

Beyond my connection to nature, High Meadows stoked my curiosity-for all things, really. (And, perhaps a byproduct, my admiration and compassion for all people). Curiosity is a requirement for a good journalist, and it was cultivated early on. I remember the Living Museums we created, bringing to life other time periods and cultures. I was painfully shy then, but now I love nothing more than exploring somewhere new, experiencing the customs, talking to locals and sharing their stories with others.

I could go on and on about what I learned at High Meadows and how it's served and inspired me as an adult, but it would take forever. Whenever I need a good story to tell friends, I inevitably reach into my memory bank for tales of a magical school on 40 acres of bucolic meadows and woods--they never fail to spark envy. Everyone should be so fortunate to have as stimulating and special an education.

It's probably appropriate that I still don't sit at a desk. As I soaked up life at High Meadows, it was from a classroom that was essentially without walls (and the actual walls certainly didn't keep out resident sheep Woolly B and Ewe-hoo). My teachers knew desks didn't equal hard work or breed intelligence. Like when I was young, I do much of my work out in the world, and I write from wherever feels comfortable, be it my bed, a coffee shop chair, under a tree or, oftentimes, an airplane seat (as I am now, en route from Bali to Sri Lanka). The freedom I have today reminds me of the priceless freedom and confidence the talented High Meadows teachers gave me decades ago. It's a gift for which I am endlessly grateful.