

Clutter Free at the Helm

By Tate Ewing, '17

During an afternoon of struggling on my physics problem set, I looked out the library window to see Christopher Barnes, Midland's new Head of School, walking into Main House. I had already paced around Middle Yard a handful of times, fruitlessly searching for a math connoisseur to help me with the last couple problems. I remembered that Christopher majored in physics—perhaps he could offer some help.

With my notebook in hand, I strolled out the library towards Main House. Christopher had just sat down at his desk. I knocked on the door frame.

“Do you have a minute? I have a couple physics questions.”

He invited me into his office. The overall tidiness of the room surprised me. Only his computer, a few manila folders filled with paperwork, and pictures of Molly, Porter, and Jack rested on his desk. He had no loose paperwork floating about and no trinkets to clutter his work space.

I set my notebook down and asked about the problem I had been struggling with. He squinted at the page while the gears turned in his brain, recalling what he learned twenty-six years ago in college. After just a few seconds, he was ready to dive in.

Out of all the faculty here at Midland, I didn't expect it to be the Head of School who could help me on my physics homework.

Christopher chose to spend his high school years at Putney School in Vermont primarily because he wanted to join their strong cross-country ski team, yet he gained a sense of place in the community as well as a host of practical life skills. Like at Midland, each student has a job that helps the community run smoothly; he recalls working in dish house as a student there.



Christopher Barnes during experiential week at Coffee Tree with sophomores Emily Cummings, Aoi Yasuda, Lila Avendaño Dreyfuss, Rui Xin, and Alani Gonzalez.

For one semester, he rose with the sun every morning to milk the cows. Putney stresses the values of intellectual engagement, social awareness, and sustainability, which are well-aligned with some of Midland's core values.

Colorado College offered Christopher an opportunity to continue his formal education at the base of the Southern Rocky Mountains. During his third year, he traveled to Norway to compete in a biathlon. Although he could not keep up with the Norwegian skiers, his love for the outdoors grew even stronger. In his final year at Colorado College, he headed the outdoor-leader training program and graduated with a BA in Physics and a minor in Norwegian Studies.

He then returned to Norway to study nature philosophy and outdoor education at the Norwegian High Mountain School. Although he never sought any graduate degree, he had the opportunity to work with Nils Faarlund, a teacher and mentor who founded the school, and to meet Norwegian philosopher Arne Næss, a founder of Deep Ecology who coined the saying “simple in means, rich in ends.”

After Christopher's studies in Norway, he returned to Colorado, this time to foster his connection with nature. He met Molly Peterson one summer while leading a wilderness program in the southwest corner of the state. During the

Continued on page 5

Mighty Molly

By Braeden Swidenbank, '18

After the first morning of classes in September, I joined my energetic classmates who were eagerly waiting for lunch assembly. While observing the Midland community, my eyes abruptly focused on something peculiar.

Molly Barnes, the wife of the Head of School, was on the ground in plank position doing push-ups with Derby Derbyshire, '17. In an effort to derail Derby's frequent and incorrect usage of the word "like," Molly challenged him to avoid the term by proposing a consequence: five sweat-inducing push-ups for every misguided "like." Derby had accepted, but miserably failed. Not wanting the senior to undergo his penalty by himself, Molly did the push-ups with him.

After witnessing this impressive and intimidating show of force, it took several days for me to gather the courage to introduce myself.

Molly began her life in the rustic setting of Lake Angelus, Michigan, and later attended Colgate University, where she studied political science with a focus on writing. Soon after college, Molly completed several National Outdoor Leadership School courses, including the Instructor course.

Molly moved to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, to take advantage of the ski slopes. There, she sustained her "ski habit" by working various service jobs. Over time, the service industry failed to captivate her interest, so she found a job at Red Top Meadows, a residential treatment center for adjudicated youth. There, she instructed the young students, both on campus and in the backcountry, to modify their behavior in order to coexist better with others.

During the summers Molly worked at Deer Hill Expeditions, a wilderness adventure program in Colorado. There, leading a summer excursion, she met Christopher Barnes, a fellow nature enthusiast and Deer Hill leader. Several years later they married.

The two newlyweds recognized a lack of wilderness-focused semester schools in the United States. To fill this gap, Molly and Christopher began the arduous task of creating The High

Mountain Institute.

Together they purchased 40 acres of land in Leadville, Colorado, and started their school with a highly academic curriculum enriched by wilderness education. During their time at HMI, Molly and Christopher gained the expertise necessary for running an educational institution. Molly served as Head of School and also tended to admissions and the academic program. For the next eighteen years, they grew HMI into a thriving and well-respected semester school.

When they left HMI in 2013, they and their two children,

Porter and Jack "Rabbit" embarked on a daring adventure that they had been planning for years. They discarded their landlocked possessions and started a three-year-long voyage on a 47 foot sailboat named Sila.

Among the beautiful destinations the Barnes family enjoyed, South Georgia Island stood out as their favorite. The snow-capped mountains, glaciers, and the extraordinary

wildlife all added to the remote Atlantic island's charm.

While in Scotland, Christopher was invited to apply to become Head of Midland School. Midland stood out to Molly as a perfect fit for Christopher and their kids because of its inspiring mission and natural setting.

As of now, Molly has no official position on the Midland faculty. Instead, she has chosen to be available to Jack and Porter as they make the transition to their life on land and to their new school. But in the future, she would be open to assuming a bigger role at Midland. Her expertise includes writing, leading wilderness expeditions, and helping young adults to be their best selves.

Her "tell it like it is" personality and willingness to help with Midland tasks are some intrinsic qualities that the Midland community has come to recognize. While I have only known Molly for a few months, I continuously see her efforts to teach, whether that be basic grammar to Derby, or the best way to make brownies--undercook them!



Porter, Christopher, Molly, and Jack Barnes

The Benefits of Keeping a Journal

By Eion Rogers, '17, and Lynda Cummings

“Literally the best cookies I have ever had,” said one senior, but all murmured in blissful agreement. Students know Charis Derbyshire for her justly famous oatmeal drop cookies and because her children, Chani, '19, and Derby, '17, are enrolled. Adults see her also as a student advisor and as Midland's new Development Coordinator. Everyone benefits from her friendly smile and big heart.

Charis first discovered Midland in 2004 while on a plane--she read an article about the school in an in-flight magazine. She understood immediately that Midland reflected her own dreams and ideals for secondary education. Maybe her children could attend someday. Maybe she could work at Midland someday. She tore out the article and pasted it in her journal.

Flash forward 14 years. Derby is a senior and Chani is a sophomore. When the development position opened last summer, she applied immediately.

Working at Midland is a dream come true for Charis despite the temporary challenges the position brings. Her husband, Steve, was not immediately able to secure a transfer from his job in Utah. So, until he can make a move, Charis has lived in the family's vacation trailer, which is now situated just beyond the soccer field.

