

GRAPEVINE

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A Visit From Joe Schmidt
St Andrew's College, Dublin

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Editorial:

St. Andrew's College can be an extremely difficult school to define. I am continuously amazed by the multitude of activities and events the students are involved in. I hope that this edition will help you to delve into the minds of the students who accomplish so much more than learning in a classroom.

As Eleanor Roosevelt once said: "In the long run, we shape our lives, and we shape ourselves. The process never ends until we die. And the choices we make are ultimately our own responsibility." I believe this holds true to the lives of the students, staff and the St Andrew's community, which is constantly developing and changing. However, one tradition which has always remained is this magazine, which also continues to reshape itself. So, it is my honour to call myself the new editor of Grapevine, and become a small piece of the school's history.

There is much to cover after a long first term. Particularly, we have chosen to focus on the theme of literacy and learning. We have input from Mr McDermott, Joe Schmidt and pupils on the joy of reading and the importance of books in our lives. This publication includes diverse opinions, from how to take small steps towards confidence to the conflict in Laos. We also included cherished events, such as the transition year Uganda trip and the school Debs.

I would like to extend my thanks to Shane Hynes, who has stepped down as editor, and Hannah Moran, who works tirelessly in the layout and design. Most importantly, I would like to thank all of you who have shown their support for this issue and for the tradition which is Grapevine. I hope this will also encourage those who have hesitated to get involved to be inspired to join us.

I would like to dedicate this edition to the late Ms. Walker, who was equally inspired by the success her students and all the activities they were involved in.

Her support in the classroom, matches and events will forever be missed. Her consistent dedication and love of the college will not be forgotten.

Lastly, I would like to express my gratitude to Ms. Mockler, who not only has motivated me to participate since first year but who also shows continued support for the writing of the students. Without her, Grapevine simply would not be possible. I hope you all enjoy the stories of success and experience packed into this small issue, and that you are all excited for what's to come.

Thank you for sticking with us,

Yasmin

A Day in the Bay of Naples

By Shane Hynes

Seeing a mountain responsible for the deaths of 16,000 people is a stark reminder of how little control we really have over the world. Mount Vesuvius has erupted eight times over the last 17,000 years, the most recent in 1944. But the reason we are on Aer Lingus flight EI450 to Naples is because of what happened on 24 August 79 AD.

That day Mount Vesuvius ejected a cloud of ash, molten rock and gases 33 kilometres into the atmosphere. The pyroclastic flow immortalising the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii that lay in its path. Pliny the Younger wrote:

“In the darkness you could hear the crying of women, the wailing of infants, and the shouting of men. Some prayed for help. Others wished for death. But still more imagined that there were no Gods left, and that the universe was plunged into eternal darkness.”

Our crowded flight descends from the clouds that are thankfully white as cotton. I stiffly step off the plane and get hit by that smothering wave of heat, confirming that I’m in the right place. This sense of correctness is reaffirmed by the rolling carpet of azure in the distance, dotted by the occasional sleepy boat. Italian men rest wherever there is shade; almost all have a parched cigarette hanging out of their dry lips. I clamber onto the cool bus that waits, glad to have a reprieve from the beating sun. We drive on roads hewn perilously from the side of Amalfi’s crumbling cliffs, praying we don’t meet another tour bus driving as quickly.

The coach comes to a standstill outside the smallest pizzeria I’ve ever seen, which for some reason has a gigantic carpark. Someone

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discovers a rusty spiral staircase that leads to a rooftop veranda, where plastic tables and chairs wait for us. I see my first proper view of the bay of Naples, curling around until it descends into the glistening sea. Behind me looms the omnipotent Vesuvius.

Somehow that tiny pizza oven produced over 30 pizzas in less than 15 minutes. Cold drinks, pizza and a great view: this is the Mediterranean we’ve been dreaming of.

As it turns out, Herculaneum is on the other side of that car park, so we all saunter over and walk right in. It is literally a giant hole in the ground with an intricate city left behind. Wandering its dusty streets brings us back 2,000 years, the walls decorated with jelly bean mosaics. After almost getting chased out by a sweaty caretaker (‘I swear I didn’t mean to touch that fresco’), we finish our journey at the port, which is now two kilometres inland. Each bathhouse contains its very own mass grave, where contorted bones overlap; screams immortalised in the ash-white skulls. With a few moment’s reflection, we begin our climb back to ground level and crawl back to the cool bus. Driving away from Herculaneum, people’s heads begin to droop under the weight of the warmth.

