



# Senior Issue

The Dart commemorates the class of 2005



# THE DART

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## Advisories give their final farewells

Mollie Esposito  
Copy Editor

Last Tuesday, students and advisors gathered to say goodbye to the seniors. They ate, exchanged gifts and reminisced about the time they had spent together.

Advisories are STA's alternative to homerooms. Students from all grades gather daily for announcements, and many hold parties throughout the year to celebrate assorted occasions.

For Ms. Theresa Wallerstedt's advisory, the planning started on Senior Skip Day. She addressed her advisees after announcements to talk about senior gifts. The sophomores and juniors tried to remember what they had given last year's seniors. In the past, Wallerstedt recalled, her advisees had made blankets for their seniors. They had also made emergency Rotel kits, a tribute to the advisory's past parties in which Rotel was always present.

In addition to gifts, Wallerstedt's advisory had to plan for food. When they returned from Senior Skip Day, Wallerstedt asked her seniors what type of food they would like to have for Tuesday's advisory party. The seniors took a second to think it over. They settled on a cookout, like the previous year's party.

On May 3, juniors from Wallerstedt's advisory arrived early to help prepare food and gifts. Carly Thoma-Perry decorated the paper tablecloth with the names of the seniors.

Wallerstedt's seniors sat at the head of the table, talking about their wishes for the future and their time at STA.

Seniors in other advisories shared feelings about how unreal their graduation seemed.

"It was fun," senior Camille Kimbrough said of Ms. Betsy Hansbrough's advisory party. "We sat there and laughed about the last four years. It was kind of sad though. I realized that I would never ever go back to advisory again."

The girls also talked about the friends they would have to say goodbye to.

"It's hard," Kimbrough said. "It's really hard. You spend so many years with these people, and then it's over. You think, 'I'm not going to see you again until our 10-year reunion.'"

The students also talked about college and where they would go from there.

"Everything is changing," said senior Jessica Johnston of Mr. Craig Whitney's advisory. "You have to get used to everything again."

Kimbrough feels that it will be hard for her to leave STA.

"I'm really going to miss this place," she said. "I'm going to miss the traditions and the teachers. I'm going to miss coming to the campus everyday."

Senior advisory parties were not only a time to eat and exchange gifts, they were also a time to look back at years past and reminisce. Wallerstedt's advisory recalled memories of the times they had shared with this year's seniors and last year's seniors, starting traditions and preparing to say goodbye to their friends. During the farewell parties, advisories celebrated the friendships they had made and welcomed the start of something new.



Kathleen Pointer

Seniors Laura Brewer, from left, Merritt Lee, Maggie Mullane and Megan Kelly say their goodbyes after advisory parties on Tuesday, May 3.

## Seniors choose alternative futures

Jessica Closson  
Staff Writer

Next fall, the seniors will be moving on to college. While most students attend schools where freshman year is full of basic courses, such as literature and mathematics, some have chosen to take a nontraditional path.

Senior Amy Kuhnlein will venture off to Mercyhurst College in Erie, Pennsylvania to attend the Institute for Intelligence Studies.

"The Institute is built to train students to analyze and process incoming information from the government," Kuhnlein said.

Kuhnlein decided to go to Mercyhurst after attending a forum in Washington D.C. where she first learned about government security. Her uncle, who used to work in the White House, was an influence on her as well. Mercyhurst trains its students to work with another country's security and help with issues like terrorism or nuclear weapons.

"For the freshman project, you research other countries' securities and make a new security program," said Kuhnlein. "Then you go to the embassy of one country and they test your program, and possibly use it later."

Mercyhurst offers a Bachelor's degree of Art in Intelligence Studies and a Master of Science in Applied Intelligence. The main goal of the program is to prepare students to work for the CIA, FBI or NSA [National Security Agency].

Kuhnlein had some hesitations, however, in deciding whether or not Mercyhurst was the place for her to go.

"I really enjoyed writing, and after the Student Production [Kuhnlein co-wrote

and directed "Mission Improv-able"] I might like to do something with writing," she said. "I know comedy and terrorism are so opposite, but I guess I will just stay the four years at Mercyhurst and see if I like it."

