

Page

Contents

2	Bonnie Hathaway, Bill Currier and Sociology Surveys
3-4	Cliff White and CP World History Classroom Debates
5-6	Mr. Jack Branney, <i>Pinnacle</i> newspaper, <i>Poesy Journal</i>
7-8	A.P. US History Classes
8-9	Debate Team
10-11	Bob Hathaway, Butch Sursavage, Bus Driving
12-13	Little Havana, Photocopier Troubles
14	Mr. Blanton's Truck and Freshman Float Building
15	Dr. David Edgren, Mr. James Naruke, Residents
16-17	Weeber's, Lehman's, Miss Harden, Old Ben Lippen Stones
18 - 20	Bobby Young, Mrs. Jane Huss, CP World, <i>Billy Graham Lectern</i>
21+	Katie Currier, Bob Hess, Sherry Long, Dale Angstadt, Edna Larkin, and others
23	Mr. Janosik, Mr. Register, Mr. Suber, Trust Bell & <i>The Exodus</i> <i>In Memoriam: Mr. Dick Houser, Mr. Steve Caswell p. 7</i> <i>Mr. Darryl Andrews p. 14</i>



Dr. Jack and Mrs. Liz Layman
Asheville, Ben Lippen Leaders



**Twenty years
at Ben Lippen,
1991 to 2011.**

by Mr. Headley

Bonnie Hathaway & The Sociology Class Surveys

Maybe I should have begun with the *Piquant Poesy* since that looms so large in my mind, but I bet the surveys about the CAFETERIA FOOD rank right up there, too. My sociology classes rocked!

Not meaning anything except the students were wildly interested in doing meaningful surveys - meaningful by their definition. And so off they went, with my blessing, examining everything and anything but applying the principles of surveying to get percentages of what folks think about this and that: like the cafeteria food.

Gosh. Some people even think that one year, the actual, published, *Food Poll* results - put in the school newspaper (the *student paper* with me as advisor only) - some people actually believe that the fairly big changes in the cafeteria next semester resulted from the public scrutiny.

May I go on record as saying our *Football Poll*, though honest in its findings - a large majority were against bringing football to Ben Lippen - the majority were just flat wrong and I was one of them.

Yes of course we all loved Mrs. Bonnie Hathaway who ruled the cafeteria and we loved Mr. Bill Currier the world's best athletic director and a true scholar-athlete with wonderful UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA credentials. The surveys were not mean and low and unloving; but they were realistic appraisals. And it's always been true that some students who complained the loudest about crummy food would race to be at the head of the line to get Mrs. Hathaway's Friday french-fries!!

You know how when a sociology student would criticize me I would always hesitate a few seconds too long before responding? That pause was deadly

since it tended to bring out the critic in some students. But here's what I learned: other students *love* to be spectators to the scene of *Mr. Headley being thrown to the lions!!* And so often, I would actually just play dumb (even more than came natural) and let myself be attacked cause it was so very entertaining to all the others who often found themselves pitted against the normal boredoms of life pertaining to high school classrooms.

Truth: At least five years after graduating Ben Lippen a former student came back to (What? A football game! Homecoming, get it!! That's why the *Football Poll* and the school newspaper articles were wrong) - the former student came back to homecoming and said to me,

“Mr. Headley, some mornings the only reason I got out of bed was because I knew you and (student) _____ were going to go at it and I wanted to see what would happen.”



bird has stunned look like Mr. H. after being hit with a criticism

Mr. Cliff White & Classroom Debates

These started by accident in a CP World History class in which we were letting students argue with each other about the relative merits of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Christianity; in pre-9-11 days (What? Islam didn't matter?).

From this inauspicious beginning, students forced me into becoming interested in more formal, scholastic debates and then they wanted to go up against other schools. That is how ***The Ben Lippen Debate Team*** got its start.

I am sorry if you feel cheated that formal, classroom debates were instituted AFTER your time. But you were cheated. Even the kindly Mr. White, not given to exaggeration, used the phrase in an e-mail to me, "They were legendary in those days." He meant the classroom debates.



