a desk job with Consumer's Gas for two years. He opened and ran a driving school for a few years with a partner. This is where David, as a driving instructor, met Helga, whom he married two years later (and who subsequently taught German at TWS from 1972 to 1976). He spent a summer hauling mobile homes from Toronto to mostly mining camps in western and northern Ontario and Quebec and was a door-to-door Fuller Brush salesman for an afternoon. But it was the employment with the sheep that persuaded David to take a business administration course! This opened the door to leaving his farming dream (nightmare) for good!

Through meeting the Andresses, David and his wife joined the Christian Community Church in Toronto. David became an active

member, serving for the church. Christopher, their son, was born in 1969 and is a member of the Class of '87. David and Helga began to think about schools and discovered that there was a Waldorf school in the city, albeit in its infancy, and were drawn into its community just at the time when its new building was being constructed. The people David met on that inspired project remain his friends to this day.

After David left TWS, he worked for "Bent Nail" for a couple years doing repairs, renovations and fix-it jobs. He continued his connection to the Christian Community Church for almost ten more years, and worked at Hesperus part-time, enjoying the friendships he made there. He then worked on his own renovation business bringing his skills and design ideas to many projects in private homes and institutions. He did well modifying living spaces for handicapped individuals while managing rental properties. David continues to use his skills for private individuals and projects when he is not busy enjoying his family and traveling. Over the last two decades he has spent time exploring parts of every province in Canada with his partner, Gila. Trips to Germany, Italy, Mexico, Cuba and Spain have enriched him greatly, though summers with his canoe in and around Georgian Bay, Dorset, and Gravenhurst, bring him the most serene pleasures.

David gave much to the Toronto Waldorf School and is an important, well-remembered and well-loved figure in TWS's history. His colleagues and TWS's older alumni/ae clearly recall his rock-solid presence, which was always wonderfully imbued with modesty, good humour, and no-nonsense pragmatism, and are very grateful that his life-path and the school's merged for so many years. ■  
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# Renate Kurth

TWS class teacher, high school chemistry teacher, 1972-1983



by Renate Kurth

recent photo by Katja Rudolph '84, June 2006  
other photos courtesy of Renate Kurth

As I write this I am sitting in High Mowing Waldorf School's computer room, having just completed a week of drawing, painting, and modeling with Georg Locher. The conference is called Renewal, and Georg has retired from Waldorf teaching to become a teacher of teachers. I remember visiting his fourth grade preparing to take my first class at the new Toronto Waldorf School. That was thirty-six years ago! Memories buzz like bees at the entrance of a hive: my first day with my new class (the Class of '80) when one of the little boys would not do as I asked and Susan Martin piped up, "C'mon Billy! Give her a chance. It's only her first day"; our eighth grade play on the stage of the unfinished auditorium in 1976; summers spent on the roof in an attempt to make it stop leaking; the twelfth grade trip with the Class of '81 in the Rockies, baking bread in the little wooden cabin we all slept in. I could go on for a long time, but perhaps I'll save it for the next reunion. Suffice it to say that all of you who I taught are still very much with me, adding many a colour to the tapestry that constitutes past, present and future.

66 outofbounds

I am presently teaching at the Green Meadow Waldorf School in New York State. My class is in the sixth grade. It is the first class that I have taken from first grade and it feels like an enormous privilege to get another chance to try to do a better job than last time! I became a teacher because I wanted to make a difference in the world and I wanted my job to involve more than what I knew or some skill I had acquired. The intention so often associated with Waldorf education, the balancing of head, heart, and hands, seemed to be what I was looking for. I remember the enthusiasm with which I began teaching, and then, looking back every June, realizing all I had left undone or to which I had not done justice. But I discovered too that good intentions count and that the angels often lend a helping hand, which gave me the courage to go on teaching.