Fortunately, Charis is no stranger to challenges. In eighth grade, despite her status as one of the smallest kids in the class, she was in the first group of students to reach the summit of Mount Jefferson in Nye County, Nevada. And, when her youngest child, Chani, was two, she completed a full marathon. So, while living at the beginning of the Res Road, right between the soccer field and the horse pasture, may seem like a challenge to some, it's almost like heaven for Charis. She enjoys popping out of her trailer for a quick run to Birabent Bridge, and she often begins her day by opening her door and greeting students on their way to feeding the horses. Sometimes they get lucky and she invites them in for a morning cup of tea.

Charis graduated with a BA in secondary education from the University of Nevada, Reno, where she took advantage of a travel-abroad program. She lived in San Sebastian, Spain and traveled through Spain, France, Germany, and Switzerland. Charis left college thinking she would teach high school social studies, but when Derby and Chani were born, she opted instead to stay at home with them for the first six years. When both kids entered the local Montessori program, Charis began working as a teaching assistant at their school. The school recognized her talent for event planning and organization, and her part-time position soon turned into an eleven-year career in administration and development in non-profit, independent schools.

At Midland, Charis builds relationships and serves as the bridge between the campus, student families, alumni, friends, and the rest of the world. One day, she might focus on developing internship opportunities for Midland students with alumni, supporters and friends and then work on a new plan to encourage Annual Fund participation in a fun and fresh way. The next day, she might help alumni organize

a reunion or work with Ashleigh Ninos on plans for the school's social media sites to help spread the word about the importance of a Midland education. Charis' "make do" spirit fits perfectly with the Midland ethos of prioritizing needs over wants. She notes that, although the school continues to use new resources to remain relevant in areas such as technology and communications, the core mission of creating a resilient and caring community of students remains unchanged.

At the end of the day, Charis enjoys the short walk or bike ride home with her miniature, long-haired dachshund, Penny. Maybe she will make another batch of cookies. Maybe someone out for an evening stroll will get invited in. Maybe, should that person care to ask, Charis will happily pull out that old journal, where that now-faded article has remained lovingly tucked away for the past 14 years, and remind us all that dreams actually can manifest reality.



Charis Derbyshire

Tim's Search for New

By David D'Attile, '18

Tim Weir gave up a lot to come to Midland. In New York's Westchester County, Tim had a secure job as director of admission for the Upper School at The Masters School. His family lived a comfortable life, and his wife, Christina, held a respected position at the Rye Country Day School. Christina's oldest son, Trevor, was preparing for his senior year of high school and his final baseball season with friends. Despite this stability, they did not feel settled in New York. Tim wanted more not only for himself, but for his family.

The East Coast's busyness and lack of balance sent Tim and his family on a mission for something new.

That something was Midland.

On July 6th, Tim arrived on campus after a long, cross-country drive with his son, Benen, his yellow lab, Jake, and his son's gerbil,

Señorita Burrito. When he first arrived on campus, Tim moved into an empty, one-bedroom duplex with only an air mattress, a sleeping bag, and a single pot to call his own. His family would not arrive for a month, and Tim was left with nothing but a few faculty members and Midland's vast property.

Why, I wondered, would Tim sacrifice a seemingly happy life on the East Coast for something unknown, something so far outside the realm of normal? Tim had stumbled upon Midland in the late 1990s while exploring the area with family visiting from New York. At the time, he worked at Saint Monica, a small, private school, in the densely-populated area of Santa Monica. He served as athletic director, yet wasn't satisfied with Saint Monica's traditional curriculum. After visiting Midland, he thought that being surrounded by nature, educating students in and out of the classroom, and living in a close community provided

a better balance than the standard educational model. He felt that our school's environment had a lot to offer to a high school student, and that we displayed something new by identifying as "simple." We offered faculty a true connection to students, and, as Tim explains, "The student-faculty connection here is unparalleled by any other school I know of. I wanted to be a part of that."

Throughout his life, Tim had not had the opportunity to experience the rugged lifestyle that Midland provides. After graduating from Montclair State in New Jersey with a BA in broadcast communications, Tim worked as the associate dean of students for both Governor's Academy in

Massachusetts and the Leysin American School in Switzerland. In addition, he coached basketball, cross country, and track at his alma mater, Don Bosco Prep, at the University of North Carolina, and at Saint Monica Catholic High School.

While Midland's vintage buildings and wood-fired

stoves don't seem "new" to us, they present a refreshing perspective on what high school can look like. Tim had previously worked in high schools and colleges that offered useful professional experience, yet he often found it hard connect with students on a personal level. These institutions embodied the typical academic mentality, but they offered nothing new to the school experience. So, when Tim saw Midland's post searching for a new director of admission, he recalled his long-ago visit to campus and applied for the job.

Tim has finally discovered the "new" he spent so much time searching for. Now, he runs Midland's trails in the mornings and goes home to his family in the Rich House in the evenings. Now he dines with students daily and works to connect new families to Midland's rich opportunities. There is no doubt Tim gave up a lot to be here with us, but when I ask if it was all worth it, he smiles and says, "Absolutely."



Christina Weir, Trevor Dee, TJ and Tim Weir



Lupita Zepeda

Weekend Cook, Lupita Zepeda, Brings More Smiles to Kitchen

By Grace Kelley, '17

On a Sunday afternoon, Eion Rogers, '17, dragged himself into the kitchen to work off his 21 laps. He would have much rather been hiking or hanging out with friends, but he was stuck working laps. As he entered, Lupita greeted him with a smile. Her welcoming presence gave Eion hope that maybe his day wouldn't be so bad.

Lupita Zepeda is our new weekend chef. She makes Saturday lunches and the nighttime barbeque, as well as Sunday dinner. She prefers Sunday night dinner because she has the freedom to make whatever she wants, not just hamburgers or hot dogs. Her favorite type of food to cook is Mexican food because that's what she knows best--everyone especially loves her enchiladas. On one Sunday, Lupita cooked 280 pieces of chicken, and there were zero leftovers-- she's just that good.

Lupita lives in Santa Ynez with her husband, Martín, and their two children Andrea and Mateo. Lupita learned about Midland through her long-time friend, Gloria Murillo, our head cook. Not long ago, she left her job as a cook at Dunn School and hoped to start a catering business, but it didn't work out.

Lupita believes that everything happens for a reason. Not having a catering business meant she was free to take the job at Midland. When Lupita first arrived, she thought the job would be the same as her job at Dunn. But at Dunn, students didn't work next to her after meals, they weren't dancing to loud music while drying dishes, and they didn't make dessert in their free time. She likes everything about Midland.

The connection she has with students gives Lupita a special joy. And, when I ask Midlanders about her, it's clear the feeling is mutual. I heard one student say, "Lupita is so nice; she always has a smile on her face," and then everyone nodded in agreement. So it is not just an opinion, it's a fact. Even when she struggles to balance a soupy tray of lemon bars before it goes into the oven, she manages to laugh and keep students from panicking.