We zip by small clusters of faded lemon and orange homes that dot the verdant terrain. These bunches grow in size until they take the shape of villages and towns. The largest of these is Sorrento, our destination. There’s no real border between Sorrento and the countryside, the two simply melt into each other. More and more shuttered shops grow closer together, until you are in the loud and smoky city of ‘Surriento’. We pull up outside our hotel, which is without a shadow of doubt done in the ‘Italian Package Holiday’ style:

Polished marble floors, uncomfortably ‘artistic’ seating and tacky paintings of smudged flowers. With promises to meet at the pool in a while, we drag our suitcases up the humongous alabaster staircase. The rooms fit in with the aesthetic of the hotel, but no-one’s complaining; there’s balconies. With the evening free, we all take a plunge in the icy pool and later squeeze into a single room. No surprises that there isn’t any air conditioning. The stifling heat overrides our fear of mosquitoes. And as the blissful Mediterranean air whistles through the ajar window, everyone realises how exhausted they are. The packed room slowly empties, and the noise trickles down the corridors. I take a seat on the sparse balcony and look up at the parmesan moon in the night sky, wondering how best I should finish my diary entry.



TY Uganda

By Luke Keenan

I awoke from a blissful sleep in the guest house, located on the well-kept suburbs of Kampala. It was a beautiful building complete with gardens, balconies by the dozen and armed guards at the gate. I took a quick shower, threw on some clothes and joined the others on the terrace for a breakfast consisting of banana and peanut butter sandwiches. We then met with Mr Quinn and Mr Micallef and were informed of the day's Itinerary. We were then told to back our bags and get ready to leave, which was easy for me given that I had never unpacked. It's often one of the last things you want to do when you travel ten thousand kilometres in one day and are consumed by the overbearing crowds at the Kampala markets the next.

We were then tasked with piling our personal and donation bags onto the roof of the bus, which was easier said than done, given that all forty of them weighed a tonne. We took our very first group photograph outside the bus, with the shining sun illuminating our faces and warming our spirits. We then boarded and were off to Good Shepherd's Fold orphanage. We passed various wildlife including storks and zebras, saw rivers and dams by the dozen and saw two men steal petrol from a tanker while we were in a traffic jam.

We made a brief stop in Jinja, a town not far from the orphanage, for our lunch. As soon as we got off the bus, we were approached by several smiling street sellers, each one took time to befriend us if only to make us keener to enter their shops. Some people returned to the bus with paintings of elephants and lions, others with bracelets with names stitched on them. I however bought a bongo, which I drummed all the way to the orphanage out of sheer boredom.

We exited the main road onto a dirt track which led us through a corn field which stretched all the way to the horizon. The bus then took us up a small hill and before we knew it, we were being greeted with music and dancing. The staff were playing drums and jumping around, while a group of small children clustered around our legs. Two boys, no more than seven years-old seized my hands and led me up towards the guest house, all the while chatting about their school and the orphanage in which they lived. We unloaded the bus and moved into our dorms, with there being one to accommodate the eight males and the other for the sixteen females.

We then made the short walk to the manager's house, which was just down the road from our guest house on the far side of the complex. The director Mark and his wife treated us to a delicious meal of peanut chicken and rice, before we all gathered in his living room to talk. He addressed all of us politely and told us about his work, the history of the orphanage and how things are generally run at Good Shepherd's fold. We then introduced ourselves and asked any questions we had at the time. The whole experience made me feel very welcome and relaxed, which was difficult to achieve given that we were all so far away from home.

I went to bed that night feeling both exhausted, but strangely at home. I found myself in a strange state of mind where I was free from all the agitations and worries of modern life. Everyone was so pleasant and hospitable, people danced and celebrated in a way that would seem strange back home, but totally natural in Uganda. It felt great to be around simple, honest, good-natured people.



So, You Want To Be A Doctor?

By Aisling Beecham

For a week of my work experience, I participated in a TY Programme in St Vincent's Hospital called So You Want To Be a Doctor. I had an interest in medicine before this and wanted to develop a better understanding of what it is really like as a career. I was lucky enough to get offered a place along with three other girls from St Andrew's to attend this programme. The course consisted of four, thirty- minute lectures in a day, given by different medical professionals.

On the first day, we had no clue what to expect. All we had was a schedule with the names of the lecturers and their specialty. The opening lecturer was a consultant in respiratory medicine. She gave us a brief summary of her career path so far and also spoke about why you should study medicine. I remember her saying it took her roughly twelve years from graduating college to get her consultant post in St Vincent's and that it is certainly only a career for those who are very dedicated to the profession.

I would be quite interested in the surgery side of medicine, and my favourite lectures reflected that. Some of my favourite lecturers included the liver transplant surgeon, named Mr Anthony Stafford, who spoke briefly about the history of transplantation surgery, but also about the morals of it. I found this talk extremely interesting as the speaker really engaged with the audience.