I look at the children in my present class and wonder what the world will be like when they are as old as I am. How can I best prepare them for a future that I can only imagine? When my last class finished eighth grade, I had a sabbatical and I was able to go to Kenya. There I visited an orphanage for children who had lost both parents to AIDS and also two Waldorf schools in Nairobi. The children at the orphanage were absolutely amazing. Full of joy, deeply caring for one another, courageous and hard-working, they were determined to have a better life than their parents had had. The children in the Waldorf schools, on the other hand, were largely white, came from a privileged class, and needed encouragement to give their best to the task at hand. At first I was deeply disappointed. But as I got to know the children and the parents of these Waldorf schools, I saw that here were the children who would have the choice to make changes that are far reaching. In "the West" we are all, for the most part, the children of privilege. Our imagination is freed from focus on our daily needs, and we can use it to envision the future for ourselves, our families, neighbourhoods, nations and the Earth itself. Beyond envisioning lies taking initiative and working together with others to make the vision real. So amidst stories of the Roman legions bringing law and order to their world, I strive to awaken in my students a love for and interest in people and the world. I strive to awaken their imagination, initiative, and the ability to work with others so that they can bring into the world whatever they came to the Earth to do. The openness and interest is also directed to what lies within each one, and it was Rudolf Steiner's insight that we find ourselves by looking into the world, while the world can find its reflection in each one of us. Waldorf education still



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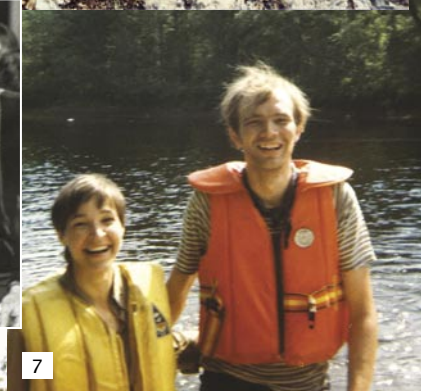
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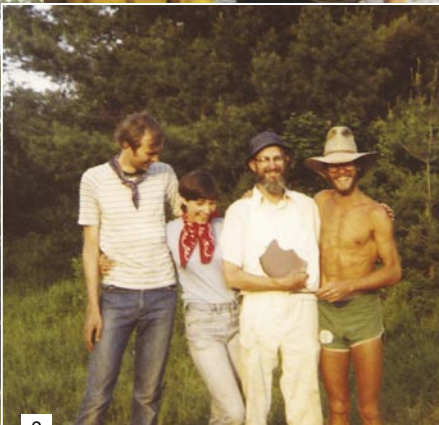
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seems to be one of the best ways to do this and the children never cease to amaze me with their talents, insights and courage.

Often when I wax eloquent about teaching, I remember Alan Howard's definition of a Waldorf teacher. Alan had come out of retirement to start the TWS grade school together with Diana Lawrence (now Hughes). He had a great domed forehead, large bushy eyebrows, and was one of the best storytellers ever born. I had just finished teaching my first year and he was starting his last before retiring for the second time. "Well you know, Renate," he said with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "a teacher is nothing but an alarm clock." "An alarm clock?" I repeated. This was not one of those flowery and fruity teaching metaphors I had grown accustomed to. Alan continued: "All a teacher can do is awaken what is already there." So I love receiving *outofbounds*. I read it like a mystery novel to find out what happened to those I knew and those who came after I left. And all I can say to you is, be your own teacher and keep listening to that ring! ■

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1. *The Importance of Being Earnest* by the Class of '80, directed by Renate and Duncan Alderson, June 1980
2. *The Enchanted* by the Class of '82, directed by Renate and Duncan Alderson, June 1982
3. Renate's class, the Class of '80, in Grade 4, 1972
4. Renate with members of the Class of '82
5. Members of the Class of '81 on Grade 12 camping trip in the Rockies, June 1981
6. Renate discussing something important with Larry Ney and member of the Class of '81
7. Renate with James Madsen, TWS math and physics teacher, on canoeing trip in the Muskokas
8. Members of the Class of '81 on canoeing trip, 1980
9. Renate with James Madsen, David Taylor, TWS's business manager, and Kevin from the FON, on canoeing trip, 1980

FORMER FACULTY  
REMEMBER



of local government efforts to address climate change, including improved energy efficiency of buildings and facilities. I helped to develop several industry partnerships through which different businesses found ways to work together to share resources and exchange waste materials in order to reduce the environmental impacts of their manufacturing processes.