While Kuhnlein is studying how to tackle terrorists and improve the safety of the world, senior Angela Garozzo will be attending Kansas State University in preparation for her hospitality education at Cornell University School of Hotel Administration in Ithaca, New York. Cornell has an on-campus hotel, The Statler Hotel, which the students help run. Garozzo applied to seven schools, all with hospitality programs, but Cornell was her first choice.

"I applied early decision, which is binding to Cornell and I would have known in December if I was going there," said Garozzo. "But I was deferred and put in the regular pool of applicants and would not know until April I like everyone else. They said my application was good and I was a good student, but it just was not as strong as those Cornell usually accepts. So I was given a guaranteed transfer acceptance and will start [my hospitality education] at Cornell in fall 2006."

Garozzo said that at first she was irritated and thought that transferring was not an option, but soon realized what she would be missing if she stayed at another school.

"Cornell is the best hospitality [program] in the world; it is known all over as the best," said Garozzo. "At first I thought it was ridiculous that Cornell asked me to transfer in and I did not want to sacrifice my freshman year, but

they are very selective and it will be a great opportunity for me to go there eventually."

Despite her setback, Garozzo has high spirits for KSU, where she will only take basic freshman year courses.

"Cornell does not want me to take any of KSU's hospitality courses, only the regular or required freshmen courses," said Garozzo. "I am glad I am going to KSU though next year; I am not ready to go all the way to the east coast yet. I think I would be very sad right now if I knew I was to go this year."

Like Kuhnlein and Garozzo, senior London Tatum is taking a nontraditional path by attending Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts. Hampshire is a member of the Five College Consortium in Amherst, meaning that students can attend classes at the other four member colleges while at Hampshire, and vice versa. However, Hampshire evaluates its students on their work of three Divisions, each three semesters long, while the other schools in the Consortium use a grading scale.

"I love STA, I love the people there, and I love to work hard and challenge myself," said Tatum. "But I feel that the system [at STA] doesn't work well for me. When I have an A, I slack off and my grades fall. Hampshire measures a person through extensive evaluations: opinion of work versus a shallow grade."

Each student works with the faculty members to create her area of concentration, built specifically for each individual. Students take eight classes per semester, including classes that are not a part of their concentration. By Division III, the last stage of a student's learning

process, a student is required to prepare a project, namely a thesis, anthology or even a short film or experiment, depending on what area of concentration the student has chosen.

"Hampshire is like going to graduate school as an undergrad," said Tatum, referring to the amount of work each student has to put in and the experiences they are able to have due to the style of the school.

Tatum has chosen to concentrate on Cognitive Sciences, particularly Neurological Engineering, where she can focus on emotions and how to improve cognition of mental disorders. She will also attend a single-sex school, Smith College, to study Latin, in which she will be given a grade.

"Students are not completely removed [from traditional educations]; they still have grades and tests," said Tatum, pointing out that students still have opportunities to study at the other four colleges where grades are given. "You are still reminded to study and how to take tests."

After Hampshire, Tatum hopes to attend graduate school at Yale and eventually become an entrepreneur. She would like to open an organization to help others understand those with mental disorders and teach them how to work with the disabled.

These three seniors have unique futures ahead of them, and many others will endeavor in interesting things too. They have plans that will take them closer to their ultimate life goals, but whichever path they choose, they will each be able to say that it all started at the Academy.



Kathleen Pointer

Seniors Elizabeth Murray, left, and Leslie Herring reminisce in the quad on Tuesday, May 3.

The Class of 2005 will graduate on May 15, 2005 at 2 p.m. at the Bartle Center. The Baccalaureate Mass is 10 a.m. in the STA auditorium and the Graduation brunch is 12 p.m. at the Kansas City Marriott Downtown.

# NOON

## STA says goodbye to seniors

Bittersweet farewell Staff members relate high school to "Wonder Years"



Kathleen Pointer

Seniors Katie Kelly, left, and Jessie Holbrook embrace as they enjoy their last yard day at STA on May 2.