Another one of my favourites was the cardiothoracic surgeon, whose name was Prof Mike Tolan. He spoke briefly on research he had done in heart transplantation, specifically putting pigs' hearts into monkeys, and his research was ground-breaking, for it was the first time the organs had lasted through the micro-acute failure stage. This talk was one of my favourites as we touched on a variety of fascinating topics within such a short space of time.

Overall, I really enjoyed my work experience in St Vincent's, and I feel that it gave me a better sense of what it is really like to be a doctor. We had many lecturers come in to speak to us, including General Practitioners, Microbiologists and Neurologists and, although they were all so different, they all connected under the same branch of medicine; a field which seems to have countless pathways. I finished the week with a further knowledge of what medicine has to offer, and I would definitely try to pursue it as a career in the future.

My First Term Of First Year

By Amélie-Rose Tiernan

The first week of senior school was unforgettable. We started off the week with a basketball camp, which was a great opportunity to make lots of new friends and get to know some people that were going to be in my year. Later on in the week, the girls had hockey camps and the boys had rugby camps. The hockey camp was fun, because I got to know some other people that weren't at the basketball.

We were separated into our form classes. I was happy with my form because there were so many people I knew from junior school and the camps. After we were split, Ms Clancy took our form to our form class and we got to know each other, and we played some games and some team building activities.

Friday was amazing. We got our lockers and got to meet our mentors. My mentor is Isobel McCann. She is really nice and on the first day she gave me and Lucy, the girl I share a mentor with, a chocolate bar each. After this, we did a scavenger hunt with them. It was fun because we had to go

around the school and find things out. One of the questions was 'what is the number on the front of the house that we use as the music department?' it made people walk all the way down to the music building and get to know the school layout. After Friday ended, I was really excited for the next week to come.

I started the week happy with my form and my teachers. The first proper week was amazing and really calming, but as the weeks went on, we got more homework, which was tiring. The first Thursday with classes we had a First Year assembly and our First Year heads, Ms Griffin and Ms Talbot, introduced themselves and they were really nice.

As the weeks passed, I gained more and more friends, learning so many more things. My teachers were all kind and helpful. So far, first year is fun, because there are so many clubs and after school sports that I can get involved in. It has been a great experience so far, making so many memories, and I can't wait for the year to come!

TY Uisce

By Elena Gallagher

We hadn't even been in school a full week and they were already getting tired of us, so we were sent to the west coast to Coláiste Uisce or to Gartan Adventure Centre up North. From Wednesday to Friday there was not much relaxation time to be had, we had activities non-stop. The only real chance we had to sit down was the six- hour bus journey there and back.

The majority of TY were still half asleep when we met at the school at 7.15am, but after a long journey travelling to Mayo everyone became restless and we were all happy to jump up and get started. Though the enthusiasm changed slightly for some when they came into contact with the freezing Atlantic Ocean.

We spent the first two days doing both water and land activities. Out on the ocean we went swimming, sailing and paddle-boarding. Though both the sailing and paddle-boarding began relatively smoothly, they ended in capsizing, people falling into the water or voluntarily jumping, but the chaos just added to the fun. The land

activities ranged from dancing with Tura to archery to circus skills with Stephen. On the last day, we spent the morning pier jumping. It was not quite to everyone's taste, especially when it came to the bigger drop. There is something quite daunting about shuffling along a narrow wall with a 5 metre drop either side, being told to "jump far out", so you don't bash into the wall. All in all, everyone enjoyed the activities as there was something for everyone, though changing into soaking wetsuits multiple times in a day was not highly appreciated. We ended both nights with a ceili. While enjoyable, there is an element of danger when you're being swung around as fast as possible. The last night ended with a dance competition and a disco, after which everyone's exhaustion had them longing for bed.

Overall, it was a worthwhile trip as we got a chance to spend time with our friends and talk to people in the year we hadn't spoken to before. As the Irish proverb says, "Tús maith leath na hoibre", and a good start is what we got.







A Visit From Joe Schmidt

By Sally Walker

A hush descended on the Senior Hall on Tuesday 4 September as our First, Second and Third Year students extended a very warm St Andrew's welcome to Joe Schmidt, Head Coach of the Irish Rugby Team. Our librarian, Ms Ryan, had invited him to come to school to talk about his love of reading and the important place books and the written word hold in his life.

Having been an English teacher and Deputy Principal in Palmerston North Boys' High School in New Zealand, Joe ably quoted lines from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Alfred Noyes' *The Highwayman* and even the lyrics of Don McClean's song *Vincent*.