On that Sunday, Eion began his laps by helping Lupita peel potatoes. To make the time pass more quickly, he asked if he could play music. Lupita immediately agreed. Before too long, Lupita was bobbing her head up and down to the rhythm. Eion says, "Lupita was doing everything she could to make my job easier." In fact, it wasn't a bad day at all.

Clutter Free at the Helm

Continued from page 1

academic year, he led the outdoor program and taught physics at Orme School in Arizona.

Christopher and Molly married in 1995. Soon after, they moved to Leadville, Colorado, where they began to create High Mountain Institute. With \$400,000 from fundraisers and \$600,000 in loans, their idea became a reality. In the early days, the two of them worked full-time jobs while starting HMI. Christopher worked at a cabinet shop and Molly at a community college. Little by little, HMI gained momentum, and eventually they were working full time. Christopher, officially known at HMI as the Co-founder and Executive Director, oversaw implementation of the school's mission, worked with finances and development, led wilderness expeditions, and had a host of other executive responsibilities.

Roughly eight years after the beginning of HMI, Christopher and Molly began to ponder their departure from the school. They had wanted to create something larger than themselves, and, in order for HMI to truly be larger than themselves, it needed to thrive without them. Also, they had made a career of adventuring with other people's children. It was time to adventure with their own. Christopher and Molly planned a sailing trip. They sold half their belongings and moved the other half into storage containers, keeping only their needs on the boat, which would have extremely limited room for wants. In 2013, the Barnes family left HMI for a simple life at sea.

Christopher strives for long-term goals, so sailing fits him well. At six knots for 150 miles a day, sailing is a very slow endeavor. "Blue water sailing teaches patience," he says.

Continued on page 6

Gina Ball Makes Cookies, But Don't Eat Them!

By Olivia Ciani, '17

Elizabeth Chamberlain, '20, Jane Lewis, '20, and I walked from Lower Yard to Gina Ball's house for our first advisee bonding night. As she opened the door, her dogs, Milo and Riley, greeted us with wagging tails and howling barks. Right away, I noticed molasses, grain, carrots, apples, and a prescription bottle of Previcox on her kitchen table. Earlier in the afternoon, when Gina mentioned baking cookies at her house, we were under the impression that we would be making cookies for humans. Apparently, we were going to bake horse cookies with Previcox, their daily medication.

Gina earned her bachelors of science in zoology at UCSB and then worked as a coastal biologist for Point Blue Conservation, a wildlife conservation and research non-profit organization. Her job allowed her to conduct long-term research on the breeding population of the endangered Western Snowy Plover bird at the Vandenberg Air Force Base. After fifteen years, Gina moved to Porterville, CA, to manage a horse ranch and work with students of all ages. She successfully trained horses and introduced her students to the concept of natural horsemanship, which uses horse behaviour and psychology to train the animals rather than allowing human desires direct the training. But after two years, she learned, through a mutual friend of Celeste Carlisle, Midland's previous horse program director, that Midland had the perfect job for her.

Gina comes to our school at an exciting time for the horse program. We just acquired a round pen, and, hopefully within the next two years, Midland will have built a new barn with stalls, a hay barn, and a new, larger arena. The current horse crew, consisting of Angie Murillo, '17, Julia Yamasaki, '18, Claire Lichtwardt, '18, Gina, and I, are all taking part in designing our new equestrian facilities which will make



Gina Ball with Summer

everything--from riding lessons and feeding to vet checks--easier and more efficient. After we have completed these projects, Gina hopes that Midland will get more horses. Most of all, Gina hopes that all students will have ridden a horse at least once during their time at Midland.

Until the new barn is ready, Gina will continue to host bird watching clubs on half holidays, take her advisory group out to dinner on Saturday nights, and make medicated horse cookies. Maybe one day we will bake cookies for ourselves. I'm hoping for snickerdoodles.

Clutter Free at the Helm

Continued from page 5

They had to focus on their goals for the trip as a whole and think about the necessary steps to get there. They wanted to see penguins and polar bears in their natural habitats, and they wanted to sail for at least two years. A trip at sea as a family, over a thousand miles from real help at any given point, was the ultimate test of their self-reliance.

Almost exactly two years into the adventure, Christopher received an email from Midland. Although he wasn't seeking

a job, Midland's nature and mission intrigued him, so he flew in to visit. In July of 2016, Christopher began his first year as Midland's Head of School.

From his office in Main House, he operates efficiently and effectively, communicates concisely, and focuses on the incremental steps towards his goals. He has no clutter and no excess, which creates time for pesky students asking for help with physics.

Miss Leading

By Olivia Ciani, '17

After a hard day's work, I couldn't wait to spend the entire afternoon with him. I couldn't believe I went two whole weeks without being able to hug him. Pictures of us together was all I had. A muddy grey tint covered the sky, and brown murky puddles scattered the ground. I didn't care. It was going to be an amazing day no matter the weather.

As I pulled into the driveway, I heard him call out to me. I waved through the foggy window even though he couldn't see me. I opened the car door, barely noticing where I was putting my feet. I just couldn't wait to see him.

There he was, just as handsome as ever. His thick, red-golden hair swooped across his forehead, and his big brown eyes sparkled like chocolate jewels. I opened my arms and wrapped him in a hug. I always feel warm and safe with him next to me. Together, we could conquer anything.

The rain and wind made it impossible for us to do anything outside, so I decided to watch an episode of our favorite show, "I Love Lucy." I pulled out the blanket I had brought from my backpack and sat down. He came over to lay down next to me,



Olivia Ciani with Buster

he put his head on my lap, and I turned on the computer.

We watched the episode where Ricky threatens to sell their chickens because they aren't laying eggs. So Lucy and Ethel, her best friend, decide to smuggle eggs from the market into the henhouse by stuffing them in their blouses and pant pockets. As they sneak towards the door, Ricky wants to rehearse the tango for Ricky Junior's PTA show. The best part of the whole episode is when all the eggs in Lucy's blouse explode in their final dance move. Seconds later, the eggs in Ethel's pant pockets break because Fred, her husband, barges through a swinging door behind her.

I couldn't help but laugh till my eyes started to tear. In fact, I was laughing so hard that

I hiccupped rather violently. Startled, he jumped up and inadvertently stepped on my computer screen. Freaking out, I stood up and tried to push him off. He had a slightly guilty face, but he tried to hide it from me as if he had not done anything.

I looked down at my feet. There was the computer. The final image of Lucy and Ethel, their clothes covered in raw eggs, glowed through the perfect hoofprint of crushed glass.

Now that watching movies was not an option anymore, I saddled him up. Despite the rainy weather, we had a lovely ride through the grape vineyards.

A Breath Below the Stars

By Braeden Swidenbank, '18

The attitude of the earth changes when the sun surrenders to the darkness of night. The cheery rays of light, the rays that blanketed the arid plains and forests of the living, transform into somber, ubiquitous shadows.