He meant the days when, after choosing the topic, teams, judges, and timers, we utilized either the outsized Room #108 or even the Large Group Instruction bldg. (L.G.I.) as the venue for debates like, ***Resolved:***

laws against gay behavior should be rescinded
gun ownership should be banned in America
there should be a White History month
Apollo 13's Moon Shot never really happened
Mexico should get back the southwestern United States
the government hides the truth about Area 51 in New Mexico
the Confederacy should have won the War Between the States
abortion on demand should be legal in America
America should stop trying to be the world's policeman

note: we usually warned the public that bold statements against views that are conservative are necessary for even having a debate wherein one side will vehemently disagree with the more liberal resolution - resolutions usually ask for change

For most years, the debaters were Sophomore-Freshman mixed with a small smattering of Seniors and Juniors. Quite popular, students would privilege out of academic classes and study halls to attend. Usually, we had seating for audiences of 60, and many beyond that number would sit on the floor, filling in all available space. One year in Room #108, the Old Music Room which is now in 2011 the Computer Lab, students slid open the windows and they would stand in the grass outside and lean in through the windows to watch the debates.

“In one place in the writings of St. Augustine of Hippo, the great 5th century theologian, he took note of the genius and forcefulness of unbelievers who espoused and defended error. He noted their brilliance and desperate desires to draw others into their nets.

Christians need to know the arguments of their detractors and be able to counter them or their world will be engulfed, becoming unrecognizable from the heritage of godly societies of the past.”

The Student Run Art-Lit Journal & The School Newspaper

Pinnacle

If any of my old publishers read this they know what student-run meant. Whether it was the school paper ***The Pinnacle*** or the art-lit journal - while I helped set-up the organizational chart and I would chase after any editor or proofreader or advertising agent not pulling their weight, so much responsibility was on the shoulders of the editors. Hardworking editors know who they are.

And I fully admit that some editors had inflated titles like *Executive Editor* and then they did not do as much as the *Copy Editor* who was the real power behind the publication.

When angry faculty or administrators pointed out errors in the paper or offensive ideas - that was all my fault. It truly was also all my fault that some major editors were kept on, title in place, because they were very good at only one thing: like recruiting other workers to make the publication go. I *knew* that they did not do much else beyond that. However, they already had the inflated title and they did do work crucial to the success overall.

**“Blood running through plastic tubes all over the house?
Mr. Headley, what could you have been thinking!?
Why publish a story like that at a Christian School!!”
“An article positive about gum chewing when it is illegal
at Ben Lippen. What is that all about?”**

ANNOUNCEMENT

*Never mind when: But it was a student who came up with the fine idea of using the ASHEVILLE BEN LIPPEN Mountain motif as background for a LOGO. See the school newspaper, ***The Pinnacle***. IF anybody still has a copy of the old ***Pinnacle***, the Mountain Peak theme is unmistakable on the heading. Even the headmaster’s news letter, set up later, borrowed that idea for the header. Then came later logos like it.*



Poesy

The Piquant Poesy was aptly named by students who collected beautiful pencil and ink drawings reproducible *via* camera and they extracted from sometimes less than willing students their short stories and poetry.



A Piquant Poesy student leaders decided on their own that our publication was good enough to take to competitions. There are such things. We went to one and one only competition at the University of South Carolina. And there were schools there, not only from the state, but from the Southern region.

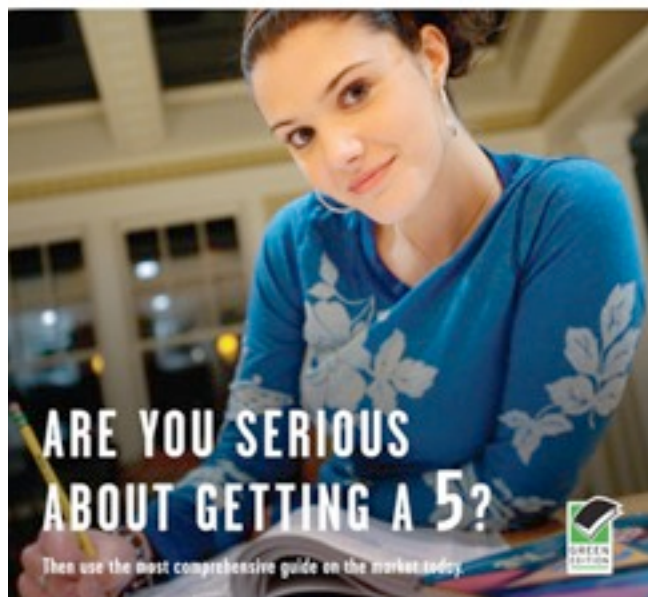
We were grateful to take **first place** in one of the competitive categories with what we affectionately called our **ARMY ISSUE**. The issue was technically called *The Ides of March* and it was March 1995, Volume III, Number 3, and it had an Army Green color and had a beautiful pencil drawing of a Julius Caesar bust on the inside cover.

They gave us a nice plaque of wood with a brass plate that had carved upon it our name and the award date, etc. This was kept on the wall in the high school library many years. And then one summer, when there were some surprise renovations, somebody did not care for this piece of school history and it went the way of all flesh.

