



The Courier

The Geneva School Parent Newsletter

Summer 2004

Parent Orientation:

Wednesday, August 11, at 7:00 p.m. in the school gymnasium. We ask that at least one parent in each household attend the orientation. If that is not possible, please have someone relay the information to you. Unfortunately, we will not be able to provide child care during the orientation.

Meet the Teacher Open House: Friday, August 13, from 10:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. at school.

First Day of School:
Monday, August 16.

9th - 12th Grade Retreat:
August 27 & 28. Information will be forthcoming.

Required Summer Reading:
Lists are located on the school web site. (Student Workroom page)

Student Supplies: Lists are on the web site (Student Workroom page). Please begin your shopping early. Since Geneva's first day of school is later than most other schools, waiting too long may result in a limited supply of available selections.

We hope you enjoy the remaining weeks of summer!



THE GENEVA SCHOOL CLASS OF 2004

John Candeto (Salutatorian)
Stephanie Cuffel (Salutatorian)
Gingie Maynard (Valedictorian)
Brenna McConnell
Nathan McPhail
Rachael Pennington
John Ritchie
Megan Rutledge
Jon Shafe
Brent Titcomb
Anne Wilson

The Geneva School
2025 SR 436
Winter Park, FL 32792
407-332-6363
407-332-1664 (Fax)

Graduation Ceremony – Friday, June 4, 2004

The Geneva School Gymnasium



The Baccalaureate Address, given by Rev. Mike Francis, and the Graduation Commencement Address, given by James Davison Hunter, can be found on the School web site (www.genevaschool.org)

The **FIDE** Scholarship, given to the senior who through his or her developing theological worldview evidences in thought, word and deed a sincere and personal commitment to the Gospel as informed by the Reformational distinctives of The Geneva School, was awarded to **John Candeto**. The **FIDE** award is a \$500 scholarship granted by the Board of Governors upon the recommendation of the administration and the Rhetoric faculty.



The **LITERIS** Scholarship, given to the senior who through his or her understanding, appropriation and participation in Classical pedagogy has consistently modeled the Trivium in pursuit of a distinctly Classical education, was awarded to **Gingie Maynard**. The **LITERIS** award is a \$500 scholarship granted by the Board of Governors upon the recommendation of the administration and the Rhetoric faculty.

COME ALONG-SIDE AWARD

Attorney Tim Manor was awarded the “Come-Along-Side” award. This award is presented by the Board of Governors to the person or persons deemed to have made singular contributions to the life of The Geneva School by “coming alongside” it in the selfless giving of time, talent and treasure.



When I came to the Geneva School seven years ago, I was thoroughly unprepared for the many lessons that I was about to learn. I was taught the timeless classics of literature, the heroes and horrors of history, the difficulties of debate, the mysteries of physics, and the teachings of the bible. Over seven years I have been cultivated into a classical scholar, a compendium of classical teaching and thinking. However, I think the most important lesson I have learned has not been one taught in the classroom-it has been a lesson that has been taught to me over and over again by the experiences I have had at Geneva. Through my classmates, teachers, and family I have learned that God's providence will sustain us no matter what we try to do to stop Him.



Salutatorian
Stephanie Cuffel

Throughout the years God has kept many of my classmates at Geneva, though through no desire of their own, and he has provided ways for me to stay, even when the possibility of me staying looked extremely grim. God provided for each of us in different ways and through Him we have grown together in ways we don't even realize. It was God's plan to keep each of us at Geneva. He wove us together when all we could see was a mass of tangled thread and all we could do was look for a way out. But God knew better. He pulled us together, he smoothed our doubt, and now that the pattern is finished, it has become a cloth more intricate and beautiful than any of us could have imagined. We have all touched each other's lives in ways that we will never clearly see and this, our experiences at Geneva, I am sure we will remember for the rest of our lives.