As night fell, I walked casually towards the dimly lit corridor between the lofty redwood walls of the Car Barn and the giant eucalyptus tree in Alison Nikitopolous's front yard. With each step, my loose-fitting leather slippers rustled and agitated the gravel on the road. I reached the darkest spot, a place shaded by the barn's narrow eaves.

I layed down, rested my head on the compacted dirt, and remained still. I felt my body heat dissipate into the earth. With my eyes closed, I sensed the frigid night air around me. The cold breeze swept over me, disregarding all it touched. The swell of air brought the crisp, satisfying scent of pine and eucalyptus to my attention. The eucalyptus leaves vibrated creating an accompaniment to a noise that transcended all others: the alien melody of insects. The collective choir, conducted by the wind and insects, seamlessly incorporated all noises.

After a while, the penetrating melody and pleasant night smells began to seem normal. I opened my eyelids and sat up. I brushed the sandy topsoil from my down jacket and looked up. Beyond the colorless obstructions fanning out from thick eucalyptus branches, I observed the enormity of the solar system. Each gaseous ball of fire millions of light years away intrigued me.

There I was, looking at the stars just as I had many times before. This time was different. The vast expanse of visible light, which scarcely illuminated the Midland campus, brought parts of my life into perspective. Unlike other melancholy attempts at searching the night skies for answers or wisdom, this singular moment proved itself worthwhile. I realized that all the typical teenage struggles--girlfriends, schoolwork and getting into college--were all important...to a degree. But at a certain point, no matter how I felt about these adolescent conflicts, I should let go. I should mute my headstrong worries. I should look up at the stars, because they will always be there.

Meditation Through Motion

By David D'Attile, '18

The bell sounded its usual ding, and I couldn't have been more ready. It was only 11AM, and I had already drudged through four classes: Spanish II, World Literature, Algebra II, and, finally, Chemistry. However, up next on the schedule was my long-awaited free period, which could consist of homework, studying, reading, sleeping or any combination of the four.

"Not today," I thought. "I need a break. A real break."

I approached my room and couldn't determine what a "real break" actually looked like. I began to ponder the possibilities. I dreamed of triumphantly defeating Wolfie and Braeden in a highly-illegal matchup of Call of Duty. Too risky. I tried to relax while reading *A Runner's Guide to the Body: How to Remain Healthy*, but the lines on the page soon blurred and came in and out of focus. Five minutes into my free period, and I still couldn't formulate the perfect break in my head. All I knew was that I wished to feel free of obligation.

I wanted nothingness.

I made my decision. I laced up my beaten-down Asics PowerGels, put on my favorite training shirt, and flew out of my room in search of nothingness.

After about a half mile, I realized that I had not changed out of my favorite pair of jet-black jeans. It didn't matter. I could not afford to waste the time it would take to trek back to my cabin, find basketball shorts, and retrace the path that grew longer with each stride.

I had to do this now. After all, I had approximately thirty-five minutes remaining to run, return to campus, and not look like a train wreck before assembly. Unfortunately, I began sweating profusely, as one might while running a fast pace in jeans. I concluded that "not looking like a train wreck" was no longer a viable option.

With Midland crawling farther and farther away from me, I zoned out. The oaks and sun-beaten grass around me blurred into a greenish-brown shadow. Only the gates that divided tracts of land interrupted my exhausting meditation.

Eventually, I found myself more than one, two, or even three miles from the school. In my search for nothingness, I had lost a sense of time, of distance, of reality.

Suddenly, I hurtled towards the ground. I looked back, and found a branch lying across the battered path. Reality filtered into my nothingness, slowly washing it away.

I observed my surroundings for the first time and found myself deep in a pine forest. My GPS-enabled watch informed me that I was currently located over 2,000 feet above and seven miles away from the assembly currently in session on campus.

I stood still for a moment and stared blankly at my surroundings. Immediately, my view of Grass Mountain told me that I was on the outer reaches of the Machaca trail.

I swore out loud. My words startled a flock of birds located above me in a Coulter pine. I had missed assembly. Receiving laps was now a problem I could do nothing about. I needed to rush back in order to make my next class.

I began to sprint down the trail. Gradually, the evergreen pine forests and shady trails transitioned into the familiar Midland landscape of oaks, gates, and dead grass. I returned in forty-five minutes and had ten minutes left to prep for classes. I exchanged my sweaty clothes and foxtail-filled footwear for something a bit nicer, deodorized, and made for the classroom.

I pseudo-jogged into history class, wincing at the slight pain all those miles brought to each step, and seated myself in my usual place next to Braeden. His eyes quickly scanned my disheveled appearance, and I knew from his smile that he understood my absence from lunch. He shrugged his shoulders and gave a brief, knowing nod.

Class began. I absorbed Eve Southworth's lesson about Greek philosophy like it was scripture. I asked questions, took notes, and understood all that came my way. In an instant, I was no longer a useless, motionless blob weighing down the class.

While running, I had found nothingness through weariness.

I had found meditation through motion.

I had found a real break.



David D'Attile, '18, and Duncan McCarthy, '17 lead a race at Dunn School

Wisdom of a Broom

By Derby Derbyshire, '17

“Can’t we just use a leaf blower?”

“Why would we sweep the porch if the wind will just blow the leaves back?”

These are the questions that I asked during my first years at Midland, and each time I was met with wise words from Johnny Ninos, the faculty member in charge of the job program. “When you let this porch get dirty, you are degrading the craftsmanship of someone else’s work. A couple of minutes every few days is all it takes to let the true quality of the work show.”

His explanation for why I should sweep the porch changed every time I time I whined, but his reasoning stayed the same. “Using the right tool for the job makes a big difference.” He wanted to impose values that extended past the act of sweeping.

The change I have seen in myself over my four years at Midland is all connected to the values Johnny always tried to impress upon me with his sweeping talk. I learned how to sweep at an early age at my K-8 Montessori school, so I thought I was more than capable of sweeping a porch. It was my “qualification” that stopped me from seeing Johnny’s intention for so long. Overcoming my pride helped me understand the importance of coming into every situation with an open mind. I learned that opportunities and knowledge become plentiful with the many new perspectives I took from other people, like Johnny. When I stopped fighting Johnny, the deeper meanings of his sweeping talks became clear.

As an incoming freshman, I often neglected the value of working hard, but through the simple act of sweeping a porch, I learned what hard work really meant. My big, lazy strokes of the broom across the stone porch in front of the administrative building attracted Johnny’s attention my freshman year. Even though I complained about the task, he kept coming back. I didn’t appreciate the work I was doing. To me, sweeping just seemed like busywork.

Four years later, I returned to the task with an open mind. I have noticed a few things about working hard. At the end of the day, if I have worked hard, I feel good about the day. I did not feel good at the end of each day freshman year. But this year, I often feel pleased when I lie down to sleep in my cozy, wooden cabin.