Recently, I have taken a new job at the British Columbia Institute of Technology where I am director of the Sustainable Development and Environmental Stewardship programs in the School of Construction and the Environment. This is a new position that the school has created to respond to an emerging recognition by the dean that sustainability theories and concepts need to be embedded in all aspects of the school's curriculum and applied research. The school is responsible for the majority of labour and skilled trades training in the British Columbia construction industry. Examples include electrical, plumbing, iron work and wood frame construction. It also teaches programs in environmental engineering, architecture, fish and wildlife management, forestry and mining. In addition, it supports a variety of applied research programs in areas such as infrastructure management, energy systems applications, ecosystem restoration, and green roof technologies. Sustainability concepts are already being pursued through some of the applied research initiatives and an objective of my work is to take this further so that all the applied research incorporates sustainability concepts. Students at the school comprise high school graduates seeking professional training and professionals seeking to upgrade their existing skills or transition to new careers. Since sustainability concepts are being taken up at an accelerating rate in the construction industry in British Columbia, there is a growing demand for education in new building technologies and design solutions.

New design practices are reducing the

amount of resources required to construct and operate buildings. High performance buildings that conserve energy and materials are commonly referred to as "green buildings." Green buildings incorporate a variety of features such as large, south-facing windows that maximize day-light and heat from the sun, high ceilings with windows at the top of walls to create naturally ventilated interior spaces, rain-water storage tanks and roof garden areas capable of growing food. In fact, the Toronto Waldorf School has many features congruent with green buildings including the solar-aquatics sewage treatment facility that uses plants and soil to filter the waste water produced by students and teachers. Green buildings use locally available materials and maximize the reuse of building materials to cut down on the amount of waste going to landfills. Since they are energy efficient, using natural daylight and natural ventilation, they also cut down on the amount of greenhouse gases emitted from the combustion of fossil fuels such as oil, gas and coal that are typically used to produce energy for heating, cooling and lighting.

There is a movement afoot to transform all new construction to "green" construction. Recently, the Canada Green Building Council was established to assist in achieving this goal. Although it is still a challenge, the construction industry generally is moving in the direction of supporting green building standards. This is largely due to the recognition by local and senior governments that green buildings can help achieve many policy objectives for improvements in air quality, water conservation, energy conservation and reduction in waste. The architectural and engineering professions are also following suit, seeing opportunities to develop market recognition through provision of green building services and consulting expertise.

Over time, green buildings should replace most of the existing building stock. Buildings in North America typically have a life-cycle of between fifty and one hundred years. The objective is to encourage all new buildings to be built according to green building standards, and to replace or refurbish old buildings

using green building design principles. The Canada Green Building Council has adopted the Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED™) as the voluntary standard for green building. Developers must meet a certain minimum set of objectives to have their buildings qualify for LEED certification. These objectives include site location and protection of natural habitat features, proximity to public transportation and efforts to accommodate use of transportation alternatives by building occupants. Ambitious developers can pursue higher levels of achievement by accumulating points for achieving additional, optional objectives. Examples include maximizing use of natural light (i.e. sun light), use of water conserving toilets and faucets, and re-use of "grey-water" that has been used previously for washing purposes.

Although green buildings are anticipated to have a positive impact on reducing overall global consumption of resources and production of wastes from urban areas, new buildings typically account for only 20% of an existing urban area's building stock. Building stock refers to the total number and type of buildings in a given area. The turn-over rate for the building stock of cities is typically in excess of fifty years. This means that efforts to create sustainable urban areas also need to focus on other strategies. Examples of complementary strategies include retrofitting existing buildings and creating compact and mixed use communities where jobs and housing are co-located so that people have the opportunity to walk, bicycle or use public transit conveniently to get to school or work or shopping.

Strategies to increase the use of renewable or "green energy," such as that produced from the wind, sun, and falling water, are another important piece of the urban sustainability effort. Calgary, for example, is utilizing wind energy to supplement the electricity used by their light, rapid-transit system. The initiative is called "Ride the Wind." The District of West Vancouver is generating a small amount of electricity from a micro-turbine located in a gravity-feed water distribution pipe that

transports water from a nearby mountain lake. Examples of this type of innovation are beginning to pop-up across the country. However, renewable energy accounts for a very small portion of total energy demand.