There has been so much more to our time at Geneva than just our relationships with each other, it is true-without those relationships our time here would have been worthless, but without our teachers who have nudged us in the right direction and kept us from killing each other every now and then, we never would have made it this far. Time and again over the years God has provided us with the teachers we needed to push us farther than we could have thought possible. We pushed our teachers and they pushed back, challenging us to then push ourselves. God sustained us through the teachers we sometimes didn't appreciate and He sustained our teachers through a class they sometimes didn't appreciate, but through our teachers God has

revealed to us a passion for learning that is invaluable and inspired in some of us a passion for teaching others the way they have taught us to hunger for knowledge.

Though each of us has had help this year from our friends and our teachers, we never would have made it with out our families. God knew what he was doing when he gave us the parents he did, though we may not always agree, and the families he gave us have been the rocks in our lives that form our foundations, that have kept us from crumbling into the sea. With every day spent at Geneva, our families gave up something for us-whether it be countless hours driving to and from sports games, or letting us practice our

debate skills on them-our families have sacrificed so much over and over again to help us reach this point-the point where we will try to remember all the advice they gave us and all the lessons they taught us and venture out on our own and make our parents proud, make them realize that they have not wasted their time on us, that we really did listen, and that they have made us into the people we are today and the people we will become tomorrow.

The one thing that has remained constant through all my time at Geneva has been God. I have gone through teachers and classmates and my family has even changed since I started here, but through it all God has sustained me. He put me back on track when I was heading for disaster, he has comforted me when I have fallen, and he has provided for me when I had nothing. For all of us, God's divine providence has kept us where we have needed to be, and will place us where we should be next. We may have doubted His plan, we may have tried as hard as we could to change it, but God always knew what was best. Though then we could not fathom his plan for us, now we see His way was right. For...

He writes with characters too grand
For our short sight to understand
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless war, the useless strife-
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this-His way was right.

John Oxenham

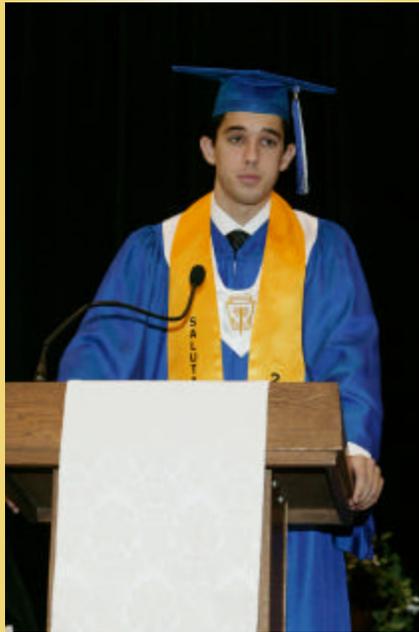
Thank you.

Mr. King, I am on time. Mr. Jain, I did my homework. In the words of John D. Rockefeller, "I didn't break any rules, but rules have been made because of me." Mr. Probst, I am not a monkey at a typewriter. Jon Shafe, I will not mention the Tower of Babel. To all others present: I beckon you, as a mother does her toddler who takes too much interest in the paper shredder, and ask for your now self-conscious attention. Sweet grape tomatoes, yes! It's time for the good stuff.

Ah, the sigh of consummation. Metaphorically speaking, certainly the most fulfilling emotion offered to us. This previous year has been the most hectic of my life. It has also been the most memorable. Life seems to have an odd method of bittersweet encouragement. It is indeed a struggle, but it can and hopefully will be not merely worth it, but worthy of the investment God has placed in us.

High-school is a time marked by hardship, struggle, discipline (or the lack thereof), discovery, procrastination, maturity, emotion, and hopefully knowledge and wisdom. It is a time when we look to the future, and derive our hopes, dreams and aspirations and then, in my case, brew over their slow-coming nature. I grow and mature, but never as quickly as I aspire. This, though greatly vexing, is a good thing. A vagabond spirit towards life is inevitably a waste of one's own potential. Thomas Edison once stated: (quote) "If we did the things we were capable of, we would astound ourselves." Upon a first read I was hardly able to accept this as sage wisdom. Then I reflected upon its deeper, more provocative, and certainly more frustrating meaning. All too often we are too easily satisfied. The bar is set low, and we blithely trip over it. This I state as a moral imperative: we are all capable of larger realities than we realize. Our limiting human nature is, quite literally, a curse of the mind. The steps that most never take are a simple and obvious -- albeit difficult -- rebellion: it can be overcome.

