



MONADNOCK
WALDORF SCHOOL

Graduating Class of 2017



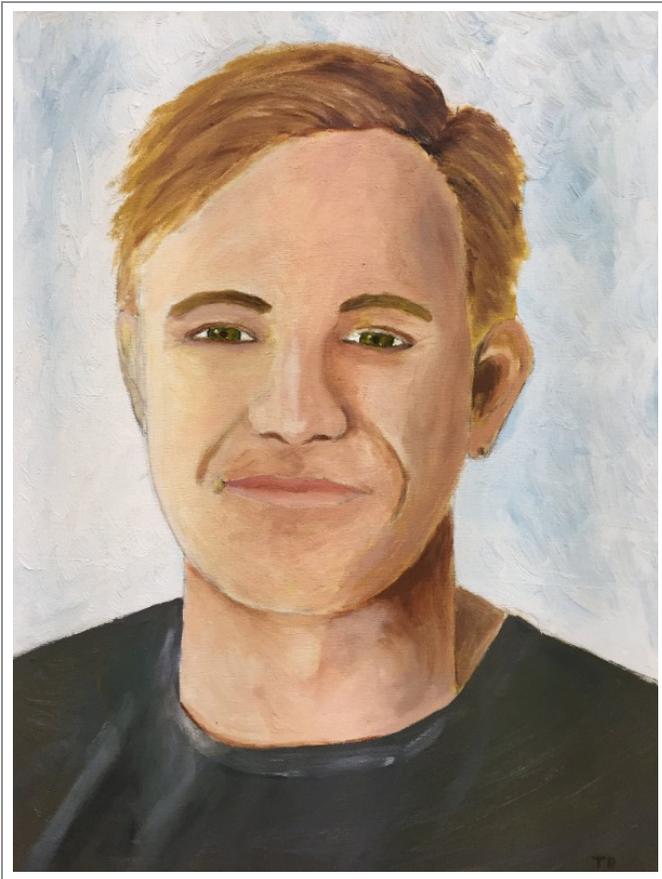
In June of 2017 a small group of thoughtful, capable and committed young people graduated from Monadnock Waldorf High School. Those of us lucky enough to be in the audience that commencement day were treated to four student speeches that were both rollicking and reflective. Each offered a picture of the depth and variety of their unique experience as well as a glimpse into the winding path of growth and development that forged a unified, mutually supportive and deeply respectful graduating class. They also reflected on the value, challenge and gift of their Waldorf education.

Here we share with you these inspired speeches, along with a brief biography of the 2017 graduates. We invite you to get to know these students through their graduation reflections and imagine how their Waldorf education — and the commitment and enthusiasm they brought to it — will serve each of them in the future.

And to the graduates of the Monadnock Waldorf High School class of 2017:
The world awaits your gifts and strengths!

Karl Schurman
High School Faculty Chair

TYLER CARLO BELL



Tyler came to MWS at the beginning of 9th grade after many years of homeschooling and adventures like bicycling across the entire United States with his parents when he was only 11. He has been a bright and positive force in the high school – both socially and in the classroom – since his arrival. He’s also been a member of the Keene High Alpine Ski team throughout his time here, and its captain this year. Tyler’s lifelong dream has been to become a pilot; he’s been flying since he was 12 and, for his senior project, he obtained his private pilot’s license. Next fall, he will pursue his dream in the Professional Pilot Technology program at Vermont Technical College in Williston, VT as well as attend Keene State College.

On our 11th grade Medieval History trip, the imam of the mosque where we stayed told us that, according to Mohammed, A moment of knowledge is better than a night in prayer. But he also made clear that there are three types of knowledge:

Firstly, hearsay, knowledge that just comes without any effort, secondhand, that relies on others.

Secondly, seeking knowledge in books or seeking out someone with direct experience.

Thirdly — and this is the way that is most valued — making the journey to experience knowledge firsthand, to have direct experience, to get up close and personal and see with one’s own eyes. It is this third way of learning that has been the backbone of, and reason for, all of the class trips we’ve ever had here at MWS.

