



Easter 2025

Dear <<Personal Salutation>> ,

**Is there anything better than Easter?** There literally isn't. The Resurrection shifted the whole world for us, making all things new with the impossible becoming possible. We do not seek the living among the dead. We sit astride that stone that rolled away like a living thing itself to make way for the Living Christ—and we sit not like stone savages, but like little less than angels. Easter is when heaven's secrets come forth like Lazarus, like light in the night... or like the surprise of poetry.

**Let me tell you what I mean by that last one,  
because the “poetic” is not only all about the glorious Easter mysteries,  
but is also central to this beautiful school that you're a part of.**

*Here's how it happens:* I walk the classroom's oak floor. All eyes are on me and as bright as the window panes shining with sun. Books are out and open. I can sense that I have my students. The conversation has brought them to a point of discovery. I follow that sense like a thread, and then say what they're waiting to hear. “So they buried Hector breaker of horses,” or “And that's why our hearts leap up when we see a rainbow,” or “Do you see now that all men want to live forever?” Eyes shine brighter. The room is quiet but alive. The boys suddenly look like men, stirred yet still.

Something hidden has leapt out at them, as out of a tomb—or like a rock tumbling by an unseen power. Something new to know has dawned for them, and the vitality of our resurrectional faith comes to life. Our school changes lives by giving life. Our classrooms are not graveyards of dusty facts. Our education is alive and inspires





boys to seek everlasting life themselves. Our partnership is poetic and part-and-parcel with the Holy Resurrection that made a lifeless stone come to leaping life.



Speaking of rolling rocks, there's a poem I'd like to share with you about the poetic instinct, about spring, about Easter, and about our school. It's called "Mending Wall" by Robert Frost. *Have you ever read it? Give it a minute. Isn't it charming?* It's profound, too, having much to do with this time, both seasonally and liturgically.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall... those deep-down powers that move things, that move us, those invisible forces that sleep or stir—the divinity in things doesn't love a wall. It pushes against the boundaries we build for ourselves in demarcating and delineating the world, thinking such definitions are necessary for life, for good neighbors. But there is something more.

When the elves that creep through the cracks cause disruption, we can enjoy what Frost called "*a clarification of life*" and encounter a new truth and new life. Poetry is life and life is poetry, and they constantly relate and reply and refer to one another—and to *Another*: Another who rolls the rocks off the walls to seize our attention like a trumpet call to live forever...

**This is the poetic new-life spirit of our school: the wisdom that comes of delight and labor and mischief and a mystical**

**sensitivity. This is the outlook and inlook that we strive to give our students to bring them into the joy of the Resurrection.**

Renewing ourselves by a Catholic poetic condition reveals the work of the Lamb Who makes all things new. That renewal reforms our faith and our fervor to find eternal renewals in temporal repetitions, adopting that lively engagement that sees the sunrise, as Chesterton does, as the play of a celestial schoolboy crying "Again!" every morning.

But from that heavenly delight comes the earthly wisdom, "*So dawn goes down to day*" in the inevitable diminishment of all—a reality Frost was so attuned to—but even that leads on, "*as way leads on to way*," to another

## Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.

I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.  
We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
One on a side. It comes to little more:



renewal, an everlasting renewal. Someone there is that doesn't love a wall, Who wants it down, Who swept a stone aside once to overthrow death itself, so that He could, at any moment, awaken us to His Life, arising from below the frost line, beyond confusion.

*This is our educational and resurrectional attitude.*

*This is the vision we give students, teaching them to see the life-giving action of God.*

*This is the surprise of poetic knowledge.*

*This is the world you make new again for our boys by giving to the Academy.*



There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.  
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offense.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,  
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'  
— Robert Frost





Please renew your commitment to our poetic education this glorious Eastertide. We need you to help us keep our school well-mended as we walk with our students to find the sudden secrets that God has hidden and written over the Book of the World.

Our education is built on surprises, and not least among them is the surprise that you provide when you give us life out of the blue by your good faith. I can't tell you how moving it is to receive your help—and how necessary that help is to our lively mission and living tradition.

**Won't you make a donation this Easter?** Surprise us and surprise yourself with your generosity. As graduation approaches and we enter into the completion of another fruitful year, we have the final steps of many objectives before us. Meeting our annual fundraising goal is a big one, and we all rely on you to see it accomplished. This is your chance to enter the poetic spirit of surprising fulfillment; for the reward of finding a fresh salvific perspective always begins by surrendering, by giving of oneself.

Christ is risen! He is truly risen!

Luke Culley, Headmaster

P.S. Your sacrifice will carry us over the finish line as we wrap up classes, charge through our rugby season, and make strong plans for the year to come. With your support, **you** will help all our boys find the life they seek, and by God's grace, **you too** will suddenly discover the happiness and peace of courageously participating in the Resurrectional mission of our school. *Thank you.*