# CLASSES OF



*"If we could sell our experiences for what they cost us, we'd all be millionaires." Abigail Van Buren*

**Mr. Eric Thomas**  
Newspaper Advisor

One click of a mouse is easy enough. A child's pinky finger could do it. On Tuesday, April 26, five hands pressed down to make one mouse click, sending the final issue of the 2004-2005 *Dart* to the publisher. The girls who were still at school at 11:15 p.m. were a bit relieved to be done. The editors cheered as the progress bar neared 100 percent of the issue sent. The nostalgia of the last pages brought some tears as well. After three years on staff, after collecting every issue of *The Dart* since their freshman year, after thousands of words in journalism stories, after two dozen issues, these seniors were done.

Their legacies and accomplishments are boggling as I look back. In 2002, when a handful of girls from the class of 2005 were first year staffers, the paper looked much different.

From those beginnings when eight pages seemed like a huge task, these seniors created an award-winning broadsheet newspaper. The girls create designs that are original and innovative. The photographs portray honest and vivid moments. Our writers research with honesty and depth. And most importantly, the paper is vital — students, teachers and parents read.

Universities will be blessed to have them. To those girls who study journalism — especially at MU — I know that your future is bright. Among these 14 students, I see incredible writers, designers and photographers.

This year's 14 graduating seniors on *The Dart* staff started in two places with me. As sophomores, a few of them were first-year staffers, huddled in the back of the room on the first day, unsure of what to make of the teacher, the class and the older classmates. Some were unsure what to make of themselves. A larger pack of these girls started in the journalism class. These girls were the queens of the classroom otherwise filled with sheepish freshmen. They were bold, telling me how class "should be" (Yes, Cierra, this pop quiz will be 35 points). From that separate start, the staff congealed to create a serious and hoisterous crew.

Every evening, a cleaning crew walks through the M&A building. They pick up plastic water bottles left in English classrooms, mop the scuff marks from the tiled hallways and empty the trash cans. On many nights before *The Dart* went to press, they found our editors laughing and creating in the Journalism room well past 10 p.m.

A few Tuesday nights ago, they must have wondered why one click of a mouse brought such a loud cheer. The answer: because five hands clicked that mouse together.

In response to an April 28, 2005 story "Lack of diversity seen in faculty," principal of academic affairs Nancy Hand wrote: "The STA administration actively works to recruit minority teachers. The school advertises in various metropolitan newspapers and follows a non-discrimination policy. We have asked board members to help in our efforts to recruit minority teachers. Currently, three percent of the teachers are people of color."

**Dear Dart Staff,**

I want to correct an error appearing in the March 10, *Dart* on STA's cultural diversity efforts. Toward the end of the article, a student was quoted saying Ms. Hoecker and I were too busy to discuss the MEET Club proposal. The article neglected to include that on the request of three students, Mr. Whitney, Ms. Hoecker and I met with these students for two hours over a series of three meetings. Our discussion centered on STA's participation in the MEET club. The group of students presented a list of ideas they wanted to implement. We fully supported this initiative but explained that we have an organization available for the students to implement all of the activities. For the student to imply that we didn't have time is an error.

While I understand the student's disappointment with STA's decision to decline participation in MEET, at the meeting we did invite the group to acknowledge and celebrate any ethnic or racial group they were interested in. Three or four years ago, STA did participate in a MEET activity at Rockhurst. After a short potluck dinner, our students and I watched Rockhurst High School students play basketball. As exciting as that was, I declined further participation.

Thank you for this opportunity.  
Sincerely, Mr. Fud

**Ali Ryan & Kathryn Fitzsimmons**

In the fine show "The Wonder Years," it was said, "memory is a way of holding on to the things you love, the things you are, the things you never want to lose." As we are wrapping up our four years at STA, we are faced with tons of memories. Each memory combines with the next, creating the core that makes this school so great. It's memories like those that tear us up inside at the thought of leaving.

STA is a place unlike any other. It has become a part of us, a place that has become our home. We leave it with

It's memories like those that tear us up inside at the thought of leaving.