For the first block of ninth grade, we joined the tenth to study geology by going on a week long caving and rock climbing trip. At one point, we had all descended into a large cavern somewhere in upstate New York. A few of us continued on, worming through extremely tight passages on our stomachs in search of another cavern. We eventually hit a dead end in a space too small to stand up and almost too small for all of us to fit into. As panic began to set in and I began to discover my hidden fear of tight spaces, out of nowhere the gentle sound of singing brought me to my senses and calmed me down. We in the small space all



looked at each other puzzled, because none of us was singing. Without realizing it, we had come full circle in our efforts to find another cavern and were sitting in our cramped space mere feet from the large cavern where the rest of the group was. Because in Waldorf education we can’t go a day without singing something, the group in the cavern had struck up a song, “Waves A-Comin’ In,” which we could hear through the cracks in the rock. I went from panicked to confused to relaxed in a matter of seconds, as we all sat silent in the pure darkness, under untold tons of rock, listening to our new classmates and friends sing. Despite having known my schoolmates for only a few weeks, I found comfort in their singing, and was able to find the courage to inch my way back to the large cavern.

While I certainly learned a lot about minerals and erosion on that trip, it also became one of the first bricks in the path to discovering and creating myself and who I am as a person. I learned about my own personal limits, and how to begin to exercise courage and self-control.

My camaraderie and group leadership

skills were put to the test in tenth grade, when we hiked Mt. Washington with the ninth. One morning at the Mizpah Springs AMC hut, we got dressed, packed our bags, and walked groggily from our rooms to get breakfast. We had almost finished eating when we noticed a note from our teachers on the table. We were shocked to discover that they had left us in the night and that we were to find our way back to the Lake of the Clouds hut along the ridgeline of the Whites all on our own. We all quickly gathered up our things and went outside to have a meeting. After coming up with a game plan we hit the trail, making numerous stops for different reasons, and slowly made our way back up the mountain. After nine hours on the trail, we opened the door of the Lake of the Clouds hut to find our smiling teachers sitting at a table drinking coffee. Through teamwork and collaboration we were able to organize ourselves and safely make the trip back up Mt. Washington.

Now, we could have sat down and read a book about outdoor leadership, or strategies for better teamwork. We also could have had chatted with my father, who holds a degree in outdoor leadership. But we were thrust into a situation where we needed to exercise that leadership within ourselves, and we needed to work well as a team in order to have food and a place to sleep. Books and conversations fade in one's memory over time, but firsthand experiences like these do not.

As a part of our civil liberties class in tenth, we took a journey to a medium security prison in Massachusetts.

We were told that we would be having a one hour interview with several men convicted of second and third degree murder. We were also handed a long list of rules and a strict dress code to follow. As we showed our ID's, got patted down and searched by guards, and buzzed through several thick metal doors and 20 foot fences topped with razor wire, it was pretty hard not to feel apprehensive about the whole thing.

We were greeted by an inmate who gave us a short tour, and then showed us to our seats. We all sat down opposite nine empty chairs, with nothing but air separating us from them. One by one the inmates filed in and sat down. What started out as an hour-long awkward chat between guilty and innocent, shackled and free, convicted and unconvicted, became a three-and-a-half hour conversation filled with laughter and tears, between two groups of human beings, equal, together, with only circumstance and luck separating those in prison uniforms and those not.

The men that sat in front of us that day were defined and labeled by society for their actions and mistakes, all of which when put into context and circumstance, seemed to have been their only option in the moment. To this day, it still saddens me that the actions taken by those men can't be seen as mistakes they made, instead of who they are as people.

Seeing and loving people for who they are is exactly what we all tried to grapple with one year later, on our *Parzival* trip to Heartbeat, a Camphill community in Vermont. Working with

people with special needs is something that everyone should do at some point in their lives. Because of how things are in society with the way we dress, talk, act, and go about our daily lives, encountering and experiencing someone who dresses, talks, and acts in a fundamentally different way from the majority of the so-called 'normal' people around us can be awkward or uncomfortable, which is sad and unfortunate. We had to come to grips with the essential question of *Parzival*, "What ails thee, brother?" and find a way to take a true interest in other human beings. During our trip to Heartbeat, by working and living alongside people experiencing various mental and physical disabilities, we all came to realize how merely surface and insignificant those disabilities are. The disabilities only change the outer reflection of the inner person, which is no different from the inner person of those of us who don't have any sort of disability.