Mr. Jack Branney's labors in the area of fine arts - encouraging many students to create beautiful art - such efforts as his made producing the **Piquant Poesy** that much easier. Thankfully, we always had wonderful assortments from which to choose.



AP U.S. HISTORY



In Memorium

We remember that Mr. Dick Houser, Ben Lippen Alumnus class of 1962, taught at BL Columbia and became the Guidance Counselor. Mr. Angstadt and Mr. Headley agreed in observing that Dick did a fine job with Guidance when he was a department of one. And back then, Ben Lippen HS had about 350 students as now.



We remember Mr. Steve Caswell, born in 1962. He was a devoted parent, Ben Lippen Board member, faithful church member. "He was all about how God changes people and that Christ died for them too not just the wealthy who give a lot or those who do great things. He really tried to reach out to those who didn't do great in life and make sure they knew Christ died for them and loves them unconditionally. He served so many lost and broken people."

Advanced Placement United States History

One of my early AP U.S. History students had the title **YES MAN** because when other students began to criticize the teacher for one thing or another, as mentioned above in the Sociology Section, sometimes the other students might be emboldened and begin to pile on. The Yes Man would shout out a loud, aggressive, "YES Mr. Headley, YOU are RIGHT!"

Quite often this would bring on laughter and defuse the tension and help the teacher and everybody to lighten up a bit. After that particular AP class, I was constantly on the search for other Yes Men and Yes Women, IF that class held very many of the natural critic types.

Mr. Fulbright, who I have always told folk, marked out the original world map in #105 [yes, I have had it restored twice in my tenure - I was in upstairs room #202 several years early in my career] - it was Mr. Fulbright who taught AP

US History upon my arrival and he is the one who started using that White Book paperback ***The American Political Tradition: And the Men Who Made It*** by the famous (or infamous) iconoclastic, neo-socialist historian Richard Hofstadter.

Problem with AP is, one cannot get a 3, 4, or 5 on the AP Board 5 point scale minus reading one's brains out - this holds true for both AP US and AP World History.

In addition to studying the major history text about America's past, we read 30 page chapters of the White Book. Most students enjoyed Hofstadter's iconoclastic approach to US history. He loved unravelling the common myths surrounding figures like Lincoln and Jefferson.

When AP history classes recently began getting giant sized (classes of 32, 25 students & so on), things changed respecting love of Hofstadter.

Everyone knows how I hate to quote movies since that is just more popular culture which we get quite enough of already; BUT, as **Forrest Gump** said,

"That's all I have to say about that."



The Ben Lippen Debate Team

Successful classroom debaters one day asked me, "Mr. Headley, why don't we start a Debate Team?" After research and recruiting we launched the first ever Ben Lippen Debate Team and joined the National Honorary Society called THE NATIONAL FORENSIC LEAGUE. Besides the National Honor Society, it is



Wish I could mention all the fun cafeteria workers and main chefs during the 20 years.

Then there are the Physical Plant workers without whom NOTHING COULD GET DONE.

Cannot begin naming all the fine Office Workers and staff over the years.

the only honorary society I know of that sponsors legal, honorary color-cords that are worn at high school graduation.

Our school quarterback joined and that helped recruiting. He was good at Student Government and he helped us one day win **a third place trophy** out of 16 schools - we admit it was a rare regional tournament with fewer big schools.

Most tournaments we attended held gigantic schools and they brought busloads of students. We usually showed up with eight or ten students at most.

Numbers Game = one cannot earn trophies - only three are given - unless several of your students do well in the same area. Most schools were much larger than ours and fielded greater numbers of students in each category, like:

One Act Plays
 Impromptu Speech
 Poetry Reading
 Student Government
 Lincoln-Douglas Debate
 Cross-X Debate



OVERNIGHTERS IN CHARLESTON AND CLEMSON AND GREENVILLE

Going to a Debate Tournament required student commitment. Often, the first set of debates were Friday night and the remaining sets were Saturday and sometimes even late Saturday afternoon. This meant leaving Ben Lippen before school was out Friday and driving home Saturday in the dark, or, stay over two nights.

We had two and three day weekend tournaments away averaging six (6) to nine (9) times per year for about five or six years. Parents [The Bush's!], administrators [Mr. Dave Bowers!] and faculty [Mr. Cliff White!] were necessary chaperones during these overnight trips.

My own dear wife, Jane, labored for years backing the debate program by chaperoning and encouraging the team and being a perennial judge of debates!