Johnny Ninos

During a Sunday work period earlier this year, I watched a freshman boy on my work crew as he swept the same rock porch that I that I learned so much from. I overheard him complain about the task as he lazily brushed away the dust and leaves. I walked up to him with Jonny’s lessons in mind. I saw the frustration on his face as I instructed him on the proper technique and reasoning behind the “chore.” Johnny walked by, and I saw him smile as he heard his own words coming through my mouth.

Then I understood the final reason why he repeats his sweeping talks.

Helping other people and watching them grow brings a joy so great, it manifests an irrepressible, genuine and warm smile. Johnny had seen me grow, watched me get over my pride, and shown me how to work hard and appreciate the tasks I that I hated for so long. Four years from now, when that freshman is a senior, I hope that I see the same growth in him that Johnny saw in me. I hope I have the same smile Johnny had.

Sense of Place—One-Syllable Essays

For the past four semesters in the Writing and a Sense of Place class, Lynda Cummings has challenged students to describe a Midland moment using only one-syllable words. The following pieces not only meet the technical requirements, they also capture the emotions of the moment.

Farm Day

By Grace Kelley, '17

Through the gates to the farm and up where the red fruits grow, I feel the sun on my back. I can tell it will be hot, but I don't wear a hat. There is shade, and I sit and talk with friends who I don't know well. We eat the sweet red fruit that will be gone soon if we eat it all. The juice slips from our mouths, and the fruit is as good as it gets...if you pick the ripe ones. We fill two crates for those who have less food. There is one more that we ate, and it is stored in us.



Braeden Swidenbank, '18

We bend down to pick the weeds that grow in the rows of food. You have to make sure you don't pick the food, or touch the plant that stings. My back knows it will be sore, and my knees pop each time I squat. It is worth it. I'm glad for the break from stress, the break from life. Just me, the sun, the earth, and food. The new friends I have aren't just Nick and Tiel, but the dirt, the kale, and the pigs.

When the weeds are gone, the roots are picked, and the sun hides past the hills, we stop our work. But the day is not yet done--there is still time to roast corn. Nick makes a small pit fire out of sticks and we pluck young ears from the stalks that the crows can't eat. The cobs roast while we talk. The corn tastes good, like warm gold. Next time we'll bring lime and spice.

"I have to say, this is the life," Tiel says, and we feel the same. Sweet corn that came from the Earth melts in our mouths, the hills glow pink, and we are with friends. Time has passed, but we don't know it. We just laugh and eat.

Race Day

By David D'Attile, '18

"We'll start soon. I'd say close to five." Our coach eyes the course with care.

Race time is now. I stand with lots and lots of people who aim to beat me.

The group hears him, fades, and spreads out, primed to start their own pre-race warm ups. I walk to an open spot on field of Dunn School, and start to feel it. I can sense all the eyes as they look my way. The stares cut through the air like knives. I try to zone in, but hear talk from far away. "He will win," a fan says in a soft voice as he looks my way.

"Who? The kid with the hair? Nah, I think the Dunn kid will take this one," quips a man draped in Dunn red. "He's just more fit to run."

This puts me on edge. I won't yield a win to "The Dunn Kid." I force my ears to close. I hold the rest of the world out. There is not much time left. I must calm my nerves. I look up, take a deep breath, and turn to find my coach's stare. I see his nod. I know that I am poised to win.

"It's go time. Get the team and line up at the start. I'll be there soon," he tells me.

There's no need to say more. I jog with short strides to find the team and get to the line. We are all tense, yet primed to go. We see teams that are not our own, but we do not shy away. This is our meet, and we have come to win. We will not take less than



Duncan McCarthy, '17, Coach Johnny Ninos, David D'Attile, '18, Bernt Engebretsen, '17.

that. I find the teams lined up, and I take my place in front. I glance to the right. I meet the eyes of "The Dunn Kid" with a cold stare.

"Good luck."

"Good luck."

I look straight.

I breathe.

I let the world fall away.

I hear a faint sound.

"Teams, on your mark."

I tense up.

"GO!"

We Run for More than Cross Country

By David D'Attile, '18

This year, boys' cross country won races, individuals achieved personal records, and we moved on to California's Southern Section CIF competition. Our coaches, Johnny Ninos and Michael Jorgensen, pressed for the best from us. And as a result, the team succeeded on many levels. However, this is not why we run.

We run for more than personal progress.

Our captains, Duncan McCarthy, '17, and Tate Ewing, '17, called for the team to transform into a cohesive unit rather than into a disorganized bunch of fast runners. Thus, a new method of varsity training emerged. Approximately once a week, the captains would meet before allowing us to take off on a trail, they would whisper excitedly, and then they'd call for a "Team Workout." Almost instantly, the top runners would perk up, and a sullen look would spread across the faces of varsity's rising members.

We run to push each other.

The idea behind a Team Workout is simple. Don't let anyone push too far ahead, don't let anyone fall too far behind. Whatever happens, don't let anyone stop. With this in mind, we hit the Greengate Loop trail at a relaxed pace. About one mile into our practice, the captains and I saw Bernt Engebretsen, '17, inch farther and farther ahead of the pack. At the same time, we saw Sayer Johnston, '20, hanging back twenty yards behind the team. We immediately split up. Duncan reeled Bernt back in while I encouraged Sayer to give that extra ten percent. We recombined, and moved forward as a team.

We run for the smiles, for the stories, and for all the little sayings in between.

During practice, Johnny and Michael always kept things interesting. Whether we quickly staggered up a steep hill or participated in a harrowing field workout, we always found a way to allow a tired grin to creep across our faces. We didn't smile because we were immune to pain, but because the combination of Michael's little comments like, "That hill looks pretty Sketchtanim Bay" and Johnny's ever-creative workouts added something special to our otherwise tough practices.



Delta team members David D'Attile, '18, Bernt Engebretsen, '17, Tate Ewing, '17, Clayton Lupien, '19, Matias Barrera, '17, Jireh Williams, '18, and Duncan McCarthy, '17

We run for Johnny's "Story Time."

When I asked fellow runners their favorite workout of the season, well over half replied with "Story Time." Story Time exercises consist of all members of the team forming a ring around Johnny on Kimpton Field as he reads us a children's book. However, we don't sit criss-cross-applesauce, listening intently like excited children. Instead, we perform nonstop "Russian Twists" and "Spiderman Pushups" as Johnny pauses his reading to call out these exercises. This ridiculous drill, no matter how difficult, always encourages a painful laugh.

We run for the love of running.

When we aren't enjoying the agony of a Team Workout, we run. When we feel that Story Time isn't painful enough, we run. When we decide that one run isn't enough, we run again. The point is, we run not because we have to, but because we want to.