Uprooting and placing oneself in a completely new environment is a life-changing experience. It was that indeed for all of us on our senior trip to Haiti mere days ago. We stepped out of the airport in Port-Au-Prince and stepped through a portal into another universe. Driving through the crowded throng of people, animals, burning trash, food, clothing, street vendors, dilapidated buildings and crushing heat and humidity overwhelmed us into silence. We made our way to a small Waldorf school in the village of Torbeck far out on Haiti's southern peninsula and settled into a routine. Though the sights we saw in Port-Au-

Prince profoundly impacted and taxed all of us, I think the most impactful part of the trip were the people and children of Torbeck. Seeing children starving not only for food, but also attention and love, brought us new perspectives on both our lives and life in general. All of a sudden all of our "problems" at home became insignificant and trivial. It was hard to process the fact that the only thing separating us from those children in Haiti was when and where we were born. That's it. Despite all of the chaos we experienced in Haiti, we were all able to see the beauty there as well. The generosity and sense of community we felt all around us in Torbeck was intense and deeply genuine.

Our class trips have ranged drastically in topic and location, and there are many more of I haven't time to mention. However, each trip has shared something in common. Whether wading through tide pools before sunrise looking for sea stars or out in a field with survey equipment trying to create a topographical map, each of these trips has brought something we've been learning about in the way Mohammed most prized, by removing the classroom's four walls and giving us an up-close, hands-on, real world experience of the subject. Not only did we become more knowledgeable about the subject we were studying, but we became much more knowledgeable about ourselves.

We gained valuable life lessons. We will hold these lessons for the rest of our lives.

– Tyler Bell



HIGH SCHOOL

Preparing for Life

In the Waldorf High School, students learn to observe, record their observations and form questions for further analysis and debate before coming to their own conclusions.

Flexible thinking, seeing the larger picture, adept perception of the connections between subjects and events, confidence in the ability to learn in any situation.

LEARNING TO THINK

MWS offers a rigorous academic curriculum balanced with a thorough cultivation of artistic skills and practical work that deepens academic understanding. Learning to think is emphasized over what to think. Students are encouraged to recognize that what they learn in the classroom is relevant to their everyday lives. Each student participates in all the arts and special subjects, cultivating important aspects of the self as well as practical skills like adaptability, perseverance and creative problem solving.