Mr. Bob Hathaway & Football and Soccer & SMF & Driving Busses

I drove more busses for Mr. Currier's soccer needs than football needs. The reason for that is because when my son played football, I was involved with family car driving to games and could not drive busses that much. My son was blessed to be on an undefeated MS team (coaches: Mr. Jay Sikkema and Mr. Mike Schreck!) - UNDEFEATED and I got to be proud Daddy for some of that. He also played varsity, Sophomore year, I believe. I do recall him tackling an opponent with much gusto and I loved the noise of the pads crunching.

I remember driving for the away game at Orangeburg Prep and being accused of driving like a grandpa on the way home. "Gosh Mr. Headley, you hold your hands at ten-and-two like an old woman!"

One football game I worked on the field and actually held the yard markers. In a moment of excitement, I headed the wrong direction and Mr. Dave Bowers or Mr. Bobby Young shouted,

"Mr. Headley! Go the other way - the other way!"

We had a good laugh about that one.



My daughter's soccer team was coached by Dr. Harris. He was quite multi-talented and busy. He was starting a side business of athletic complexes during the time. I drove soccer busses for the boy's teams too, but drove most for my daughter's team. Sometimes Dr. Harris's assistant forgot the oranges. After dropping off the girls at the gym, I'd drive to a grocery store, buy several dozen oranges, and recruit the store butcher to quarter and bag the oranges.

During breaks the girls loved to refresh themselves with orange slices.

One time, I believe it was at St. Joe's up near Greenville, we did not have orange slices again. I had noticed when I picked up the bus key from Christy Lambert (she is awesome) that the previous user left the key bent a little and it had a crack in it.

After getting the oranges at a store, I put the key in to start it and it broke off in the key hole AND it did not start!

Talk about being up a creek without a paddle.

Providentially, there was a locksmith in walking distance and within one-half hour I was on my way with a brand new key! Bit my lip gettin' that broke-off key out of the hole...just kiddin!

Mr. Robert Hathaway's Soccer Record

Students of Mr. Headley's CP World History and usually AP too hear about the 65 consecutive high school soccer wins belonging to Coach Hathaway. It is always challenging to students to hear of teams who won so much. And it challenges coaches and teachers to improve in view of his leadership and such a stellar record.

Student Missionary Fellowship with Mr. Sursavage was awesome, too

Once again, I kept my hands at ten-and-two while driving the bus for the SMF Spring Retreat or sometimes the SMF Fall Retreat. I have told Mr. Butch Sursavage before that in all my years driving busses for Debate, Football, Soccer, Baseball (a lot less) and SMF - "My heart was always in my mouth." This means I was never just relaxed and was always fearful some of being at fault driving with a busload of students. What a responsibility.



One year at Ridgehaven in North Carolina I was driving for SMF and was backing the bus into place after going on a short trip somewhere. All I did was turn the wheel sharply to cut the bus back into its proper parking lines.

Suddenly, there was a popping sound and the steering got real tight and hard to keep turning. I was about where I needed to be so I shut off the bus and looked under the hood and a major hydraulic line had split wide open.



The next step was drive to Brevard, get out a business directory, locate a parts company, etc. But it was Saturday afternoon. A part company directed me to a shop that manufactured such hoses. That shop was open still, barely, and they were going to make the hose later that day. They said come back to town Sunday morning to pick up the newly manufactured, high pressure, hydraulic hose. I did. I borrowed tools, installed the new hose, and we were ready to go back to Columbia early Sunday afternoon.

Copy Machines and Little Havana - Episode One

[a tongue-in-cheek presentation!]

If the Ben Lippen photocopy machines were cars - and we said they were in the prequel to Episode One - this place could be called Little Havana. In Cuba, the cars are like our photocopy machines: a snapshot of something frozen in time; though it is 2011, everybody in Cuba drives 1950's era Chevys and Fords and Plymouths. Remember, after Castro's 1959 communist takeover, US exports to Cuba were forbidden.

Cubans use old cars and we use old machines for about the same reason: Cubans cannot make cars or import them; we cannot make photocopy machines or get new ones.

Castro doesn't like people who suggest a change in policy. He just blames the Americans for all his problems. If it weren't for those irresponsible Americans and World Capitalism, his island would be doing much better, he sniffs.

At the Car Store (name for the school), the fault lies with the Car Drivers (teachers), of course.

But let's not dwell on the 'blame game,' and, rather, go again to the Space Program analogy. In the Space Program analogy, we assumed that readers knew the Moon was about a 200,000+ mile one-way trip. Back in the old days of the Car Store Parable, a company mechanic declared back in 2007 that one of our copiers had about 600,000 "miles" on it – meaning # of copies produced – meaning it had gone to the moon, made a few wide circles for fun, then returned with mileage left over!