Towards the end of the season, Johnny asked varsity to run Delta's Warm Up, the toughest trail run on Midland's property. We associate Delta's with grueling ascents and unstable roads, but we also know it for the breathtaking views and iconic wooden signage that every runner kisses before surmounting the final hill. We not only accept this challenge, but we gladly tack on Transcontinental and Tank Mesa to the run.

To us, winning and success were merely the side effects of our love for the sport.

We were a "we" in a sport dominated by "I's."

We run.

Cross Country Girls' Use New Warm Up Technique

By Grace Kelley, '17

One could describe this year's girls' cross country team as independent, fast, determined, and supportive. We could also be described as silly--and maybe even strange.

We were independent because we didn't always have a coach by our side; with only two coaches trying to focus on three different groups, we sometimes had to work on our own. We didn't win first overall in our league, but we were a close second. We supported each other by practicing and racing in an environment where we were teammates first and then competitors; even when other teams passed us on the course, we offered phrases of encouragement to them as they went by.

But our greatest achievement was that this team created the most unique warm-up routine Midland has ever seen.

Nobody likes running a mile before a three mile race (unless your name is David D'Attila, '18), especially Anneliese Silveyra, '17, and me. So, when we became cross country captains and coach Johnny Ninos told us to "warm up" before the race, we did not carry on the painful tradition of the one mile run. Instead, Anneliese invented the Flop™. The Flop™ originates from Anneliese's warm ups from past years. She never wanted to run the mile, and her form of staying warm after dynamic stretches is her own unique flop. There is no choreography to the Flop™, it just is. Its name is kinda self-explanatory. To flop, you flop. You move your arms and legs around, hopping,

falling, flailing. I'm sure that every time the girls' cross country team starts to flop, we just confirm the myriad strange ideas that other schools have about Midland.

It is a home meet, and we are trying to "stay warm" before the race starts.

"What should we do?" I ask Anneliese, who is flopping around.



Girls' cross country team demonstrates "The Flop™"

We call the girls over.

"Let's flop," Anneliese replies. Not everyone wants to join the self-humiliation.

We stand in a circle, some of us swaying, some us bobbing up and down like a buoy in water, our arms moving like floating seaweed.

Anneliese begins what will forever be known as the Flop™. "Alright. Now flop to the left." We move to the left. I echo

her, "Flop to the left." It's like a repeat-after-me song.

"Flop to the left." "Flop to the left." Everyone has joined, and the other girls repeat as well. We flop to the left, then to the right, then we flop it up, jumping up, and flop it "real low," reaching to the ground. Eventually we "flop it out," making our circle wider and wider, before we flop it in, and the fun begins.

As we get closer and closer, our voices get louder and louder. Our excitement grows. Our voices join together into one giant scream. We are so hyped for the race. We are way more excited than if we had just run a mile.

Girls' Varsity Volleyball Finishes With 6-6 Season

By Olivia Ciani, '17

The Midland girls' varsity volleyball team had an extraordinary season. Our team came in fourth place after Laguna Blanca, Providence Hall, and Dunn with six wins and six losses.

A significant number of new girls joined the varsity team this season. These girls contributed greatly to the quality of our playing and the attitude of our games. Jane Lewis, '20, brought her amazing positive energy to every practice, and she always had everyone's back. Maisy Lewis, '20, also gave the team an uplifting spirit and was never afraid to dive for a ball. Aoi Yasuda, '19, and Emily Cummings, '19, joined the team and blew us away with their sportsmanship. Aoi had only played a couple of times before becoming a part of the team, yet stunned us with her incredible serving and setting skills. Emily was also an amazing new contributor to the team; she never took her eye off the ball and became a wonderful setter as the season progressed. Annabelle Tunberg, '18, never stopped supporting the team with her

uplifting attitude, and she also improved immensely as blocker on the net.

Our team had many returning players as well. Ashley Alvarez, '18, never ceased to amaze us with her strong serves. We have always relied on Julia Yamasaki, '18, to

intimidate other teams with her competitive nature and powerful jump serves. Nef Arbuckle, '17, kept the team laughing with her uplifting humor *and* completely dominated with her serving power. Angie Murillo, '17, never failed to shock the other team with her strong serves and accurate hits. Our team captains, Lona Dreyfuss, '17, and Jaime Schuyler, '17, knew how to keep us on our toes and pumped up for big games.

It will be strange not being a part of this team next year. Everyone gave it their all during the games and practices.

2017 was the last year for five of our athletes; however, I am confident that a very strong group of girls will take over and make the next season another huge success!



The girls' varsity volleyball team pyramid. Top row: Jane Lewis, '20, Maisy Lewis, '20, Aoi Yasuda, '19. Middle row: Emily Cummings, '19, Ashley Alvarez, '18, Angie Murillo, '17, Annabelle Tunberg, '18. Bottom row: Lona Dreyfuss, '17, Jaime Schuyler, '17, Olivia Ciani, '17, Julia Yamasaki, '18, and Nefertari Arbuckle, '17. Standing: Coach Paul Gelles.

For this issue of the Midland Mirror, we focus in the class notes on some of the younger alumni/ae. Board member and graduate of the class of 1998, Caitrin McKiernan, gathered the following news from folks who graduated in 1996 or later.

.....
2000s

Cheri Enos lives in Newbury Park, CA, and works as a safety coordinator for a commercial framing company. In her free time, she hikes, bikes, rides recumbent, and hangs out with her dog.

Emily Kunkle Gell is a Pilates instructor in Los Angeles, CA. Last July, she and her husband had a son, Felix. Now retired and thrilled to be new grandparents, Dan and Kathy Kunkle, who live near Pittsburgh, PA, visit as often as possible.

.....
1999

Desi Bruce lives in Fairfield, CA, and states that she has no kids and is “happily divorced.” She owns the Baskin-Robbins at 5182 Sonoma Blvd in Vallejo, CA, and would love to see any Midlander who happens to be in the Napa County area. She is loving life to its fullest and writes “my place has three fireplaces if you need practice building a fire!”

Barron Sawyer, his wife, Kerry, and their four children, live in Houston, TX. Two years ago they attended the class of 1999/1994 15th/20th joint reunion. Barron graduated from UCLA and University of Oregon School of Law and now manages a global portfolio of water-treatment projects for De Nora. He also speaks on topics of conservation, Christian apologetics, and human rights.

Katie Thrash lives in San Francisco, CA and is a full-time, stay-at-home mom for Thatch (4) and Fin (1.5).

Robin Baral is recently engaged to Tracy Young and works as a water and environmental attorney in Sacramento, CA. He still loves trail running.

Robert Pierret works in addiction treatment. He is recently married, they had their first child in September 2016, and they live in Prescott, AZ.

Sonia Ibarra is a part-time dance instructor/choreographer, lives in Santa Maria, CA, with her husband, Gerry, and has three children, Scarlett (4), Gavin (3), and their newest, Stella, who was born in February.