I have been accused multiple times over the past several years of maintaining illogical aspirations, excessive standards, unrealistic goals, and naïve ambitions. Such critique has come from the accumulation of enough wis-



Salutatorian
John Candeto

dom that, unfortunately, I believe it. Yet I refuse to let go of these ideals. History has been defined by men (I use this term universally, pardon the political incorrectness) who have never taken comfort in success, but rather viewed it as a heightened challenge. In the words of Winston Churchill, "Success is never final. Failure is never fatal. It is courage that counts." How true this is. If we are truly able to aim high, and shoot higher, what more can be asked of us?

Sadly, this ideal is rarely realized and seldom observed as a reality. It is simple, logical and regrettably (sigh)...trite. Why? We ourselves are entirely incapable of this deeply vested larger reality of life. If there is one piece of wisdom I wish to impart today, it is this: without God, our hopes, dreams, ambitions, vigor, zeal and spirit will be crushed to a jejune concession...and this grim reality will only be realized in regrettable retrospect.

What is man's chief end? Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. How consummate and comforting to have the whole of our existence summed up in eleven words. We are here for God's glory-and He wishes for us to enjoy it.

Ecclesiastes 2:26 "For God gives wisdom and knowledge and joy to a man who is good in His sight." This is the ever so simple yet immeasurably difficult key to life. And the one and only worthy goal of our lives. For the Christian, there can be no greater reward than God Almighty casting his loving gaze upon us, and imparting these infinitely consummate words of praise: "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

To this end, let us direct the whole of our efforts, setting the bar high and aiming higher still. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends...."

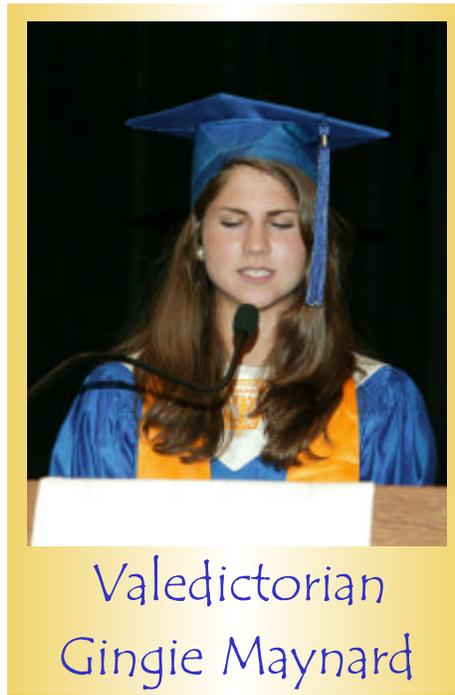
In this way and this way only will we leave our legacy, not for our own glory but for His, who is immortal, invisible, God only wise, Who alone is able to grant us the dreams and ambitions we pursue. Let us zealously seek His glory, and in so doing realize the greater, larger, brilliant reality He has for us.

No man is an island, entire of itself
every man is a piece of the continent, a
part of the main
if a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less, as well as if a
promontory were,
as well as if a manor of thy friends or
of thine own were
any man's death diminishes me,
because I am involved in mankind

John Donne's words hold true for us all. No matter how great some of us may grow to be, human relationships will always be of great importance. A man remembers his life not by the wealth he receives or the riches he acquires, but by the friends that stand faithfully by his side. Relationships define and enliven our existence.