Recalling his days coaching in France he encouraged students not to be scared of taking on new challenges, such as learning a new language, and always to anticipate solutions to problems that these new challenges might create. Then work out the solution with the help of others. It had taken several phone calls to persuade Joe to come to Leinster to take on the coaching role there – a fact Joe shared with the students to demonstrate how they should never give up. He advised them to learn something new (no matter how small) every day, to do things for other people and to contribute to society.

It was while Joe was at school that he acquired his love of reading. His teacher described words as 'windows to the world and to what people are thinking'. He warned the students not to speak harshly without thinking and advised that they should choose their words carefully as you never know when you are going to have to eat them.

As a boy Joe read *Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit* and one of his all-time favourite books is *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Joe loves browsing in book shops and his favourite authors include David Baldacci, James Patterson, Lee Child and Bryce Courtenay whose books he reads to switch off and 'put his mind in a different place'. All the books Joe recommended are stocked in the library. Joe also likes poetry and one of his greatest regrets is that he never met Seamus Heaney, a regret that backs up one of his other mantras – 'don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today'. If you decide to do something or make a change in your life – just do it. The longer you procrastinate the less likely you are to carry out that change. Joe finished talking to the students by saying how it doesn't matter what you read, as long as you read.

Sound words from a sound man!



A Student's Perspective

By Aleena Manoj

On Tuesday 4 September, Joe Schmidt visited our school. He is a New Zealand-born rugby union coach and is currently the Head Coach of Ireland. He was interviewed by Ms Ryan, the school librarian and literature enthusiast. He talked to the first, second and third years. He spoke about his journey coaching rugby and devoted some time to talk about the importance of reading in his life.

He spoke about his time in New Zealand as an English teacher and how he began coaching boys in rugby as a means of getting more involved in the school's extra-curriculars. He moved on to describe his time in France as a rugby coach and his struggle to learn French. There was a significant language barrier between him and the players. However, he did succeed in the end. He shared a piece of advice that he used whenever he had to have a conversation with someone in French. "Anticipate the response, so you are prepared to respond."

I feel that this can be applied to all languages that we as students have to study. He also talked about his favourite authors and the books he was reading at the time. He recommended that we read before bed, as it is a time without distractions and it helps put you to sleep. Of course, he told us about his very unexpected move to Ireland with his family and about coaching the rugby here.

I was surprised to come out of that talk with fresh perspective on books and language. I was expecting to hear the stories of a man who coached rugby and nothing else, but it was a whole lot more than that. As young people, it can be hard to find interest in reading when it is connected to school and study in our minds. Joe Schmidt, a man that a lot of young people would admire and look up to, showed us that anyone can read and appreciate literature. The initial purpose of his talk was to promote literacy in our school and he did that quite well.



Why Reading Matters

By Robert McDermott

If you visit the basement of The Collen Building on any weekday morning between 6:45 – 8:30 or thereabouts, you'll find a dedicated group of students working with unwavering focus on their fitness and athleticism under the professional and vastly knowledgeable tutelage of Mr. Jones and Ms. Wallace. It's a heaving, bustling environment full of purpose and industry and while you won't hear Survivor's Eye of the Tiger blaring through the space (well not that often), it's not too hard to draw a comparison between what goes on in the basement of The Collen Building and the scene in Rocky where the eponymous hero runs up the 72 stone steps before the entrance of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The bottom line is it's all about effort as the various motivational posters and massages on the walls of the gym attest. Nothing will work unless you do. You're in pain anyway, you may as well get a reward from it. There comes a point where saying I can't is no longer a good excuse. Strong stuff, but then again if you want to be the next Andrew Porter, Gillian Pinder or Jordan Larmour you need to be made of strong stuff.

It was during a visit to the gym last year that I was reminded of the saying 'healthy mind, healthy body.' What struck me is how devoted to the maintenance of their bodies the gym going students are. Seeing this forced me to consider why a significant number of people in today's world prefer to put their energies into their physical health, sometimes at the expense of their mental health? As an English teacher I find myself more and more frequently dealing with students who declare themselves as non-readers. I can appreciate this. Reading takes effort. It's not for everyone, and while this rising reluctance to read is not quite at the Kanye West 'I am a proud non-reader of books' level, it doesn't require a great leap of imagination to envisage a world where this attitude becomes the norm.