Celeste Jochim-Johansson lives in San Leandro, CA, with her husband, Ken, and their two children, Penelope (4) and Dylan (1). She writes, “I am constantly working to balance parenthood with running my own Oakland-based family law practice, which I’ve had for just over 3 years.”

Matthew Cawley writes “I basically open restaurants with Midland alums. Opened LIVE Ann Arbor and The Last Word with **Justin Herrick**, ‘94, and **Adam Lowenstein**, ‘00. I spend most of my time in Gloucester, MA, where I run The Market Restaurant and Short & Main with Nico Monday, ‘01. I am currently remodeling an old house by myself... I maintain that Midland was the single most influential thing that happened in my life.”

Jonathan Lee who worked as a user-experience designer for Microsoft in Seattle, WA, is on a one-year sabbatical to travel with his wife.

.....
1998

Michelle Chen writes that she has “zero fashion sense but somehow landed a career in the apparel industry.” She lives in Jersey City, NJ, is recently married, and is the new mother of a baby girl.

Alison Larance lives on six acres in the mountains near Albuquerque, NM, has been married for two years, and has no kids—only two chickens and three cats.

Brandy Washington Hudson relocated to DC a few years ago to work as a child welfare project manager for the Washington DC Child and Family Services Agency. She is happily engaged to a wonderful guy, and has three beautiful kids, Jady (14), Kennedy (10) and Dallas (5).

Meredith Meier Sen and her husband, Dwaipayan, live in Amherst, MA, and have two children, Bodhi (4) and Isha (23 months). She started her career as a labor and delivery nurse and Certified Nurse Midwife in Chicago, but has been a full-time mom since having kids.

1997

Dr. Jamey Kirkpatrick lives at his family’s ranch near Templeton, CA, with his partner, Anna Meyrick, who is a mosaic artist. Jamey is a licensed naturopathic doctor (ND) who owns and operates a small family practice in Atascadero, which he opened this fall after completing a three-year clinical post-doc in endocrinology. He is interested in understanding blood chemistry and genomic analysis, bio-identical hormone replacement, diabetes, and thyroid disorders such as Hashimoto’s.

Sarah Niven Nielsen and her husband, Galen, live in Boulder Creek, CA, with their children, Hayes (4) and Charlotte (9). She recently opened a very small art school called Art Lab.

Albert Hopper lives in Washington DC and works as an architect. He and Jen Harty’s second child, Nigel, was born in April; Rowen is a proud older brother.

Sarah and **Adam Martin**’s first child, Charles, was born in September. They live in Hong Kong, where Adam works as an editor at the Wall Street Journal and Sarah teaches music at South Island School.

Marlow Riley lives in Brooklyn, NY, and works as a copywriter for Ogilvy & Mather. He writes, “When I’m not there, I write stuff and play music. And regularly exchange Simpsons jokes with Adam Martin via text.”

Maya Jochim-Johansson is a licensed marriage and family therapist who is a cofounder and CEO of a holistic mental health company called Well Clinic. She is pregnant with her first baby, who will likely be born by the time this Mirror goes to print.

Bradley Hanada lives in Anaheim, CA with his son, Bailey (12). His oldest daughter, Kaya (18), plans to study environmental science at CSUN next fall, and his youngest son, Jaden, just turned 9. Brad works as the maintenance supervisor and project manager for the family property management business and also has a private practice as a health and wellness coach.

Tessa and **Elliot Anders** have lived in Brattleboro, VT, for the past 11 years and have two children, Jude (7) and Elsa (4). Elliot works as a software engineer at Green

River Data Analysis where he's been lucky enough to help the city of Boston coordinate housing for the homeless. He now also works on a project that is used to certify the ethical sourcing of coffee and cocoa for Starbucks.

Lindsay Ritter lives in the Los Angeles, CA, area with Antoine De Deaux, '97. She completed her BSN in 2013 with honors, and for the past six years has served as an intensive care unit nurse. Lindsay currently works at Cedars-Sinai Center as a float ICU nurse. She writes that she is "glad I found my career path and brain in the same field."

Kristine Lehmann lives in Portland, OR, where she works an imaging coordinator and x-ray tech at a local hospital. She and Shane Reilly have one son, Quentin (2).

Genevieve Herrick lives in the Santa Ynez foothills—as the crow flies, a two-mile walk from Midland. She and Jacob Grant have two children, Orin (10) and Amelie (7). Since she moved back to the valley, she's worked as a middle school teacher and a birth doula. More recently, she's been a full-time parent who does a bit of bookkeeping for Jacob's organic farm. For the past two years, she's helped José Juan Ibarra coach the Midland girls' soccer team, and in May she signed on to teach Midland's Spanish 2 class.

Erin "Ed" Dorman Staley is recently re-married, they live in Los Osos, CA with her daughter, Zoe (12) and son, Sam (10), and, as a night shift RN at Sierra Vista Regional Medical Center, she looks after moms and babies. In her spare time, she studies Krav Maga.

1996

Michelle Bissig Blackburn works as a labor and delivery nurse and lives in Truckee, CA, with her husband and two children, Angus (8) and Dakota (5).

Lindsey Dobson Madden lives in Canmore, Alberta, Canada near Banff National Park with her husband and two young daughters. She currently works as an administrator at the local preschool, which gives her the same vacation time as her kids'.

Mathias Craig's work revolves around climate change adaptation, renewable energy, clean water, and sanitation at blueEnergy. He and Lorelei have two children, Damien (6) and Amora (3). He has helped with renewable energy workshops at Midland during past experiential weeks, and in April 2017 was back on campus to deliver the Willrich lecture.

Lisa Lynch lives with Ron Earhart in San Jose, CA, and runs her own business as a chiropractor at Specialized Chiropractic.

Ben Claydon writes, "I married my dream girl four years ago, no kids, software engineer in sunny Santa Barbara! I love fixing things, the home gym, enjoying cigars, studying Masonry, and the SB weather."

Shelagh Ayan Baird and her husband, Dan Simon, have two boys, Declan (5) and Ewan (4). Dan works with NOAA, so they're in the DC area for his job for now; she "manages the chaos" and does public health consulting.

Jennifer Ray Price is a public health nurse. She and her husband, Zach, have two boys, Calder (3) and Leo (6 months).

Thomas Isaacson Moved to Minneapolis, MN, two years ago after living in Brooklyn, NY for ten years. He and his wife, Terese, have two children, Anton (5) and Ibbie (3). He works as a marketing strategist at Clockwork, an interactive design and technology agency.

Amy Cook Jennings writes, "I am married to an amazing woman who happens to be a kick ass lawyer too! I'm a bookkeeper and work as an international tax preparer. We have six fun, but crazy, kids between the ages of 8 and 13. We are constantly busy but always having fun while we're doing it!"

Peter Cushing lives in the San Francisco Bay Area where he enjoys walking out on the Golden Gate Bridge, watching the seals below, or taking the ferry from the Embarcadero to Sausalito.