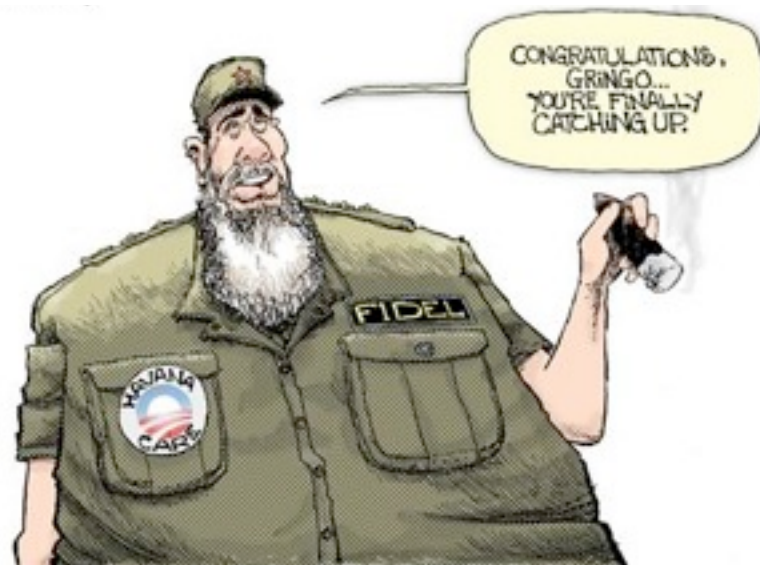
A second copier had a little over 1,000,000 miles on it. This led to a discussion of N.A.S.A.'s Jupiter Program, though, technically, a Venus Program would be closer to the mark.

Did you know that NOW, March 2011, one machine has 14,000,000 miles on it and the other has 17,000,000 miles on it? *Real* mileage in copier parlance.



Havana street 2009: 59 Plymouth Fury and 50 **Chevy** Bellaire Conv.

Castro, who never gets the recognition he should, certainly deserves an award from The Engineers of The World. His people have rebuilt 1950's era Chevys and Fords so many times that some have virtually gone the equivalent of 3,000,000 miles. This a good head start on a Venus Venture !



Meanwhile, back at the Car Store, they keep changing parts on and rebuilding machines so old that they are being secretly studied by Castro's brother Raoul. Cuban spies studying Ben Lippen's copiers dream about Cuba's first level of technological upgrade in the new, Information World. Remember, in happy Havana they like old things. Why would Cubans get new copiers when they can imitate what they do with their cars and constantly maintain and repair old ones?

Mr. Blanton's Old Truck, Fireworks & Freshman Floats

Almost all the years of Kick-Off Kapers and float building with Freshmen were quite exciting overall. The worst memory is not too awful: One year I stapled my thumb bad; don't recall how - but working on the float - and my thumb was numb for about five months.

One of the best memories is perhaps the first year I volunteered to help the Freshmen. We got permission to use my pick-up truck as the platform for a moving fireworks display.



The reason why I show this brownish 1980 Chevy pick-up above is because this was its color when it was up on Ben Lippen Mountain in Asheville. If anybody from Old Ben Lippen remembers Mr. Blanton or Mr. Mike Hathaway driving that 4-Wheel drive truck running errands around Asheville, that is the same truck I bought from CIU back in, say, 1998 or so. By then it was white. But I quite liked the idea it was an old, Asheville Ben Lippen school vehicle. Now, it was my personal vehicle and I pulled the Freshman Float with it for two different years.

The first year we ever had fireworks at Homecoming in Columbia, it was because Freshmen guys helped me mount safe, firm delivery systems in the bed of the Ole BL truck. We had goggles and fire extinguishers handy to please those who thought fireworks were dangerous or something.



In Memoriam

We remember Mr. Darryl Andrews, Band Director and Fine Arts Department Head. At Homecoming we enjoyed him and the Marching Band. And we remember his pioneering work in *The Worship Arts*, and the numerous other band groups he put together for special events and classy evenings.

Dr. Edgren & Korean Noodle Bus & Chinese New Year

In the late 1980's and early 1990's the Ben Lippen Columbia Resident Program was a bit more varied than in later years. There was a big contingent from Saudi Arabia, for example. One year we had 22 from there. And for several years running we had about a dozen kids from Caribbean Islands, mainly the Bahamas. One year we had 11 Japanese youth. We have a photo of Mr. James Naruke with them!



