

Mono No Aware

It is the ephemeral nature of things that makes them wonderful.

徒然草, Kenkō, 1330

Every closed eye ain't sleep, and every goodbye ain't gone.

Anonymous

A school opens and closes with the seasons. We are like a morning glory, a flower that follows the rhythms of the light and the darkness. On our half acre of Spanish Harlem, it is our way to feel this passing of time with special poignancy. At EHS we choose to live in the moment, fully awakened to our days guiding young lives - and the noble direction of our own adult lives. We know a cool night in late August means a new beginning for children new to our way, and the growing light of April means that a farewell to our treasured oldest students is in the offing. Each second we have here with each other here in El Barrio is precious, yet somehow, our years with this last graduating class seem to have passed as in a dream.

We have also recently said goodbye to our Dean of Faculty and Staff, Anne Ross. She has walked the warrior path with us for 20 years of our quarter century of life as a school. This grander expanse of time, too, has passed like a dream, yet the dynamic virtue and transcendent nature of her work and ways will long endure within these walls and beyond.

Our response here to the ephemeral part of our nature is to hitch our thoughts and actions to eternal truths and the infinite. Then, the better angels of our nature can lift us somewhere beyond ourselves and our historical moment. This never changes. And anyway, in times like these, change can be a most welcome notion - that a nation now sent reeling in moral vertigo, might one day find its center. The sky can be a sere and blinding orange - before a cool cerulean evening unfolds.

Our graduates who have left us a few years earlier will soon settle in to college - from Barnard, brief minutes to our west, to Dartmouth, long hours up north. Then in the spring, they come back home to us. They share stories of travel, triumph, and passing tribulation. They hold us in their thrall, and then we are glad to have missed them. And Anne Ross, she returns on autumn winds, this time as a formidable trustee. So, ever onward toward the next score and five years, alive to each of our moments. Together with you, we awaken to time as it passes like a shining dream in Spanish Harlem.