Efforts to increase the overall efficiency of existing energy use hold the lion's share of potential improvements in urban sustainability. Several cities across Canada are pursuing community energy planning and developing community energy systems. Community energy planning assesses the energy resources and energy flows within an urban area and attempts to reduce overall demand for energy through a variety of strategies such as the use of "pedestrian oriented design" that helps make it easy and comfortable for people to walk, ride their bikes, or take public transit. It attempts to identify opportunities for waste heat exchange so that buildings such as schools and offices that produce a lot of excess heat can be located close to buildings such as residential housing that require heating. Through provision of shared infrastructure such as heat loops, these buildings can benefit from heat exchange in which the excess heat from the school or office can be used to heat the nearby homes. Similarly, the combustion of municipal waste, which is household garbage, can be used to create energy that can also be used to heat homes and produce electricity. These types of initiatives contribute to the development of community energy systems.

Finally, while some municipalities attempt to inform consumers about the benefits of using energy efficient appliances, this is generally considered outside the scope of local government jurisdiction. Federal government initiatives such as the "Energy Star" or recent "One Tonne Challenge" are generally relied upon for this level of consumer education.

Some cities are moving faster than others to embrace urban sustainability strategies. In Canada, cities such as Halifax, Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver are being recognized for their leadership in the provision of overall, long-term visions and strategies including development of community energy systems, extensive bikeways and habitat protection,

rehabilitation of lakes and waterways, use of wind-power, promotion of green buildings, and redevelopment of urban spaces to create opportunities for people to live, work and play in the same local area.

Unfortunately, despite these gains, the greater challenges of containing new development within existing urban footprints persist. Cities that continue to grow out through urban sprawl instead of growing up, meaning increasing the densities within existing urban areas, are creating larger and larger footprints that increase overall demand for land and related infrastructure services. However, even those cities that have achieved higher urban densities are challenged to keep their demand for energy and materials in check. This is because current generations consume vast amounts of materials and energy through our lifestyle choices, many of which have been enabled by new technologies. Examples include air travel, automobile travel, personal electronics (e.g. everything from appliances to computing and home entertainment systems), and disposable products. Although effort to increase the efficient use of energy and materials in these products is also underway, their net impact is still massive.

London, England, is pursuing efforts to reduce the impacts of consumption through "mass balance" assessments. Similar to community energy planning, mass balance assessments attempt to track the flows of materials and energy through an urban economy. In order to live within the earth's carrying capacity, and avoid the need for those "two additional Earths" that Professor William Rees talks about, the overall efficiency of the global economy has to improve. Some estimates indicate that in order to be sustainable, the total amount of energy and materials that move through the economy needs to be reduced by a factor of four to ten. The intent of the mass balance assessment is, therefore, to use the information about materials and energy flow in a city to inform policy decisions that affect the overall efficiency of its economy.

These decisions are related to land use, water and wastewater management, industry and manufacturing practices, and air and solid waste management.

Mass balance assessments are also being used locally in Canada by cities to engage industry in efforts to reduce the amount of materials and wastes produced through their manufacturing processes. Canadian cities such as St. John, New Brunswick; Halifax, Nova Scotia; Regina, Saskatchewan; Hinton, Alberta; and Delta, British Columbia are engaged in "eco-industrial networking" projects that use mass balance assessments to assess how energy can be conserved and waste-materials can be re-used. In time, perhaps Canadian cities will be able to transfer this approach to the overall management of their cities, in similar way to London. My personal belief is that this is the strategic direction that needs to be taken by cities around the world. The emerging role for cities is arguably that of global stewards.

In nature, ecosystems comprise various organisms and processes that play roles such as producers, consumers, re-users and decomposers. The manufacturing process of various industries located in a similar area, the residents of urban areas and the businesses that serve them comprise the global economy and play similar roles. If cities are our economic engines, then improving our understanding of how cities, and the buildings that comprise them, contribute to an ecologically informed economy is the next horizon, not only for urban sustainability, but for the planet.