—Ali Ryan & Kathryn Fitzsimmons

memories of Ann Stacy's comments, the ongoing quest to find tampons in the bathroom, Mr. Sirridge and his Sonic guys, the chocolate fountain at Prom, Claire Tracy, unshaven legs, walking to check-in every morning, Gary, the constant departing, Bob Saget and other various publications inside jokes. We'll remember Mr. Thomas's room, our obsession with Diet Coke, being kicked out of the library, the infamous "pant," QT trips before, during, and after school, the water balloons thrown off M&A during annual yard days, late-night dance parties in the parking lot and stiff, waterproof skirts.

Thank you STA for the memories only you could provide. Thank you for the last four years. Thank you for the chance you gave us to be Stars. Shine on, Stars, shine on.

## Drama teacher recollects previous four years

**Ms. Shana Prentiss**  
Drama Teacher

*"Okay, relax. You can do this. You're an actor. They're just teen-age girls. How bad can it be?"*

These were the thoughts pulsing through my brain four years ago on the morning of my first day of school at STA. Like many of you, I entered the halls of St. Teresa's Academy excited, hopeful and scared out of my mind! See, it was not just my first day of teaching EVER! Some of you may not have known it but that first day of school marked the beginning of a new life for me. In many ways I too was a freshman learning the ins-and-outs of St. Teresa's, and my journey over the last four years has mirrored that of yours. No, I have never taken a Chemistry test or worried about whether my shirt was tucked in. Instead, I have spent the years establishing my identity as a teacher and defining my role in this community. I can tell you that definition is very different today than it was on that first day four years ago. That first day I was completely focused on the subject of theatre and being a "teacher." I was so concerned about being respected and, believe it or not, a small part of me actually hoped students would fear me. Of course, this is funny to me now, but at the time it was serious business. I thought I knew everything I needed to be an effective teacher. I thought, "I am a strong, confident woman and I have a BFA in Theatre, what more could I need?" Boy

was I naive! Little did I know the test I was about to face — a test that shook the nation, changed our lives and impacted the way I would look at my job forever.

The first few weeks of school were spent getting to know each other. I remember consciously trying to get you all comfortable with each other while at the same time getting you to trust me. In many ways I had no idea what I was doing. I bombarded you with information to prove my credibility. I spent hours preparing for the next day's lessons. I had handouts, notes, "witty" stories and illustrations. I had everything that I had learned in Teaching 101. I was just getting to the point where I thought, "Maybe I can handle this job. I don't think I am screwing them up too badly. I haven't sent anyone screaming to therapy yet."

Then an announcement came over the speaker. The date was September 11 and a plane had crashed into the twin towers. Of course, we all thought it was an accident, surely it was a mistake, but as the hours unfolded we knew that indeed it was no accident. I can't express the confusion, anxiety and exhaustion I felt when the reality of what had happened hit me. I wanted to go home. I wanted to curl up in my husband's arms, hold my son close to me and never let go. Then another realization hit me. I had 20 sets of eyes looking to me for answers. I had 20 girls looking up needing me to tell them that everything was okay. I was asked questions like, "Mrs. Prentiss,

are we going to die?" And "Mrs. Prentiss, is there going to be a war?" "What's going to happen next?" and I had no idea. Suddenly every insecurity I had ever had about becoming a teacher came rushing to the surface. I thought, "I don't know." "Why are you asking me?" "I don't know anything!" "What am I doing here?" I wanted to run out crying. I thought I had made the biggest mistake of my life. Here we are in a national crisis and I had no idea what to do to help these girls. I had no lesson plan for this. We never learned this in Teaching 101. I was on my own...and I was clueless.

It was at this moment I realized that being a teacher wasn't just about lesson plans, or homework, or notes. It was about the student. I looked into your eyes and for the first time I think I really saw you. I saw your fear and I realized that we were in this together. So I did the only thing I could think to do. I turned off the lights, put the desks in a circle and said, "Let's talk." I had no idea what to say and frankly, I don't think it was really important that I say anything. What mattered was that I listened. For the first time, I really listened. We spent the day discussing our fears and confusion. Some of us cried. Some of us were too numb to do much of anything.

Most of that day is a blur to me, but what I do remember is the look on your faces. As much as I wanted to go home and be with my family I knew that I was needed here. And I realized for the first time I was a member of another family, one just as im-

portant to me as my own. Even if I didn't have the answers, I was here and nothing was going to pull me away from you.