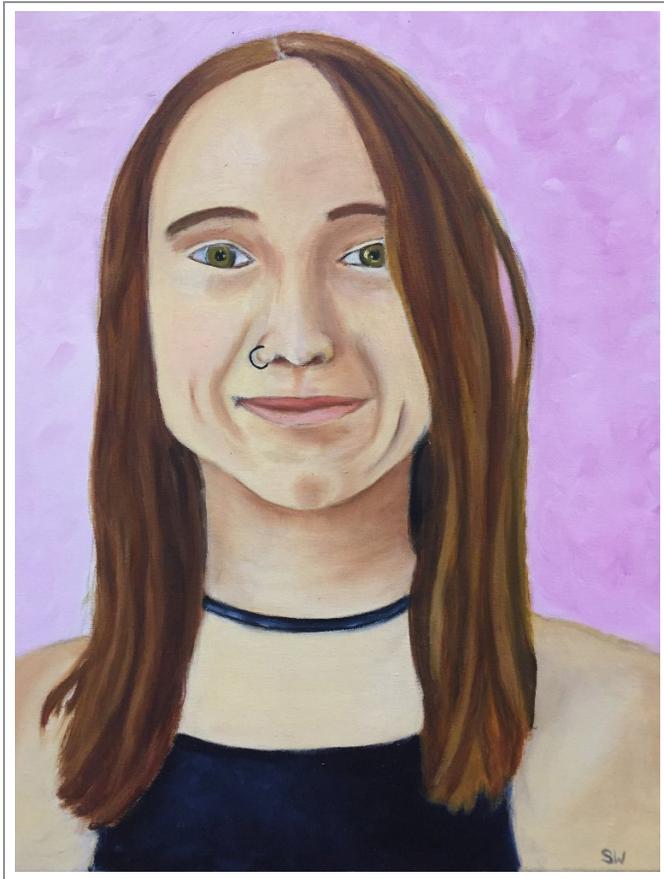
A DOWNTOWN CAMPUS

Just steps away from Keene's vibrant downtown, our historic school building is filled with natural light, comfortable classrooms and inspiring creative spaces. The center of Keene forms our high school campus, with the Keene Public Library, Heberton Hall performance space, playing fields, Keene Recreation Center, The Colonial Theater and Keene State College all nearby. The downtown has a great buzz and makes it easy for students to actively engage in their community service projects and to connect after school with friends.

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SKYLAR RAVEN WATSON



Skylar grew up on a farm in Florida where she was homeschooled until her family moved to a farm here and she joined us in 10th grade. For her senior project, sparked by her experiences on a trip during her 11th grade Parzival block, she chose to work with adults with disabilities at two Camphill communities. With her caring nature, Skylar has had a big impact on the school; it is no wonder that her interests lie in social work, psychology and the wish to become a therapist in order to serve others. She will pursue these goals at UNH-Durham this fall.

When I mention to anyone that we are a graduating class of only four people, almost always I am asked the same question... “How do you not want to kill one another?” The answer is — quite honestly and simply put — most of the time we all do. But it’s important to know that, at the end of the day, any of our feelings of annoyance or negativity are overridden by what we all genuinely feel for one another — appreciation and love. It’s been a long journey to get where we are now and it hasn’t been easy. Our numbers and composition have fluctuated many times over the years, and we honor and thank those who have been a part of us: Guy Delonge, Olivia Frazier, Jamie Hammer, and Aislinn Boudreau — each of whom helped us to become who we are today.

But I look at my three classmates now: Tyler... Tucker... Leydi... I can honestly say to you that I cannot imagine having it any other way. Of course, as you well know, spending every single day with the same three people has its ups and downs and, of course, we have all driven each other crazy at one time or another. But the good outweighs the bad in so many ways. I realize that now.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. Gerwin, our 9th and 10th grade math teacher who will speak later in the ceremony, asked us all whether we see each other as a class of individuals or a cohesive group. I had never given much thought to this question before, but I came to



realize that, more than anything, we really are a group of individuals and that’s precisely why we drive each other crazy. Not only are we a class of only four, but we are a class of four distinctly different and opinionated individuals not afraid to speak our minds. Although being so different brings its own set of challenges, it also allows for us to contribute and each bring something different to the table, creating a beautifully mismatched patchwork quilt that I call our class

Because we are so few, we have been able — have had to be able — to develop a strong family-like bond. Instead of calling you my friends, you are my second family. My relationship with you all is tightly knit in a way that far surpasses any level of friendship that I have ever experienced. My classmates are to whom I go when I need anything, whether it’s advice, a hug, or a cup of coffee — they’re always there for me no matter what. All families experience challenges and all the while work hard to move beyond those challenges, to dig deep and find the love, patience, and will to move forward — we do the same. We’re able to forgive and forget —

and move on — a dynamic found in true families. Often, when we find ourselves exasperated and at each other's throats, ten minutes later we can find ourselves in tears laughing over something stupid that we all find insanely funny. Over the years, we've had our fair share of jokes, laughter, tears, and conflict, but at the end of the day--the end of this Commencement day, this senior year, my three years here at MWS — I can honestly say that it has been a gift to spend my time here with you three.

When I asked my class initially what they would like me to include in this speech, right off the bat they all agreed that I had to stress that “we don't like each other, we love each other”. It might be obvious but, in a larger public school with hundreds of other people in your class from whom to chose your friends, it's a very different situation. But because we fortunately have been so mashed together into this special circumstance at MWS — a place where we are taught and encouraged to engage with and embrace one another's quirks and differences — we have been able to form a bond stronger than any large class is capable of achieving. We have been pushed to grow in ourselves and to know each other so well, even if sometimes we didn't want to. For that reason not only have we become stronger as a class, but we have become stronger individuals. I honestly can say that this school and my classmates have helped me to grow and pushed me in ways that no one has before. Frankly, it was work I needed to do to become who I am meant to be.