My years at Geneva first began with a fear of not having enough friends, these years now end with the concern that I may not be enough of a friend to others. The social setting that Geneva provides is challenging to the high school mind. Here you do not pick your friends, they are handed to you in the form of a class of no more than eighteen. Everyday you are surrounded by just a few faces, and their smiles grow to inspire you. True worth does not dwell on the surface and cannot be seen through the world's eyes. The beauty I have found in friendships here is one that cannot come forth from simple acquaintances, but grows with familiarity. This familiarity struggles to survive in a class of forty, but prospers in a class of fourteen. Closeness requires sacrifice. Maturity springs from this confrontation of ourselves and requires us to be quite honest with our own faults and to hold our friends responsible. We belong to one another, and no one will stand by as the other fails. Within these challenges I have found faces that will never fade from memory and camaraderie that will be hard to rival. I look at my teachers and see old friends. I will miss their wisdom and inspiration. Just a few months will find me far away from home and separated from my roommate of sixteen years. I don't know how I'll pick out what to wear. In our suffering through Rhetoric notebooks as students and maturing lives as adolescents, we have come to know each other. As I face separation from my classmates, I feel as though my fellow galley slave is being unchained and sent to a new ship.

To be a friend means to take all our natural instinct for self-preservation and betterment and place it on the well-being of our friend. Like a new mother with her tiny



child, we can not allow for self-serving motives when building a relationship. Turning from ourselves we must learn to listen, which is inspired by a willingness to sacrifice. When Abraham Lincoln struggled through the darkest times of the civil war he called a friend to come advise him. The friend never spoke a word, but his presence and his listening ear was just the advice Lincoln needed. Learn to be the one who listens, and you will always have friends. Friendship requires humility. A proud man has walls built around his true self, and friendship does not allow for these. Vulnerability and honesty found the greatest relationships. Without them our attachments cannot find any true depth, but skim on the surface of superficiality. We must learn to be loved for who we truly are, and not who we truly

wish we were. A friend can tell the difference, and appreciates the reality while inspiring the ideal.

Fighting for a cause that unites us, Christians find safety in the spiritual foxholes of friendship. We struggle side by side. Even so, friends will never be fail-safe as we wish, and it is within these imperfect ties that our most desperate need of a perfect being is made quite clear. Friends bring us closer to God.

The childhood that has clung on to us will soon slip off with our graduation robes, and we will find ourselves entering a world we do not know. Faces will flood us with their smiles and charm; let us not be deceived. Like diamonds, true friends are found in the most unusual places, but will endure any hardship. They are not afraid to compliment us, but do not flatter. Kind words are inspired by real appreciation, not faked affection for selfish gain. That is a real friend. Walking into any social setting the first question is always "how are you?" You answer "fine" and they actually care what fine really means. That is a real friend. Their honest scrutiny stings beyond the jabs of an enemy, but it cuts with intention to heal rather than harm. Unafraid, these individuals who confront and exhort us are willing to risk a rift in a friendship rather than risk a friend's loss of character. That is a real friend. As we look back on past school days, our friends and the laughter they gave us defined our years. Do not forget them. As we step into this future, our new friends will be the ones we turn to for advice, and their influence will touch us in ways we cannot anticipate or guard against. Choose wisely.

Memoirs of the Graduating Class



John Candeto

Having returned to The Geneva School for my senior year, I have been finally and firmly convinced of the uniquely invaluable experience it has offered. I could not be more grateful for this institution, whose ideals and morals, faculty and friends, have profoundly affected the shaping of my mind and molding of my character. To Geneva's faculty,

administration, board and supporters, who have realized the priceless asset that is Christian classicism and pursued this goal time and again in the face of doubt and ridicule--I extend my hand in gratitude, thanks and respect. To those teachers--former and present--who have challenged and humbled me, and who have drawn out my potential and exhibited how I may use it for God's glory--no amount of thanks could be sufficient. To my family--your impact and influence has been felt in my life like none other: your countless acts of benevolence and love have been God's greatest gift in life. To my peers--it has been a privilege and joy to study, mature and grow alongside you. I know that my desire to keep in touch with many of you will surpass what distances may divide us. To the class of 2004: Rock on! It has truly been an honor.



Stephanie Cuffel

When I first stepped into Mr. Eric Braun's 6th grade classroom, I was unprepared for the world I was about to face. Now, after seven years of guidance and counsel from Geneva, I feel prepared for new challenges, both academic and spiritual. Geneva has challenged me mentally by teaching me the eloquent poetry of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, by teaching me

lessons from historic heroes like Harry Truman, and unraveling the seemingly uninterpretable mysteries of AP Physics.