The novelist E.M. Forster said 'it is a mistake to think books are here to stay. We did without them for thousands of years and may do without them again.' I agree. The physical book made of paper will be replaced by the Kindle and whatever follows that, but to think that story and poetry and words with all their magic and wonder will go the way of the dodo to be replaced by Twitter and Instagram is a worrying thought. If the limits of one's language is the limit of one's world imagine, if you will, a world where all, or almost all, communication becomes a series of soundbites and slogans because people are unwilling to read anything longer than a tweet. The saying goes that as exercise is to the body,

reading is to the mind and if you consider another room in our school, the library, I wonder how many students use it with the same fervour as those who use the gym. I cannot say, but my guess is proportionally fewer, despite the fact that like the gym, there is an abundance of expertise ready and willing to guide anyone who is willing to put in the work.

Occasionally parents ask me how to get their kids to read. I always adopt the same approach, don't force them but gently steer them into the printed word by acting as an example. Parents who read usually have children who read. There is, however, no quick fix, no magic wand but I'd ask anyone who's in danger of becoming a proud non-reader of books to consider the following: I like exercising while I'm exercising, but I usually dread the thought of it beforehand. Sometimes I try to rationalise not getting up early and doing the hard work, but every time I finish a run or a cycle or whatever it is, I'm genuinely glad I did it. If you dread the thought of picking up a book why not feel the fear and do it anyway. It may take you more than one book to find what you like, but I guarantee you will find something and hopefully it will lead to more regular reading and even a lifelong habit. Who knows, reading could even save your life one day. I promise you it will enrich it.

In my experience children who read grow up to be adults who think and in today's world being able to think with clarity and discernment is becoming increasingly important. If exercising and eating a healthy diet keeps the body in good shape, reading keeps the mind in a similar good shape. If you're not convinced by my argument consider the words and actions of the current US President and contrast them with his predecessor. One of them is a reader, the other is not. I bet you can tell who the non-reader is.

I'll leave you with this anecdote. A few years ago during a lunchtime discussion of favourite books, Ms. Devally remarked that she wished she'd never read John Irving's A Prayer for Owen Meany because she wanted to re-experience the pleasure of reading it for the first time. Think about that for a moment. If that's not a ringing endorsement of the worthwhile nature of reading, I don't know what is.



RADMUN 2018

By Thomas Kerr

In November around thirty St Andrew's students (all TYs) attended Rathdown MUN conference, as delegates from Mexico, Germany, the Netherlands and the USA. The conference ran from Friday 9 to Saturday 10. After school on Friday, students made their own way to Rathdown. Over the course of an hour, the Hub slowly filled up with delegates from various schools (Terenure, Wesley, Blackrock, High School, Mary's, The Institute), eventually totalling about three hundred people.

Nearly everyone standing round knew each other and were talking, all dressed in "western business attire": the guys in suits slightly darker and droopier than they should have been and girls in more varied outfits, but still soaked from the rain. Once a school came in they were given their folders, which included a timetable, a placard with their country's name and flag printed onto it, a "radmap", some pastel-coloured notepaper, and a thankfully self-aware "radmag" - Radmun's own conference magazine.

Around half five we all ended up into committee to start lobbying on resolutions. The first evening in my committee, Sochum,

was spent debating resolutions on Human Rights in the DPRK and on the Rights of Terrorists, neither of which passed.

On the second day, committee began at nine and wrapped up at around half two. At this point, we sat in General Assembly in the sports hall. The delegations all sat with their own countries and debated the best resolutions with the collective group acting as a single committee. Topics debated included the trade of animal products on the black market, the conflicts in North Africa, and national sovereignty versus international security.

After the UK's Security Council res passed, Richard Boyd Barrett (of Solidarity-People Before Profit) took to the podium and then the chairs started announcing the Outstanding Delegations.

Once the chairs finished, Zoë Fitzsimmons, the secgen, gave a short closing speech thanking the people that had helped organise the weekend and declared it over - a pretty good conference altogether.

Two Andrews resolutions were passed (Steve Nevin, Thomas Kerr) and another two won DD awards (Saskia Kirkland, Thomas Kerr)

On 26 October, ten students from different local schools were chosen to take part in a TEDx talk in the Dun Laoghaire Lexicon Library. Rory McPherson, one of our first year students, had the honour of getting an invite to talk at this event.

TEDx is an international community that organizes TED-style events anywhere and everywhere, celebrating locally-driven ideas and elevating them to a global stage. The idea is to have speakers who will “inform, inspire and cultivate a more open minded community, a community which can grow and become ever more sustainable and inclusive; a community in which more, not just in business, but in life itself, thrive”.

The Lexicon theatre setting was very impressive for the event, with its black backdrop and the famous red TED spot. The stage looked big and intimidating as we took our seats, but when Rory appeared on stage, he seemed to take it all in his stride.