This school and my class have shown me that differences can be overlooked, and challenges within relationships can be overcome, that transformation is possible. They've shown me that no matter how different we all are, at the end of the day nothing matters besides each other's love and support — it's all about relationships... I will carry this lesson with me throughout the rest of my life and put it to use wherever I can. If everyone could have the same experience that the four of us have had — and make it through alive, as we have — the world would be a much better place. I think that the way we live, we often think that differences can't be overcome, obstacles can't be tackled, but the truth is they can. It's easy to disregard or cast someone aside simply based on differences, to form our relationships out of judgments. It's really hard to develop the capacity to work through those natural tendencies. Our instinct is to flee — after all, that seems so much easier. But this group of people has taught me not to flee, how to stick and stay and work things through. It's messy and it's not easy but I can't thank them — and this school — enough for that.

— Skylar Watson



According to a recent study of Waldorf graduates:

- > 94% attended college or university
- > 47% chose humanities or arts as a major
- > 42% chose sciences or math as a major
- > 89% are highly satisfied in choice of occupation
- > 91% are active in lifelong education
- > 92% placed a high value on critical thinking
- > 90% highly value tolerance of other viewpoints

ETHAN TUCKER HADDOCK



Tucker joined Ms. Marshall's class at the beginning of 6th grade after moving from New York City and has been at MWS since then. Tucker has excelled both academically and artistically at this school and set a high bar for all to follow. He is our second National Merit Scholar and, as part of his HS program this year, took a college junior-level French class at Keene State and received the highest marks. This fall he will attend Grinnell College in Grinnell, IA, one of the nation's top twenty liberal arts colleges according to US News & World Report. He's interested in studying cognitive science and biophysics. Tucker has been a part of the MWS fencing club for all four of his high school years and, in 10th grade, completed a three-month French exchange at the École Steiner Waldorf outside Paris.

Classes at MWS are a multidisciplinary experience whether we're bursting into another classroom to perform an Italian opera excerpt at 10:00 in the morning for History Through Music, or using Good 'n' Plenty candies to represent the distribution of alleles in a random population for a genetics block, or even recreating a jousting scene from the literary epic *Parzival* using wooden shields and swords, bikes, and even pool noodle spears. Blocks at MWS are rife with individual projects that give us the opportunity to become more creative thinkers and doers; they allow for moments of self-discovery to pursue that which we are truly passionate about.

Classes here have taught me the importance of my own voice, how to properly craft it, and hardest of all—at least for me—when to mitigate it and listen to others. In a class, and especially in a class so small, nobody can be left out or left behind. And when somebody begins to drift behind, or their presence in a class discussion begins to waver, it's certainly noticeable. For example, in *Faust*, one person would lay out the foundation of class discussion, and quickly the rest of the class tossed their voices into the ring. Ideas upon ideas were built up, tweaked, critiqued, and lauded by peers. There is no right or wrong way to speak, and all are encouraged to find their own way to do so.

Waldorf education is more than



listening to rigid lectures and thumbing through six hundred page textbooks. Here, where they know us well, our teachers have the creative license to craft classes that are dynamic and that engage us in the material rather than cultivating a list of facts and figures that we can spit out for the next few weeks, and then forget. In one of

Mrs. Gerwin's 9th grade math classes, we spent the entire hour-long session deriving the quadratic formula starting from the algebraic basis of a trinomial equation. I remember being frustrated at the time, having to do work that my peers at Keene High certainly were not doing, but I also remember being determined to do the work because Mrs Gerwin had promised us carrot cake if we completed the task. Reflecting back, this moment is a perfect example of how this school sets itself apart from the others, and how it prepares us for learning beyond the classroom. Waldorf didn't just simply hand us the answer—as so many institutions of secondary education do—rather it launched us into uncomfortable situations armed with imagination, critical thought,

and the tools to make our way out. That moment with Mrs. Gerwin has always stuck with me, knowing that our teacher had the faith that we were intelligent enough to do the hard work ourselves, and the realization that learning was about self-driven discovery.