Then we eventually settled into a majority Korean resident population for about ten years running. About that time I had one or two Koreans each year in the class of AP US History that was usually about six to nine students or so. One day one of them said they wished they could go get Korean food. I told them I'd get a small bus to take them and their friends to a Korean grocery store over on Decker Boulevard.

That first trip started a several year long bus driving shuttle wherein every several weeks I would get Japanese and Korean friends to advertise in their home language that a bus was leaving right after school Wednesday and going to the Japanese store off Percival Road, and the Korean Grocery, and the American Bi-Lo on Decker Blvd. We would leave about 3:30 p.m. and get home no later than 6:00-ish so they could still make the required BL Cafeteria supper date. Mrs. Bonnie Hathaway still served supper at the school part of those years.

Dr. Edgren

When we got 25 Chinese students one year due to Dr. Edgren's wise recruiting, the Resident Directors and I began getting fireworks for Chinese students celebrating their New Year at varying dates in February.

Many faculty have a very high opinion of Dr. Edgren and his sweet wife, Kathy. Dr. Edgren is greatly beloved by numerous faculty with fond memories of his many years of successful, prudently executed, Godly service.

Mr. Robert Weeber & Stones From Ben Lippen Mountain @ Columbia

One year I drove a bus for an SMF Retreat that was held up in Asheville at Old Ben Lippen *before* the place was redone and made almost unrecognizable. I walked out to the spot where dozers pushed the remains of the OLD INN



over the hillside. Eureka! Of course we found several kinds of stones used for lentils and we found bricks, red stone blocks, and quartz from retaining walls, etc.

Mr. Sursavage and a few of the young male students climbed down the hill with me and we drug up the hill several of the stones to take back with us to New Ben Lippen in Columbia.

Once back home, after using the busses for pick-up trucks, we unloaded the stones at the sidewalk corner near Mrs. Key's English Room and there they sit today. One of the granite lentils was carved for free by a parent from Winnsboro who had an engraving business.

That stone has carved in it letters saying:

THESE STONES FROM OLD BEN LIPPEN

Mr. Bob Weeber was pleased when we finished displaying the stones. He had worked tirelessly one year to try and retrieve several of the 6 foot x 2 foot stones from Old Ben Lippen. The Asheville people told him YES! they could come get the stones. But we could never get the approval from Columbia folk which we needed to finish that plan.

Mr. Weeber as Alumni Director for years put together programs featuring speakers from the graduating classes, a fine dinner, and a wonderful multi-media presentation about Ben Lippen History.

Not too many years ago when Asheville's Ben Lippen was still Merrimon Academy, Mr. Weeber found some old photos of Ben Lippen in one of the basements. One five foot tall photo featured a scene from inside the old cafeteria looking through burned window panes toward the Cove.

He brought that picture and the others back to Columbia Ben Lippen and the giant photo was displayed in the main cafeteria for many years. Suddenly one summer it disappeared and Mr. Weeber mourned about that as did many others. Who would take such a valuable piece of BL history and dispose of it?

There is a smaller two foot tall photo of the same shot of the Cove and it is in the Room #105 Museum but who knows how long that material will be cared for. Time will tell.



The Lehmans, Miss Harden, The Weebers
by Class of 83

Mr. Bobby Young & Endings

Mr. Young worked up on the Mountain. I *love to say that!!*

He is still working at Ben Lippen Columbia and is probably **the all time favorite of Ben Lippen students since 1988**, not meaning at all to take away from the many other very fine specimens of the homo-sapien race who populated the Columbia campus as faculty, staff, and administration.

This piecemeal and admittedly personal history had gotten to be about 18 pages or so and I still had five other topics left! So this section is the last and will be a hodgepodge - catchall. Twenty pages will have to do.



This is the Southern Barbie and she represented the GODDESS OF EQUALITY in my Barbie Doll puppet show of idols-of-modern-man-since-the-French-Revolution.

I remind the guys: I NEVER TOUCHED THE DOLLS and, instead, always had a sweet female student confederate who did all that stuff.

Point: Modern men ARE idolaters but cloak their true colors by refusing to display physical idols which represent their actual, real, conceptual idolatry.

When somebody writes twenty pages about twenty years someone can always say [and might say] "I can't BELIEVE he could write twenty pages and not mention _____!" Sorry.

Jesus is Lord. Not me.  And if I began mentioning student's names?

I have to mention Mrs. Jane Huss just because she got the faculty singing hymns formally, semi-professionally, and beautifully at many large public venues like Convocation and Graduation. You should have heard Mr. Bob Weeber lead Tenor Section! Mrs. Huss's solo singing is rare and wonderful.