Rory's title was 'Small steps to confidence'. He started out with the quote “you miss 100% of the shots you do not take” and he went on to discuss how so often the fear of

failing holds us back from even trying - when really, what is there to lose? Nelson Mandela once said “you either win or you learn”. Rory's message to us was: ‘just go for it’ and try something new. Then, plan the small steps that will take you towards your goal. As you start taking those steps you begin to gain new confidence, which will facilitate some success and, with each success, you develop confidence in yourself. Then, find something new to try and the cycle continues.

Rory's performance was impressive and his message inspirational. It will soon be available to watch on <https://www.tedxunlaoghaire.ie/>.

We asked Rory some questions:

How long did it take you to write your speech?

‘I was asked to do the talk at the end of June and between then and the end of September we had a couple of workshops to help us write and edit. To do the first draft it probably took me about an hour and then I had to edit it.’

How were you feeling walking out on stage?

‘I felt fine, I knew that my speech was well-prepared and that I knew it well. I wanted to do it and after months of preparation I knew I could nail it.’

How do you feel now?

‘I feel very proud. I'm glad I was given the opportunity and I'm glad I took it. It took a long time to perfect, but at the other side I am very proud of what I've accomplished.’

TEDx
DúnLaoghaire

A Sky Painted Gold by Laura Wood is everything you might want in a book. My interest was captured by the blurb; it has a sort of mysterious element to it that draws you in. The story itself is set in 1929 in Cornwall, where society had more traditional expectations when it came to how a woman lived her life. However, Lou (the main character) goes against society and decides she wants something for herself; she does not want the sole purpose of her life to be what everyone else thought it ought to be. This itself makes you love the character, she is already an inspirational figure.

After many years the Cardews, a family known for their grandeur and elaborate parties, arrive back to their house in Cornwall. Not only are they the talk of the town, they are also a beautiful mystery. This is mainly because they are left with innumerable riches after their parents' death. This book seems inspired by *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Firstly, because both happen to be set in the 1920s and exhibit similarities in fashion, culture and even dialect. If that isn't enough, at the beginning of each part there is a page dedicated to a quote from *The Great Gatsby*. Lou is intrigued by the Cardews and their lifestyle; she finds the family hard to resist and ends up getting tangled up with them. You're probably wondering: for better or worse? Well, their world is so seductive it would be hard not to be overwhelmed. The real questions are: will she change herself to adapt to her now more luxurious



lifestyle or will she stick to her roots and not get induced by all the glamour and riches?

I found this book hard to put down, and when I did, I wanted more. Unlike many other books, this one does not leave you with a bitter taste.

Instead, it gives you room to conjure up any magical ending you desire. The author, Laura Wood, keeps the reader guessing while still giving you all the juicy details to keep you dreaming. I myself had gotten out of reading for a while and this was the perfect book to get back into. The way the characters were portrayed and the craftsmanship of it all is like no other.

I strongly urge you to read this book, you will not be sorry. The finesse with which it is written is hard to match, especially from a book that isn't as well-known as some others. I don't know about you, but my favorite part of reading a book is being so immersed in it that you feel like you are the character in it. This brings the story to life, and I am glad to inform you that this book does not fail to execute that flawlessly.

St Andrew's College Centenary Service

By Nikki Carter

100 years ago on the 11 November 1918, at 5 am, in a train carriage about 60kms north of Paris, the meeting took place which ended The Great War. It was agreed that, at 11 am, all guns would cease and World War I would end. And so it did. The war, one of the deadliest in history, had cost the lives of 9.7 million military personnel, 10 million civilians, and by 1918, the refugee population it created stood at 1.85 million. The London Times called this population a peaceful invasion. The War had destroyed Ecosystems, farms remained unworkable for years, and men returned (sometimes after months of travelling and waiting) to agricultural and economic depressions that would aid the growth of the extreme ideologies of the 20s and 30s.

Many who returned were never the same again. Suffering from what was then called shellshock, better known now as post-traumatic stress disorder. Reliving the horrors of what they had seen, heard, felt during the long years in the trenches. By 1915, the orphans in France and Belgium had reached 200,000, and were referred to as the frontier children.

By the time the treaty of Versailles was signed, Russia was communist, Germany a democracy, and Austria Hungary split into two democratic states. A German and an Italian war veteran were planning their political rise, and in Britain the chief of the Admiralty was attempting to restore his political career.

In St. Andrew's College, when the call came for volunteers, 688 men joined up, 32.8 % of the population that had left the college by 1918. Many Saint Andrew's students belonged to the IRFU and a Pals Company was formed. The Pals embarked from North Wall on 30 April 1915 and went into action in Suvla on the Gallipoli peninsula against the Turkish Army.