Classes at MWS are like focal points on an intricate web; everything is interconnected and every new tidbit that we are taught or, more often than not, that we are made to discover ourselves, fits into a slowly growing understanding of our world—both in its past and present. And it prepares us to look towards the future. As the only student in this class to have attended the lower school I remember my first anatomy and physiology block in 7th grade, how we first dipped into that well of knowledge, and how what I learned then was reawakened and intensified by the cell biology block in 10th grade. After all, education is about development, it is about growth, and growth happens slowly, over time. As somebody who always wants to know more, who wants to be two steps ahead, this is a principle that I have at times grappled with over these last four years. Luckily for me Waldorf education does not beget a rigid system, and I was able to work with teachers to create a personalized curriculum that saw me for who I was.

What about the future? Have all these years of Waldorf education prepared me to be an adult? How has this school given me the tools to navigate the world? Will six blocks on Greco-Roman antiquity help me to succeed in my dream job? Probably not. So what

has it given me? Well, first an ability to work well with others. How and when to listen, and when to compromise; the ability and, more importantly, the enthusiasm to observe with a critical eye, to explore the depths of any subject set before me, and finally a fearlessness to pursue an interest no matter how far off the beaten path it may be. So when I think of all that I have taken from these years and all that this school has granted me, I know I will be just fine.

It is important to note that at this school academics do not exist in a vacuum: where a teacher punches in for class, lays out the lesson they had prepared, and then clocks out after they have left their students homework for the night, because that is not what education is. Yes, it is important in educating us that teachers teach us how to properly observe an experiment or analyze a piece of writing, but the teachers at this school are not just educating minds, they are preparing human beings to enter the world. So when I look back over the years and I think of all the learning moments I experienced, I will think not just of the time Mr Falconbridge taught us the concept of specific heat, or Mr Deal explained the meaning of epistemology, but of the time I spent talking with Miss O'Brien about the literary stylings of Emile Zola, the time—the two times—that Mrs. Powers came to visit me when I was in the hospital last year. Because despite occurring outside of the classroom, these too, were learning moments, and integral to my education at MWS.

– Tucker Haddock

Service Trip to Haiti

Arriving in Port-Au-Prince, where chaos was omnipresent, was the beginning of a deep journey. We came to help support the Waldorf school, L'Ecole du Village, in southeastern Haiti, an area especially hard hit by Hurricane Matthew in 2016. The school is a haven for the children of the little town of Torbeck. It brings them safety, reliable food and love from all the faculty.



while we were there. We thought a lot about their unmet needs.

The MWS seniors took everything in with love and openness. Even after their long work days, they spent many hours playing with the children or simply holding their hands, offering human contact from someone who cares.



There is a strong feeling of community. The children trailed after us on the path to go home, climbing on downed tree limbs and looking at us with eager eyes. Those eyes live in your heart! We gave them all the food we could, but it was hard knowing that we could help only