Jesus gave Solomon wisdom to write the Proverbs I used daily for many years as the main background for what I called, variably, “Devotions” or “Opening Exercises.” For many years I also used the updated version of OPERATION WORLD to pray for Missions. Often I used Aesop’s Fables as ancient literature to confirm many wise sayings from Scripture. Lately I used some material from Fox’s Book of Martyr’s to train people about the early Church’s troubles and sacrifices.



Marcus Aurelius

In World History classes I used the BLUE BOOK for many years. It was intended as a supplement for the time we could not spend on the Greek and Roman luminaries during normal, textbook chapter times. Several of Plutarch’s selections were favorites: *Coriolanus*, *Lycurgus*. The *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* were chosen mainly for their exemplary piety toward parents and grandparents. *The History of the Persian Wars* by Herodotus were good for the standard mythologies of Europe’s beginnings. Plato’s *Republic* is almost always provocative in it’s presentations of the weaknesses inherent in Democracy.

I do not expect folks to worry much or agree when I say history as a field of study has fallen on hard times in the Western world. Americans, probably, have

a deserved reputation for holding to a general anti-historical bent. So the lack of faith in the value of the past is magnified a bit. This makes me wonder how long people will care about Ben Lippen's past.



There are a few small Ben Lippen Museum cases presently in Room #105. Much of that collection came into my hands because I just began grabbing things other folk were preparing to throw away.

Others saw that small collection. And if they had anything of value, they began giving it to me. That's how we even kept three small cases of memorabilia. I count the *Billy Graham Lectern* as one storage area.

A country without a memory is a country of madmen.
George Santayana

THE BELL!! THE BELL!!

SUPERFANS FOREVER



Musings

Katie Currier was a key administrator for many good years. She added a dazzle to our social life at Ben Lippen that would have descended into dull, dreary, drabness without her creative, feminine touch. Not only did she organize and rule over all the major public events of note - KICK-OFF KAPERS, HOMECOMING, CLASS SOCIALS IN FALL, CLASS SOCIALS IN SPRING, FORMAL FALL SOCIAL, FORMAL WINTER SOCIAL, THE JUNIOR SENIOR - she also completely administrated the Student Council and the Ben Lippen Student Government for all four classes. This included applications, speeches, voting, and organizing all the lists of meeting times & etc. WOW. Please forgive us if we did not recognize this *huge* contribution.

Mr. Bob Hess knew about the academic team regimen since he started the Math Team. Bob and I also worked the Morning Duty together for years. Bob's award winning Team has been continued by his former student Mr. Emery Nickerson, who now, like Mr. Hess before him, heads the Math Department.

After years of routine one grows so accustomed to things (Morning Duty) that you both remember, Bob and I, "Oh yeah, this is the month the gulls leave lake Murray." Or, "Hey that's right. The berries are ripe on the Bartlett Pear trees at the bottom of the stairs, and the Cedar Waxwing birds begin hovering around here now!"

Mr. Dale Angstadt should have his Life of Christ course on TV. We team taught two years during an experiment to make room for extra courses by cramming two courses into one. I felt sorry for the violence Dale had to do to his course to accommodate this experiment. I believe everybody involved was very happy for Mr. Angstadt when the experiment just went away.

Mrs. Diane Key had the equivalent of two Ph.D.'s and it showed in her expertise in both Latin and English Literature. We never had high school Latin after her untimely passing. Bad. Mrs. Key's good friend Mrs. Edna Larkin was also quite a scholar in history. Edna always put up a good defense for the righteousness of the American Revolution even though taxes were higher for the average Brit & etc. And this lets me say I agreed with Robert E. Lee (to clear up any misunderstanding!) that freeing the slaves was a good idea. Several generations of US History students had to tolerate learning the Bible's view on slavery from both the Northern *and* the Biblical, Southern perspective.

Mr. Don Kauffman and Dr. Steve Reel were wonderful administrators at Ben Lippen before going to the Northland. Mr. Kauffman and his wife Dee were especially refined and cultured and genuinely interested in folk. Dr. Reel was also a multi-talented engineer in the construction field and many of our buildings (still solid!) exist because of his expertise - even if he did shoot a goat one day when he thought it was a deer. Not on campus. Mr. Rich Gates did shoot a deer on campus once though; completely legal, righteous, and safe. In the old days. He is awesome. If I could be a kid again to have him for a science teacher.

Dr. Elaine Lindsey was just the ticket as Academic Dean because she expertly smoothed the way for a transition; from a school on the Mountain that was a big family-village-church to a more complex, modern, Midlands Day School with teachers who lived off campus and students who drove home after practice.