From that day on I knew that my job went beyond relaying facts. Yes, I need to teach you Shakespeare, but I also need to comfort you when you fight with your best friend. Yes, I need to prep you for your test, but I also need to celebrate your getting your driver's license. Yes, I am here to teach you, but there is so much to be learned from you. By opening myself up to you, I have seen true beauty. This openness has provided me with so many memories that I will cherish forever. I will remember hugs from Mandy, learning not to fight hugs from Kate, private dances from Andrea and love notes from Lode. I will remember the chills that I get when Laura sings and the swell in my heart when Chandler performs. I have cried with you and laughed until I cried with you. We have shared late night rehearsals. I have experienced new levels of pride because of you. It is hard for me to imagine the halls of STA without you. You have been my constant over the last four years. As your time here comes to an end, know that you will always hold a special place in my heart.

The class of 2005 will always be my first class — my babies. Your faces will be the images I see when I remember September 11 and my early years at STA. I will forever be thankful to you for all you have taught me and for helping me understand what it means to be a teacher.

## HOW TO...

**Ms. Ann Langworthy**  
Managing Editor

The era is over. After four lengthy years, we are finally moving out from under the protective wing of the Academy. She has been the mother hen, sitting on her eggs to make sure they are nice and warm and, after four years of a little incubation action, we are finally ready to hatch.

Yes, we are eggs in that scenario. But true to her promise, the Mother Hen has shaped us into strong, independent, confident young...ladies?

Can someone who wears their under-pants over their real pants be referred to as a lady? Or someone who runs around pulling pranks on people with a little doll named Gary? What about their accomplice who tripped over a little orange fence during an evacuation after a prank-gone-bad? Is she a lady? Most definitely.



## Remember the Academy

We are the ladies who wear their sports bras over their T-shirts. We cry at the drop of a hat, or sound of a certain "eyes song." We scour the vending machines for Diet Coke and chocolate slightly ironic, but whatever.

We are the ladies who love to laugh. We call each other "cutie" or "beautiful" or one of several other names that cannot be printed, but all are said with the same tone of love and affection. We sleep together during our "unstructured mools."

We go on QT runs together. We are the ladies who scream across the quad salutations of good morning each day. We tackle each other in the hallways. We know the Napoleon Dynamite dance. We can think of creative things like, "Prom. Simply the best."

We have '05 pride. We are the ladies who throw impromptu dance parties in the parking lot. We idolize Bob Marley and Bob Saget, otherwise known as the Bols.

But most importantly, we love each other. When one of us is down, there is always a lady by our side, ready to lift us back up. We have each other's backs. If a boy is mean to one of us, we all hate him. Just kidding...sort of.

We have become sisters. Friends, I have come to love each of you for your own signature quirks, your personality and heart. I am a better person for the time I have spent with you.

Next year we will be on our own. Although an old friend is just a phone call away, it will never be the same. But we should view this transition as a challenge,

not a catastrophe. We will be given the opportunity to introduce new people to the humor of a St. Teresa's alum. (It's pretty strange to think of ourselves as alumnae.) Next year we will be spread across the entire country. We will have girls from New Orleans to New York, spreading the STA spirit. We can infect the world with our charm. We are a ridiculously good-looking class. How many St. Teresa's girls does it take to fix a light bulb? Just one because they are so hot, they radiate light.

Although we all look towards our futures with excitement, this transition is bittersweet. While we move forward within our independent lives, we are closing our shared chapter of high school at STA. We should be proud of the time we have spent together at the Academy. The bond we have formed will last the rest of our lives. That's a little scary/creepy, but it's true.

May 12, 2005

PHOTO POLL: This is your one chance to be quoted in *The Dart*. What would you, like to say?

Ann Holland Stacy



"I revoke any previous statement pertaining to eating puppies and/or babies as some claimed they have heard."

Ann Langworthy

"I like smiling! Smiling's my favorite!"



Ali Ryan



"Mr. Thomas, were you a loser in high school?"