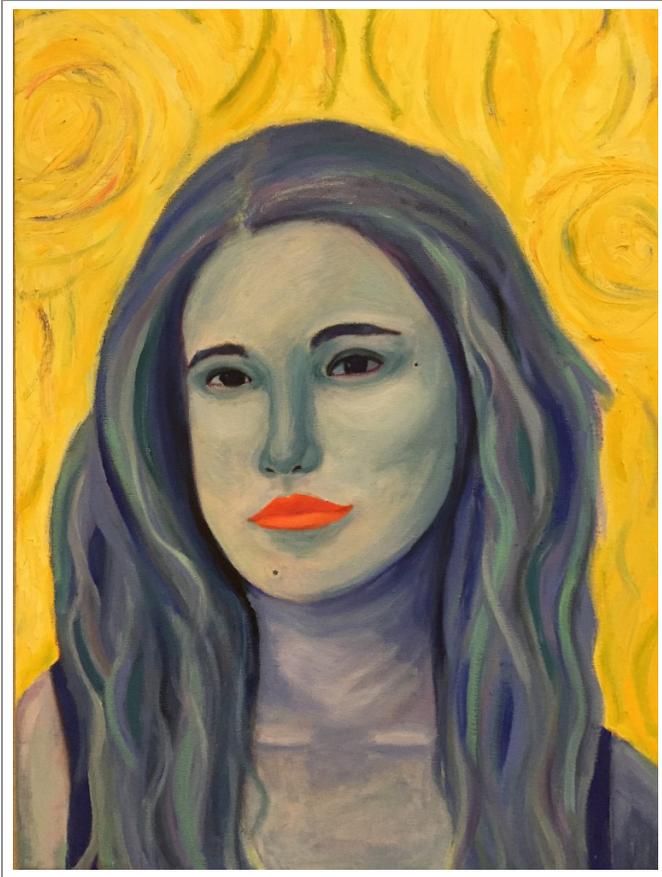


In addition to helping to rebuild the school structures, we taught circus skills and played circus games with the students and even managed to create a whole-school circus on our final day!

At the close of the week, the seniors had to leave Haiti, but many acknowledged that Haiti will not leave them. That is Haiti's graduation gift to the Class of 2017.



LEYDI LILIA WALLE



Leydi was born in Mexico and holds dual citizenship. She joined MWS at the beginning of 9th grade after she and her parents happened to drive by the school during a summer open house, while they were in town looking for a home to buy after her father was transferred here. Leydi is very proud of her Mexican heritage and for many years has helped the school to celebrate Día de Muertos the way it should be celebrated. She was this year's editor of the school paper, publishing more issues than anyone had succeeded in doing before. She also produced—single-handedly—our school's first yearbook. Leydi is an accomplished photographer and possesses incredible artistic talents; this fall she will attend the New School Eugene Lang / Parson's School of Design in New York City in a dual BA/BFA degree program, where she hopes to major in photojournalism because she wants to bring to the world the stories it needs to see.

What makes a Waldorf school a Waldorf school? The well-rounded curriculum or the creative students, of course, but I think what makes a Waldorf school a Waldorf school are the teachers. Our teachers slave away making main lesson plans, memorizing songs and poems, planning field trips, and grading papers — a lot of papers because they ask us to write a lot here. They give their heart and soul to enrich our school lives as much as possible. Their day job may be from 7:30-3:30 but in reality it's much longer because a Waldorf teacher is deeply invested in every student. That could not be more true for our teachers here at MWS.

Teachers here do not just spout information for students to memorize, they really try to give students the tools they need to face whatever challenging circumstances life may bring. Our teachers push us when we need to be pushed. They give us a break when we need one. They are always ready to give us help and support but only just enough so that we can still learn on our own. How are they able to do these things? For one, they work to bring the curriculum at just the right moment-in-time to make the most powerful impact on the student's life. For another, they don't just teach the student of 15 or 18 but who that person will be at 28, 48. In other words, they try to teach who we will become. And the teachers try hard to have a keen awareness of every student in front of them, to know



exactly who that student is in the best part of themselves and to figure out ways to support them to do their best, most thoughtful work.

Let me give you some examples:

Mrs. Powers, my advisor for the 9-11th grade, made sure to check in on me constantly while I was going through a rough patch even when she was running the high school and teaching classes. She constantly invited me to come and talk to her. Together, we would figure out solutions to the things cluttering my mind. After these talks, I felt that I could put my problems into perspective. With her help I started to regain the confidence and strength I so desperately needed.

Mr. Deal and I connected quickly this year with our similar sense of humor. I explained my dream of working in NYC as a photojournalist. When the time came to start the college process, he said "We are going to get you to New York." He helped me curate pictures for my portfolios, write honest essays, and get my applications in on time. Without his support, I would not have had such a strong application or

achieved my dream of going to New York where I will attend Eugene Lang / Parson's School of Design this fall. Special thanks to you, Mr. Deal.

Then there is Ms. O'Brien, my advisor: always there for me, able to talk, or help with whatever crazy project I have come up with, like a yearbook from scratch, creating new newspapers, an overly ambitious senior project, or even just managing my school work and extracurriculars. Thank you Ms. O'Brien for supporting me no matter what.