Mr. White, already mentioned as a major supporter of the Debate Team was also always a spiritual guide and prayer warrior, even to faculty. I can remember him praying for my nephew when he lost a kidney due to violent damage in a Football game. And he prayed for my Mother's health on several occasions, too. He is one that a person could always go to. Rare.

I only mean well when I have said before [not in front of them] that Miss Sherry Long and Mr. Bob Hess and Mr. Cliff White were three that Ben Lippen did not deserve to have. Sherry was like a kindly, Protestant Nun and Cliff and Bob were similar to wizened, competent, Protestant Monks. And it was all good.

Sherry Long is the world's best Science Teacher.

Now it is page 22 and if I start with things like: Ben Lippen Receptionists were always amazing; list everybody from the History Department over the years; don't forget the really kind Principal's Secretaries over the years; don't forget the Development folk and Resident Directors (Pengelly's!) and Resident Parents who were all awesome; special coaches and beloved coach/teachers like Mick Shoemaker - one could name ten more; Coach Johnson, 'nuf said; Coach Young and Coach Shaw Dawg; mention the very special Mom's In Touch *and* name all the Ladies who took the position of Mom-Of-The-School (Mrs. Milne!) over the years,it is even dangerous just to begin making the last list above, let alone adding in all the names and comments that belong here.

Maybe later I can add about twenty-five more pages so I can actually mention all the fifty some other people I *always* think of fondly when I remember the good years at Ben Lippen. Because you know I love many more than I've been able to mention. But I should publish something in order to show my appreciation now. *Mea Culpa!*

Randomly Appended Legacy Page:

The Exodus



When in **2001** Dr. David Edgren and Sherry Long left - as grief goes - that was a heavy thing.

Then after **2002** school year Mrs. Key, our Latin and Senior English Teacher, was lost to cancer. And in addition, Daniel Janosik and Edna Larkin left BL. That *seemed* like half the faculty left.

Then in **2006** the **three above** all exited right after Headmaster Don Kauffman moved on: *other half of faculty gone!* Combined with other past and more recent departures, *The Exodus* appears, to me at least, as an apocalypse.



The writer eventually posted the yellow sheet above onto a **History Bulletin Board** outside room #105 alongside photos of Bob Hathaway and Bob Weeber, and Sherry Long.

On the yellow sheet I noted they had all worked at Ben Lippen at least 15 years. Some did ask why I had not posted teacher _____ who had also recently left and my only defense was not having room for innumerable photos. I had to have a "15 year mark" to keep the plan manageable - or else post everybody!

The Trust Bell, (left) mentioned in the *Ben Lippen Museum Movie* metacafe, was saved by Mr. Register and Mr. Suber of the Physical Plant.

A Kind Of Miracle Witnessed

I would be remiss to not mention a time I drove the boy's Varsity soccer bus to an away game in Dalzell, South Carolina at Thomas Sumter Academy. During the game, Dr. Madidian Keita's son, **Jean**, kicked a soccer ball in such a way I had never seen before or since. Called...**The Rainbow**.



He dribbled the ball forward toward two defenders, then placed the ball behind himself, still controlling it as he still moved forward, then he somehow kicked the ball in a large arc (from behind!) and it sailed over his head and the two defender's heads (forward, I say). The defenders looked behind Jean for the ball, then they *moved* behind Jean looking for the ball, then the ball fell right in front of Jean's feet as he had continued moving toward the goal. Jean then kicked it in for a goal. Jean made the whole thing look like he had done it with ease and style and a touch of class without gloating or celebrating. Ben Lippen Boy's Varsity Soccer won that game. **Jean**: pronounced in the *French* manner.

After witnessing that miraculous play, I said to myself and God: *"I did not deserve to see such a beautiful thing. But I am thankful to God I did see it. And I shall always treasure the memory."*



One of **Mr. Lehman's many specialties** was doing an entertaining *Ben Lippen Revue* of faculty/staff foibles and errors, always in such a funny and non-threatening way. This usually came at the Christmas parties and at the End Of TheYear Luncheon, too.

The reader must forgive, please, the present writer for all the things he did not say and should have. And please forgive him for leaving out quite important things in his lists at the end!! Naming folk is dangerous and that's why no students are named. Except Jean Keita. But I love y'all. This brief 24 pages IS NOT A BEN LIPPEN HISTORY covering twenty years and it does not pretend to be.

It is a reflection by a person who was privileged to be a part of this small but wonderful place in God's kingdom.