Ex St Andrew's Edgar Poulter described the scene, "They said look for land mines. I saw the odd fellow coming back with his leg blown off... We all began to feel a little funny in the pit of our stomachs. Only 79 of the 300 who were sent there survived. Edgar Poulter was not one of them. Edward Weatherill was another of the Pals at Gallipoli. He had gone out in the dark to dig a trench, and when he found men whose officers had been killed took charge of them. The next day he was killed by a Turkish counter attack. He was 28.

Of those that served 91 died during the war. The school contributed substantially to the chaplaincy. Of the 109 chaplains provided by the Church of Ireland Andrews gave 7.

Members of the staff at the time also suffered. Mr Johnson, an English teacher, lost his only son. Mr Lemon, known as 'Pips', lost his younger brother. The School gave generously to the Red Cross throughout, and after the war the Trustees passed a resolution for the memorial, which was unveiled on Saint Andrew's day 1921.



3MN MOCK TRIAL

By Jamie Murray

The Day it Began

On 16 May 2018, Thomas O'Brien, a local man from Dublin, was placed under arrest for breaking and entering, threatening assault and theft. The stolen item in question was the St Andrew's bronze plaque, a prize possession of St Andrew's College, Booterstown. He allegedly kept the plaque for 1 month before confessing to the authorities. He was sentenced to appear in court two days later. He was defended in court by Evan Naughton and Atlas Loutfi in the court of St. Andrew's. Luke Micallef and Ciara Schaeffer represented St. Andrew's College.

The Trial

Thomas went to court on the 18th of May in the court of St Andrew's, judged by Elena O'Connor. The trial opened with Thomas pleading not-guilty, followed by Luke Micallef, member of the prosecution, accusing Thomas of theft. Micallef, along with the second member of prosecution Ciara Shaeffer got support from the main witness of the event, Imani Antoun, a member of security at St Andrew's who saw Thomas in the act of the crime. Loutfi, the defendant of O'Brien told the court that O'Brien suffers from a disorder known as Parasomnia (a disorder that causes abnormal behaviour during sleep such as sleep walking) which caused him to do this crime while his semi-conscious was in control of his mind. Imani stated that O'Brien seemed completely conscious during the act, was wielding a large sledgehammer and threatened to attack her with it if she yelled for anyone.

These statements of sleepwalking from O'Brien's house to the school while wielding a large sledgehammer may seem ridiculous, but there have been multiple cases of people diagnosed with parasomnia walking long distances with no knowledge of it the next day.

After Antoun, O'Brien's wife, Jennifer Morris was brought as a witness. Morris has been married to O'Brien for 15 years and has a diagnosis of Tourette's syndrome. She confessed that her husband has had episodes like this and has always returned home safe. However, Morris could not provide any evidence of Thomas's diagnosis (i.e: prescription medicine). After Morris left the court, the clerk provided evidence of the sledge hammer used in the incident, with O'Brien's finger prints. The defendants had no response for the evidence.

In the final moments of the trial, the closing speech for the prosecution consisted of statements of no strong evidence of parasomnia, the fact that O'Brien kept the plaque until the day he was suspected of stealing it and the evidence provided by Antoun.

The defence's closing speech consisted of accusations of a bias witness, and stating that Thomas would never consciously be the person to steal the plaque.

After the closing speeches, the jury went away to reach a decision, but were not able to come to one. In the end, the judge was the one to make the decision and she officially deemed Thomas guilty of stealing the crest and sentenced him to 40 hours of community service. While this doesn't seem like a huge loss, there was great uproar.

Controversies in Court

During with trial, a few extreme and potentially regrettable things were said.

The defence of Thomas O'Brien took a heavy blow during the court trial and they had many controversial statements. During the witness interview, Ciara Shaffer accused Jennifer Morris of not only faking her husband's disorder but also faking her own Tourette's. A member of the defence, Atlas Loutfi lashed out at the prosecution for this statement, saying that is was making a joke of her disorder and saying that he was going to sue the court for letting Shaffer's statement slide. Along with this, Loutfi also accused the judge of being bias for the prosecution.

During Antoun's questioning, she stated she first saw Thomas's face on the security cameras, saying he looked awake. Loutfi objected to this, saying there was no way she could have seen his face on blurred, old security cameras. After the court denied Loutfi any more interruptions while Antoun questioning occurred, Loutfi said he believed the judge was bias for the witness and the prosecution.

Interviews

We at the Churchill lane post managed to get one interview out of this case, an interview with the defence member Evan Naughton:

Churchill lane post: Evan Naughton, did you go into this case with confidence?

Evan: No.

CLP: Alright then. What is it like to not be confident in a case and losing it?