MWS teachers are flexible and have an ability to work with us for which I am very grateful. I can't remember how many times one of us has asked for an extension or to push a test back to accommodate our stress load or our personal lives. I can even remember once when we were so exhausted after block night that Mrs. Gerwin let us skip math class and take a nap in the Math room instead. And who can forget her famous carrot cake? By the way Mrs. Gerwin, I still need to get that recipe. It was so much more than carrot cake. It was comfort, love, understanding, and the feeling we had made Mrs. Gerwin and ourselves proud. The teachers here care about our well being and know that if a student is pushed too far nothing fruitful will come of it. Except maybe — carrot cake!

For the most part I find that everyone at MWS wants to learn and hear each other out. That includes the teachers, too. The students and teachers might not always agree on the dress code

or the cell phone policy but other's perspectives and everyone's insights are important. The teachers create a space in which to discuss and explain and form our own opinions. Like Mr. Becker in his current events debates or Mr. Schurman in his civil liberties class.

Our teachers help create independent thinkers, creative problem solvers, and thoughtful people who not only care about doing well in school--but in life. People who care about the world around them and the planet they will soon inherit. Mr. Houghton's Climatology trip to Mt. Washington, or working in the field on plant chemistry with Mr. Falconbridge, and of course Ms. McCormick taking us to Hermit island for zoology — all of them have helped us to appreciate the power and beauty of nature in all its manifestations and forms.

But what really sold me on MWS four years ago was its great emphasis on art. From chorus with Maria Belva or Ms. Weiner, pop/folk ensemble with Mr. Koerber, painting with Ms. Murray, drawing and ceramics with Mrs. Powers, hours and hours of color gradating with Mr. Powers, and hours and hours and hours of stone carving rain, sun, or snow with Mr. O'Connors — without all of these classes my high school experience would have been sorely lacking. And with our plays, Mr. Schurman took me to places I didn't believe I could go: a psychiatrist who knew how to stand her ground, a wildly extravagant madwoman, a domineering mother, a vengeful scorned wife, a repressed dog lover.

He brought our class together in ways more intimate than we might have wanted — but that perhaps we needed.

Because of all of my artistic endeavors here I feel like a more complete person. And I know I can truly draw upon on these experiences to improve my future art work. With such talented teachers, I know making it as an artist is possible. Besides, nothing surpasses art for unlocking the intelligence or increasing understanding. Art at a Waldorf school is not extra-curricular. First of all, working in the artistic realm makes it possible to learn and to better understand all the other realms. Secondly it helps us to live life artistically.

Waldorf teachers, and in fact any good teacher, know that to reach a student they have to see them from all sides and be able to work with them wherever they are, whoever they are. I feel prepared and inspired to bring out of this school and into the world the insights that were fostered in me here. Because, although I do not know everything, I feel confident that this Waldorf school has given me the tools to learn just about anything I put my mind to. To a very large part I have these teachers to thank for that.

So, thank you all so much.

— Leydi Walle



MONADNOCK WALDORF SCHOOL

Monadnock Waldorf School was founded in 1976 as an independent school rooted in the international movement and philosophy of Waldorf education.

We provide a rich and challenging environment that inspires students to reach their highest potential in academic, artistic and physical achievement. Through the integration of these pursuits, we nurture the unique capacities within each student as they develop a lifelong love of learning and sense of compassion that benefits them, their community and the world at large.

WHY WALDORF?

With more than 1,000 Waldorf schools in over 60 countries, Waldorf Education is truly global — not only in scope, but in its approach. Waldorf graduates are recognized for their academic strengths and intellectual curiosity, their highly developed interpersonal skills and their enthusiasm for confronting life's opportunities and challenges.

Waldorf education is based on developmental insights that address the needs of the growing child and maturing adolescent.

Waldorf teachers transform education into an art, educating the whole child through the head, heart and hands.

LEARN MORE

For more information, or to schedule a tour, please contact admissions at (603) 357-4442 x105 or admissions@monadnockwaldorfschool.org.

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