Tyler Yarbrough

"This won't be the last time the Dart will hear from me. I will write letters to the editor for every issue. I will not be silenced."



Caroline Findlay



"So, Donald Duck never wore pants. But when he gets out of the shower, he puts a towel around his waist. I mean, what's up with that?"

Rachel Straughn

"Take those whites back down there!"

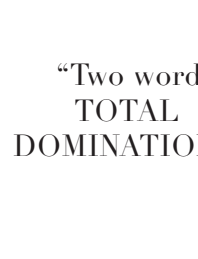


Chandler Domian



"Just pick up the phone, dial and ask for the interview. You can do it!"

Maggie Mullane



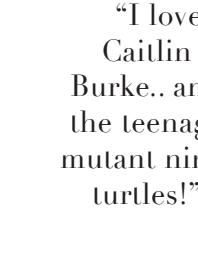
"Two words: TOTAL DOMINATION!"

Cierra Obioha



"I've said it all now it's time to do it all."

Alex Hercules



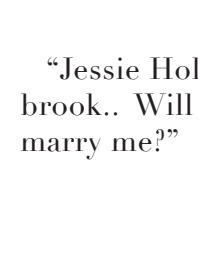
"I love Caitlin Burke.. and the teenage mutant ninja turtles!"

Leslie Herring



"So I left my house at 2:30 last night... who wants to heat it up in the back of the room?"

Kathryn Fitzsimmons



"Jessie Holbrook.. Will you marry me?"

Katie Hembree



"Mr. Thomas? I have a question..."

## Controversy in Sports

### Everything I love about STA

Caroline Findlay  
Co-Sports Editor

Let's start from the very beginning. St. Teresa's called my name the moment I drove onto the snow-covered campus on a fateful December morning in 2000. I literally fell in love with an inanimate object. I have no idea what it was — maybe it was the East coast-like buildings, the white blanketed quad, or the amazing gym, but I was set on attending this fine Academy right then and there.

The rest of the story is pretty much history because I ended up here, right? But let's just say the parental units were not too pleased that I wanted to go to a private, all-girls, Catholic high school that was seven thousand dollars a year and 30 minutes away from my house. But I wiggled my way past the Placement Test, the waiting list, and my parents in order to live out the best four years of my life.

I am going to miss everything about this fabulous escuela that we all attend (well maybe not the microwaves). We take so much for granted, but many of you know I am a little obsessed with STA. (I have said that I will move out of Kansas City after I graduate, but when my first daughter is set to enter high school, I will move back to good 'ol K.C. to send her here!) And many of you seniors may

Next year will not be the same for any of us...

not be quite as sad as I am to be departing, but let's all face the facts that this is a pretty amazing school.

A few months ago during our senior retreat, my small group was going around in a circle and picking questions out of an envelope to answer: My question was, "What do you like most about STA?" I just started gushing. I love the few yard days we get each year, the hard wood floors in M & A, fries in Thomas's room, the golf team, our class rings, the yearbook/newspaper rivalry, Ms. Hoecker's announcements, student productions, Mr. Serridge's enthusiasm, rolling out of bed every morning, Sion games, the green seal, activities with Dolan, all-school masses, SAGA's annual picnic. Fud's socks, the select amount of KU fans, the Campus Ministry work room and lastly our hot plaid skirts

I want to thank each and every one of you for enhancing my time here at STA. You all have made my high school experience indescribable. I will miss all the students and teachers, but specifically the seniors. How am I going to go to college without Kaitlin O'Malley's hilarity or Ann Lang's giggle? What about Eli's weird doll obsession or Heather's dry sense of humor? I will miss Chandler's beaming smile and Tyler's way of making everyone feel important. Will I be able to live without Rose and Amy's random acts of craziness; what about Candace's undying kindness, Kathryn's feet stomping, Amen's sarcasm, Katie Kelly's goofiness, Angela's voice, Emily Lodigensky's multiple talents and simply Ann Stacy.

Next year will not be the same for any of us, but if I can start to get excited about the future, so can everybody else.

Thank you, STA, for making me the person I am today.

*The Lasts* list. When the remaining days at STA is single digits, occurrences that students formerly viewed as a common hassle now toss emotion into the pot and stir it Bob-Marley style.