But more than just an academic education, I have gained a greater apologetic and a deeper relationship with God that will last the rest of my life. At The Geneva School I have gained confidence and courage; I have gained passion and conviction; I have gained a great deal of knowledge and--hopefully--a little bit of wisdom. And so it is with confidence in self and

courage of conviction that I take my next steps to a higher rung on the ladder of education.



Gingie Maynard

Asked to summarize my experience at Geneva, I found myself retelling the last seven years of my life. The faces that were once recognized as classmates will be remembered as "family." The struggles and challenges of a school day that once appeared so daunting will be recalled as the shaping influences of who I am becoming in my life. At graduation when

all the hardship that high school brings is glossed over and gilded with nostalgic memories, I look back at an experience that never ceased to refine my character, but was occasionally quite stressful. As I walk this stage, I walk into new challenges. Armed with the weapons of reason and rhetoric, I feel unafraid.



Brenna McConnell

When I came to Geneva I was bombarded by thoughts and emotions that were new to me. I was charmed by Mrs. King's caring spirit, intimidated by Mr. King's ferocity, and amazed by the spectrum of characters in my class who would become my dearest friends. Over the years I have come to appreciate the faculty and their genuine concern for me. Classmates

and teachers have challenged me to live up to my word; time and again they have shown their unwavering devotion.

My father has been an irreplaceable role model, instilling in me such priceless gifts as humility, patience, and zeal for God. The encouragement, trust, and wise words I received from my mother have been the foundation of my perseverance through inevitable trials. I have experienced God's sovereignty over my life, keeping in mind "God must take away the Heaven we create, or it will become our hell." I am confident that the education I have received from Geneva will further my journey towards success. I constantly remind myself that my greatest fear should not be failure; rather, it should be succeeding at something that is insignificant. Geneva has provided me with numerous tools for life, which will enable me to glorify God and serve him faithfully.

Nathan McPhail

"Look not on pleasures as they come, but go." One spin-off of George Herbert's exhortation, written in calligraphy on our English 12 classroom wall, is that an experience that was itself only moderately pleasurable--and even less looked forward to--can yield more substantial pleasure when looked back upon. This is the way it has been for some of my classmates and me as we "slugged it out" through the adventures of Spenser's Red Cross; endured the ordeals of the pregnant young women in the novels and plays of George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and Sean O'Casey; and ploughed through any one of Addison Wesley's colorful math books. These experiences, at the time we went through them, blended **struggling** and **enjoyment** for both students and instructors. Looking back, fond reminiscence prevails.



My educational experience at The Geneva School has left many a fond memory--from the days of basketball and the "DeLand Crew," to Mr. King's thunderous "Hey!" and watching Jon Shafe's face reach a previously unknown shade of color somewhere between deep, dark red and purple while debating some hypothetical situation long forgotten.

Having completed three years at Geneva, I would like especially to thank my parents and all the teachers I have had as well as those who have supported the school for giving me the opportunity of learning in such a place as The Geneva School. I appreciate the provision of an education that has required and promoted critical thinking. A final pleasure-giving reflection for which I am very grateful is the privilege of studying under a faculty who embody solid Christian attributes.

Rachael Pennington

My move to The Geneva School, initially a taxing experience, became the most rewarding move of my life. It was hard work, but I now realize how much farther ahead I am than my peers who did not have the advantage of Geneva's amazing education. First of all, I want to thank a few of Geneva's faculty--Mr. Sacasas, Mrs. Wayne, and Mrs. Titcomb: all of you gave me much assistance, helping me through my high school years. Thank you for everything you have done for me; I couldn't have asked for more.



Secondly, I thank my family for being pillars to lean on when I needed them most. Especially I thank you, Mom, for all the sacrifices you have made to make sure I received the best education I could possibly have. You have made me who I am today, and I thank you for it now more than ever. And I thank my family ahead of time for the love and support I know I will get as I continue my life at the University of South Florida.