This fall, I will be returning to the University of British Columbia to undertake PhD research with Professor William Rees to examine the question: What role can cities play in contributing to the restoration of global ecosystems? I'll let you know what I find out. ■

jennielynmoore@hotmail.com



# welcome to the alumni/ae community...



PHOTOS BY KATHERINE DYNES '84

Luca Polach    Lisa Grolimund    Amelia Philpott    Andres Contreras    Melissa Steinback    Tilo McAlister  
Ainslie Loft    Tomas Albery Powell    Laura Terry    Victoria Baskerville    Tara Bennett    Kaz Iguchi  
Danielle Coppola    Lauren Caldwell    Jonathan Chomko    Austin McQuaite    Kira Pattison    Nabila Halani

## ...grads of the Class of 2006

### ...and the rest of the Class of 2006

Tianna Argiro  
Chelsea Barabtarlo  
Saskia Beck  
Gabrielle Boder  
Dorothe Bohlmann-Peiper  
Ewen Cameron  
Rosalie Chan  
Matthew Constantinou  
Karoly Csikasz  
Rhetta Dunn  
Matthew Evans  
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Daniel Garber  
Philip Hanna  
Yea-Jin Jung  
Sang-Hoon Kwak  
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Francesco Lionetti  
Alysia Lynch  
Eric McCauley  
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Veronika Wagner  
Mitchell Wathey  
Shawn Weichenberg  
James Weyler  
Youna Whang  
Jaime Whines  
Lucas Whiteman  
Jamie Woodhouse  
Erik Worm  
Maarten Wormer  
Alexandra Zeifman

Apologies if anyone is missing  
from this class list - if so, contact Katja at  
katjarudolph@aol.com, 416.538.9536

# TWS events 06/07

This TWS schedule  
lists some of the dates  
that might be of interest  
to you. For a complete  
schedule contact TWS.

Alumni/ae, you are  
welcome at all of these  
events! *Times and dates  
may change, so call ahead.*  
Where times are missing it is  
because they have not  
yet been established.

**Toronto Waldorf School**  
905.881.1611  
general@torontowaldorfschool.com  
www.torontowaldorfschool.com

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| SEPT 05     | Beginning-of-Year Assembly, 8:30 am  |
| SEPT 28     | Michaelmas   |
| OCT 13 & 14 | Pathways Conference - The Moral Education of Adolescence - for parents & educators of adolescents. |
| OCT 21      | Open House - <b>Alumni/ae presenting</b>   |
| OCT 25      | Eurythmy Performance   |
| NOV 10      | Wooden Ship - open stage evening, call for details   |
| NOV 18      | Candlelight Fair - <b>Alumni/ae arts and crafts sale</b>   |
| DEC 09      | Parent Festival  |
| DEC 22      | Advent Assembly & Grade 12 Christmas Party, 8:30 am  |
| TBA         | Shepherds Play   |
| JAN 26 & 27 | Just Desserts Theatre  |
| FEB 03      | Open House - <b>Alumni/ae presenting</b>   |
| FEB 23      | Wooden Ship  |
| APR 20 & 21 | Gateways Conference - An Early Childhood Conference for parents and educators of young children.   |
| TBA         | Grade 8 play   |
| MAY 27      | Mayfest - bring your children!   |
| Jun 08 & 09 | Grade 12 play  |
| Jun 13      | Grade 8 Graduation   |
| Jun 15      | Grade 12 Graduation  |
| TBA         | <b>Class of '87 20 Year Reunion</b>  |

visit the  
**Rudolf Steiner Centre**

located in the Arts  
and Sports Wing of TWS  
- it offers adult development  
and Waldorf teacher  
education programmes.

**Alumni/ae always welcome!**

For a schedule of events  
call or e-mail:

905.764.7570  
info@rsct.ca  
www.rsct.ca





COURTESY OF FWS ARCHIVE - TWS STUDENTS IN PLAYGROUND DATE: 1990s

*inbounds*