"Let's talk about how this is our last Friday," a student said during class. "Let's not!" a girl exclaimed. "Today I was driving to school thinking about how it was my last Wednesday to drive to school. I started crying, I mean flat out bawling," a senior said. "I drive to school the same way every day, and this was my last Wednesday."

The core of being an STA girl still appears with the plaid pieces of perfection, the ultra-comfortable STA emblazoned sweaters, and white polo shirts with an often-bleached STA. Of all the rebellions against the uniform, of all the uniform fines over the past four years, of all the times we have rejoiced when we had an out-of-uniform day, of all the times we complained about the pant we can and cannot wear, a transformation happens during the last week seniors wear their uniforms. Girls are remorseful

## beyond cool

Rose Dillon  
Features Editor

St. Teresa's, or as many would say, the fine Academy, is more than three buildings and a lot of grass, and it's more than an institution. It's a concept, a feeling, a shared language. It's one of those things that you can't describe until you're far, far away and can finally see all the ways it's affected you. It's a state of mind.

St. Teresa's is the only school where being truly yourself is valued; self-knowledge and acceptance make people popular; instead of how much you scare people into being nice to you. There are no "Mean Girls" here.

This school didn't change me. Instead, it allowed me to become who I've always been. And as this column has tried to show readers this year, it's impossible to be cool if you're faking it.

What specifically is cool about St. Teresa's Academy? The fact that we don't shave our legs unless we have to, the way we're completely unashamed of those absolutely normal bodily functions that a lot of people refuse to talk about (anyone have a tampon?), and the way that even those of us who don't call ourselves feminists will make Pat Dunlay proud when we enter the workforce.

This late in the year, even the freshmen have quit putting on a show, for the most part. It takes the pain and sleep deprivation that is chemistry class to force us fully into our selves. When you can barely think, you don't have the energy to pretend to be someone else.

This place has all the ingredients to make (okay, allow) us to be who we are: a little too much homework, no one to impress and, of course, the uniform.

Being required to wear the same clothes to school every day for four years forces us to find another way to express ourselves. Even from far away, we don't all look the same — we are separate and unique, and you can tell that by the way we walk as much as you can tell by the plaid that we attend classes on the Windmoor campus. We're also a bunch of walking SBRs. But if you're sneaky enough, Principal of Student Affairs Ms. Mary Anne Hoecker might not notice.

Administrative nitpicking aside, we're given a lot of freedom here. When we do leave, we're ready to face people who wash their hair, and we're prepared to show them that sleep is more important than a perfect coif. In fact, with the time saved by neglecting personal hygiene, we could all write novels that would change the world.

As Beyond Cool says goodbye for the last time, there's expectation in the air. You didn't need this column to tell you what is and isn't cool, because you already know (seriously, though, I will come back to lay a smack-down if y'all wear mom pants). I know that you'll carry on the tradition of awesomeness that defines this crazy place we call a school. Don't let anyone rag on it; they're just jealous that we have unstructured mods.

*Deo adjuvante non timendum*, ladies. With God, we need not fear, or something reasonably close to that. And with the guidance (even if it is annoying guidance like, "Tuck in your shirt, dang it!") of our teachers and the encouragement of our classmates, we've got nothing to fear. Not now, not ever. We'll always be Catholic school girls; embrace it.

## What's - REALLY- Goin' On

### Advice for the future

Tyler Yarbrough  
Copy Editor

You may know me well. For some, you might know my face. If this is the very first time you have opened *The Dart*, you may not know my name or face. For others, you may not even know me at all. I strive to write with an element of universality, so that all might be able to connect with what I am saying. I am leaving this letter for you. This is my remnant, the only tangible thing I leave behind - the rest are memories that lie in the minds of a select few.