John Ritchie

There are times in life when you must surrender. Pride must be let go of and you must admit, "Mom, Dad [gulp], you were right." [Sigh.] Maybe I shouldn't wince while confessing that, but if you had heard my earlier protestations, you would wince too.



After a year or two at Geneva, I decided that I would prefer a public school experience. I felt that academic aptitude would be a small sacrifice--well worth the alternative advantages of my local high school. I have since found those reports of vaunted superiority to be mostly insignificant and even inaccurate. I would not trade any or all of them for what I have received at Geneva.

Thank you, teachers and everyone who has contributed to my education. And now, to fulfill the old parental prophecy, "You will thank us when you are older": Thank you, Mom and Dad, for forcing such a gift on me.

Megan Rutledge

I have learned a tremendous amount from my experience at The Geneva School. The memories I have made here will stay with me forever: hearing--and seeing--John Candeto sing Vanilla Ice at the school dances; feeling a rush of joy on the Eiffel Tower as the sun slowly sank beneath the horizon.



I have formed friendships that will last long after I leave. Geneva has a special place in my heart for providing me with a Christian atmosphere where I have grown spiritually as well as mentally in some of Geneva's excellent classes like Rhetoric and English literature. I will take with me from Geneva much that has prepared me so well for what's next--as I make the plunge into college. . . where I will never begin a question to a professor with the phrase "Do we have to . . . ?"



Jon Shafe

Geneva is my home. Home, in my view, is where one grows and matures, where one can learn and play. In grades 1 - 8, I had been moved from school to school. My four-year stay at Geneva has been the longest I have ever been in one institution. For this reason I have become especially fond of the teachers, students, and administrators. Through the journey

that has now passed, I have learned a great deal - and have matured in mind and body. I will always look back with great respect at these short years remembering that this school has both made me who I am, and put me where I am. I have learned what it means to be a Christian, and how one should live, knowing the truth. I have learned how to be a better friend to others. I have learned how to be a good student, and I have learned what it means to have a home outside my family that is genuinely concerned for my welfare, my education, and my salvation. Geneva is my home.



Brent Titcomb

As the alarm tries to shatter my repose, the urge to rise is easily overcome by the urge to rest. But I am finally persuaded to get out of bed by the frantic voice of my mother on the phone, "B. Paul! You're late! Get up, get dressed, drive safe!" Click.

Over the past four years I was

often asked why I drove so far for an education. I never really knew, and always answered, "I don't know, my parents, I guess." Now after those four years at Geneva I realize why I've driven countless hours and miles--actually over 1500 hours and 64,800 miles on one of central Florida's busiest highways: the time and gas it took to drive was worth the love I received, the friends I now have, and the knowledge that I will keep. I'll admit that there were many days when I didn't want to go to school or drive so far for something I thought I could learn half a mile down the road from my house. But now that I've completed high school I realize that it's been my blessing from God and from my parents to attend The Geneva School.

I don't know where I'm going, or even what I am going to be when I'm done, but I know that The Geneva School and the relationships I've gained from being here have touched and taught me in a way I suspect no other school could--and that will be with me for a lifetime. Words fall short of saying what I'd like to say, so I'll just let it go with "Thank you!"

Anne Wilson

"So run (the race)," the apostle wrote, "that you may obtain (the prize)." There are, we all know, different kinds of races. My senior year at The Geneva School, has without question, been an obstacle race. As I cross the stage this afternoon, I wish to express my sincere thanks to those - both at home and at Geneva - whose encouragement and patience have made this moment a reality.



The Geneva School graduates of 2004 will attend the following colleges:

- John Candeto -- Furman University
- Stephanie Cuffel -- University of North Florida
- Gingie Maynard -- Vanderbilt University
- Brenna McConnell -- Palm Beach Atlantic University
- Nathan McPhail -- Stetson University
- Rachael Pennington -- University of South Florida
- John Ritchie -- University of South Florida
- Megan Rutledge -- University of North Florida
- Jon Shafe -- Rollins College
- Brent Titcomb -- University of North Florida
- Anne Wilson -- Gordon College