Evan: It feels completely fine, because I didn't expect to win, therefore you can never feel bad when you lose it.

CLP: Are you happy that Thomas O'Brien's punishment was not as severe as it could have been?

Evan: It was about 5 times as severe as it should have been.

Evan Naughton refused to be interviewed after the point you just saw.

Nicola Walker

1967-2018

Over the many years that Nicola Walker was associated with St Andrew's College, first as a pupil, then as a teacher, she touched the lives of many people. Her death, after an illness confronted with her characteristic resilience and optimism, has left St Andrew's a poorer place.

Older members of staff have fond memories of Nicola as a likeable, enthusiastic pupil with a sunny smile. She was involved in everything: hockey, cricket, stage productions and the occasional bit of low-level mischief. Her arrival in the staffroom as a teacher of maths in September of 1992 was greeted warmly by everyone. We knew we were gaining a colleague whose qualities of empathy and enthusiasm would enrich the lives of her students and whose sense of fun would enrich the lives of the staff. She had a particular devotion to the school, making it a point of honour to attend as many hockey, rugby and cricket matches as possible. She was an active member of SACA and participated in the annual reunion dinners with her usual enthusiasm.

The quality that Nicola's friends and colleagues most frequently refer to when describing her special appeal is her 'niceness': an over-used term, perhaps, but one that is entirely fitting for her. She never had a bad word to say about anyone, preferring to overlook a person's most blatant and irritating defects and concentrate instead on the small, redeeming nugget of goodness that she was always somehow able to unearth. In conversation, she was fond of using the phrase 'in fairness...' She used it on some occasions to introduce a contrary point of view and, on others, to appeal for clemency on behalf of a pupil or colleague who was annoying others. When her illness was diagnosed in April 2017, what struck everyone was the lack of 'fairness' of having to deal with such difficult

news at such an early age.

During his moving tribute to Nicola at the funeral service in St Philip and St James' Church, Ray, her husband, mentioned that the Sunday Nicola passed away happened to coincide with a full moon. The image of gentle, heart-warming moonlight illuminating an otherwise dark sky seemed an appropriate one to invoke for someone who brought so much light into the lives of other.

The entire St Andrew's community extends its sympathy to her husband, Ray, her children, Rachel, Ellie and Scott, her brother, Alan, and her wider circle of family and friends.

Conall Hamill



Land Of A Million Bombs

By Evie Kelly

There's a southeastern country in Asia, called Laos. 236,800 square kilometres of land occupied by a population of over 6.5 million people. There is beautiful mountainous terrain, hill tribe settlements and Buddhist monasteries. There is the traversing Mekong River, cascading waterfalls and over 100 villages. But there's also 80 million—unexploded—bombs.

The United States of America, between 1964 to 1973, made their contribution to the Vietnam war. They dropped 270 million cluster munitions on neighbouring Laos. That's equal to a planeload of bombs every 8 minutes, 24-hours a day, for 9 years. This makes Laos the most heavily bombed country per capita in history.

A third of the ordinance never detonated. They continue to kill and maim innocent civilians to this day. Over 20,000 people have been killed or injured by unexploded ordinance (UXO) in Laos since the bombing ceased. Over 40 years later, less than 1% of the munitions have been destroyed.

Over half of all confirmed cluster munition casualties in the world have occurred in Laos. Imagine, every day you walk to work. You take the familiar route. Except this is not a route of choice. This is the only way to get from A to B without risking your life. One foot outside the designated path could be fatal. One mis-step and it triggers an explosive left 45 years previously. A bomb that shouldn't even be there, never mind active. This is the daily life of a civilian living in Laos.

Former President Barack Obama, who attended the ASEAN Summit in Laos, said the United States has a "moral obligation to help Laos heal" and that the "remnants of war

continue to shatter lives". Current President Donald Trump is yet to comment on the Laos bombing.

"He was digging in the ground. He found a cluster bomb. He hit it. And it exploded". These are the recollections of 35 year-old Lumngen. Her father was left brain damaged. Now, Lumngen is the leader of a bomb clearance team for an international charity. Her team is stationed around the Mekong Basin and focus on locating and safely detonating these munitions. Lumngen and her taskforce have managed to destroy 28,000 of these devices. Laos fights exhaustively everyday against the legacy of the bombing. Despite the danger, the vast majority of people still farm the land. People like Lumngen have chosen to risk their lives to keep their country safe. Often, in poverty-stricken Laos, these bombs are sold for scrap metal or worse.

Is it really up to people like Lumngen to take responsibility for these dangerous explosives? Or should the twenty-first century United States of America accept liability? And liberate Laos, once and for all, The Land of a Million Bombs.



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