I have learned about myself through-out these past four years. I have formed bonds that I hope will extend beyond May 15. In such a rigorous learning environment, I have struggled through chemistry and I used to have nightmares about leaving my College Comp log at home on the day Mrs. Dunlay collected them. But most times I felt like I was floating on a sea of opportunity, constantly embracing successes while forgetting failures. Around 140 young women graduate from STA every year, some remembered, others simply a vague image in our minds, while the rest are forgotten completely. It doesn't matter whether you remember me or not, but I hope that you never forget my words. I won't pretend to know everything or anything for that matter, but from my experiences, the following work best if you are trying to grow and change:

**Trust yourself.** When you trust yourself and your abilities, you learn that confidence will be your armor in any situation. When you doubt yourself, you will always fail because you haven't even succeeded in your own heart.

**Dream.** Langston Hughes advised people, "hold fast to dreams." Dreams will help you soar above the rest and still maintain humility. People will always give you reasons (or rather excuses) why you shouldn't dream. Having lofty goals only strengthens character and helps to understand how the world turns: we will fall, but we must get back up and aim higher.

**Don't have regrets.** There's no time to waste on past situations. Rather than sit around in a free whining, plan your next move. We make mistakes — so with that knowledge, we must push forward. The Sankofa bird looks back, but its body flies forward and that is how we all should be. We should look backward to mend the mistakes of the past, but continue to move forward.

**Let it Go.** All that is harmful in your life, let it go. If anything is bringing you down, now is a good time to let it go. If you are friends with someone who brings you down and is constantly darkening your spirits, shrug them off and let them go. In order for you to grow, you must cultivate your soil and establish healthy habits and relationships. Don't sacrifice your spirit for anything. Be happy and stay free.

I hope that I have been able to speak to someone's heart. Always remember to grow; if you don't change you won't grow and if you don't grow, you won't expand. Don't stunt your growth. Life is too short to remain a bush when the world around you is filled with trees. Discover yourself. Know yourself. Then, be yourself. Always remember that I care about you and that you will forever be in my heart (even if I don't know your name).

## OVERHEARD: Round II: Saying Good-bye to STA

Ann Stacy  
Editor-in-Chief

Before 8 a.m. Aug. 27, 2001, I left 622 West 57th Terrace for 5600 Main. With my backpack hugging my frame, I ambled toward Wornall wondering how am I starting high school?

A little before 1 a.m. May 2, 2005, I sit in front of my computer. In my procrastinator style I waited until the early hours of the morning to begin my final column. For many past papers and projects my slacker-like behavior was due to a lack of interest. For this, my fingers hesitate to type because I am preoccupied. I am too busy thinking how am I leaving STA?

As we turn those little calendar pages in our planners, seniors begin the countdown until the end of the year. We all know Fra-w from "Austin Powers II"

begins the countdown at 30, but around STA, girls begin much earlier. Some get antsy after Spring Break, some at the semester mark, and some start as they walk in the door.

"We only have four more days of school left," a senior announced to her class. "You've had that countdown going for quite some time now," a classmate responded. "Oh, I've had it since freshman year."

Fast-forward from freshman year to beginning of senior year. From this point on, seniors dub every event *the last*. There is *the last* first day of school, *the last* advisory pumpkin contest, *the last* STA/Sion game, and *the last* Mother/Daughter luncheon. Even things that are usually fun become bittersweet when *the last* precedes their titles.

"Do you guys realize this is probably our last snow day...ever?" a girl asked her friends this winter. "Oooohhh," they all responded before one girl exclaimed, "Shut up! Shut up! We're not talking about this."

At first only the big-name events make

had someone depants us in the middle of the quad; asked, "Does anyone have some Advil?" during our final painful time of cramps; given our final high-five to a friend and celebrated our Class Day.

"This is sooo weird," a senior said in disbelief. "I mean...how weird!" All that faces us now is the big day, the day we get married...wait a minute. Sorry about that, I went a bit out of control. The day to which I was referring is the big G-funk: graduation. As we wait to switch our tassels, those of us who "couldn't wait to get out" are starting to say, "I'm actually going to miss this place." Even if we don't realize it, there is good news: STA prepared us. And with us we will take some damn fine memories that we have given each other.

Before this little dude gets sappier, I better cut myself off. The only appropriate way to sign out this column is the way I began nearly two years ago: with some inspirational words from the prophet himself, Mr. Vanilla Ice.

"Yo man, let's get out of here. Word to your mother."