Teachers from the 1990s

Michael Brody lives in San Francisco, CA, and works as the assistant head of school at Jewish Community High School of the Bay. He and his wife, Alison, have two boys, ages 7 and 10.

Carlos Roig works as a communications consultant mainly on domestic and global health projects with foundations, non-profits, and universities. He and his wife, Meghvi, live just outside Washington DC with three boys, ages 9, 5 and 3.

Mary Fahning and her partner, Barry Marks, live in Lompoc, CA, and Mary teaches occasional classes at Allan Hancock Community College. This spring she embarked on an epic quest to hike the Pacific Crest Trail, but fell and broke her foot while she was still in the desert. She plans to get back on the trail eventually, but may do the journey in pieces over time.

Eric and Margaret Feron Niles live in Danville, CA. Margaret is finishing up at the Chaplaincy Institute in Berkeley and will soon be ordained as an an Interfaith Chaplain. Eric serves as head of school at the Athenian School and will be teaching a constitutional law class next fall. Hannah (20) is finishing her junior year at Washington College in Maryland, and Cade (18) is wrapping up freshman year at Carleton College in Minnesota. Margaret sends this reminder to alums from the '90s: "You are all now older than Eric and I were when we first arrived at Midland."

In Memoriam

Robert Hershler, '47

William Jeffrey, '53

Tim MacAlpine, '57

Dick Coveny '58

Stephen Dane, '59

John Peckham '59

Horace Bicknell Cates, '59

Brian B. Bullard, '76

DIRECTORY

FACULTY & STAFF

Christopher Barnes 2016
Head of School
Doris Adams 1990
Lynda Cummings 1994-96; 2004
José Juan Ibarra, '87 1996
Tom Rogowski 1998
Faith Nygren 2001
Phil Hasseljian 2001-03; 2004
Jill Brady 2002
Lise Goddard 2003
Paul Gelles 2005
Gloria Murillo 2006
Ashleigh Ninos 2007
Johnny Ninos 2007
Gillian Kinnear, '04 2008
Katie Isaacson-Hames 2009
Derek Harwell, '88 2010
Kyle Taylor 2010
Roddy Taylor 2010
Eve Southworth 2012
Cierra Ensign 2014
Alison Nikitopolous 2014
Janet Willie 2015
John Isaacson, '94 2015
Michael Jorgensen 2015
Nick Tranmer 2015
Yessica Uribe, '04 2015
Gina Ball 2016
Charis Derbyshire 2016
Tim Weir 2016
Lupita Zepeda 2016

CLASS OF 2017

Sage Begerson 2016
President
Barrera, Matias Mexico City, Mexico
Burton, Skyler El Cerrito, CA
Ciani, Olivia Santa Barbara, CA
Derbyshire, Derby Salt Lake City, UT
Dreyfuss, Lona Los Angeles, CA
Engbretsen, Bernt Santa Barbara, CA
Ewing, Tate La Grange, IL
Fitzgerald, Robert Minneapolis, MN
Gallo, Clarissa Santa Barbara, CA
Gong, Mark Chengdu, China
Kelley, Grace Santa Ynez, CA
Kiy, Daniel San Diego, CA
McCarthy, Duncan Pleasanton, CA
Moore, Julia San Francisco, CA
Murillo, Angelica Santa Ynez, CA
Eion Rogers, Singapore
Schuyler, Jaime Santa Barbara, CA
Silveyra, Anneliese Sherman Oaks, CA
Wall Arbuckle, Nef Minden, NV
Zhang, Giorgio Shanghai, China

CLASS OF 2018

Rothenberg, Martha Santa Monica, CA
President
Alvarez, Ashley Orange, CA
Burton-Orton, Chris Discovery Bay, CA
D'Attille, David Banning, CA
Ehrhart, Nayeli Encinitas, CA
Fagen, Shannon Carson City, NV
Frost, Erynn Santa Barbara, CA
Hannahs, Cynthia Atascadero, CA
Howard, Adrienne Santa Barbara, CA

Kargard, Freya Goleta, CA
Kuyper, Thomas Paso Robles, CA
Lawrence, Noah South Pasadena, CA
Lichtwardt, Claire Altadena, CA
Merrall, Eliza Granada Hills, CA
Qui, Charles Shanghai, China
Struebing, Dorcy Summerland, CA
Swidenbank, Braeden Monrovia, CA
Tang, Maggie Eastvale, CA
Tunberg, Annabelle Tempe, AZ
Ungard, Wolfie Altadena, CA
Wang, Patrick Glendora, CA
Williams, Jireh Inglewood, CA
Yamasaki, Julia Seaside, CA
Zhang, Jenny Chongqing, China
Zierhut, Elanor Aliso Viejo, CA

CLASS OF 2019

Xie, Adam Shanghai, China
President
Acuna, Elix Ventura, CA
Andrade, Paula Simi Valley, CA
Avenidaño Dreyfuss, Lila Los Angeles, CA
Black, Kayla Greenbrae, CA
Carden, Jack Moorpark, CA
Cummings, Emily Los Olivos, CA
Derbyshire, Chani Salt Lake City, UT
Gledhill, Millan North Las Vegas, NV
Gonzalez, Alani Carpinteria, CA
Lupien, Clayton South Pasadena, CA
Ma, Kevin Hangzhou, China
Medina Castaneda, Luz Lompoc, CA
Mendieta, Isaiah Santa Ana, CA
Moore, Roxy Altadena, CA
Shi, Simon Beijing, China

Skelton, Ky Santa Maria, CA
Valentino, Nicholas Westlake Village, CA
Xin, Rui Shanghai, China
Yasuda, Aoi Tokyo, Japan
Zhou, Iva Chengdu, China
Zhu, James Penang, China

CLASS OF 2020

Borghesani, James Santa Barbara, CA,
Carrier-Zierhut, Jeffery Camarillo, CA
Chamberlain, Elizabeth Templeton, CA
Chang, Charles Shenzhen, China
Clark, Francesca Murrieta, CA
Dreyfuss, Adam Los Angeles, CA
Harvey, Hana Santa Barbara, CA
Johnston, Sayer Ojai, CA
Kargas, Max Carmel CA
Kurnik, Gavin Concord, CA
Lewis, Jane Ojai, CA
Lewis, Maisy Ojai, CA
Mei, Fiona Anhui, China
Suber, Naomi Westchester, CA
Thomas, Jack Ventura, CA

MIDLAND MIRROR

Founded in 1932 by

George Martin, '33,
and Paul Squibb

Editor

Lynda Cummings

Photographers

Leanna Annuniato, Lynda Cummings,
Charis Derbyshire, John Lichtwardt,
Ashleigh Ninos, Nickolas Valentino

Proofreader

Sean Cummings, '15

The list above includes all full-time and part-time faculty as well as all administrative staff.