

**YOU  
never  
really  
leave**  
St. Mark's School of Texas



**YOU  
never  
really  
leave**  
St. Mark's School of Texas

# Marksmen 2022

**WEATHERED** Timeworn bricks slice through the middle of the Quad — the heart of 10600. Commemorating Davis Hall, the centerpiece of campus for nearly 50 years before its replacement in 2008, these stones that greeted generations of Marksmen each day now remind the community of the schools commitment to sustaining its mission.

# CONTENTS

## OPENING

Title page • 1  
Opening • 2  
Dedication • 14

## 10600

Life and issues • 18

## COMMUNITY

Underclass • 114  
Faculty • 148

## SENIORS

Portraits • 152  
Advertisements • 262  
Credits • 360

## PEOPLE

Clubs & Groups • 364  
Sports • 372  
Index • 380

## CLOSING

Colophon • 388  
In memoriam • 390  
Closing • 392  
Parting • 396





**STRIDE ONWARD** Even in campus's gutted hours of night, Marksmen march along the Path to Manhood and push forward into the sustaining development of the 10600 community.

**ST. MARK'S SCHOOL OF TEXAS**

**10600 PRESTON ROAD**

**DALLAS, TX 75230**

**VOLUME 63**

**214.346.8000**

**SMTEXAS.ORG**

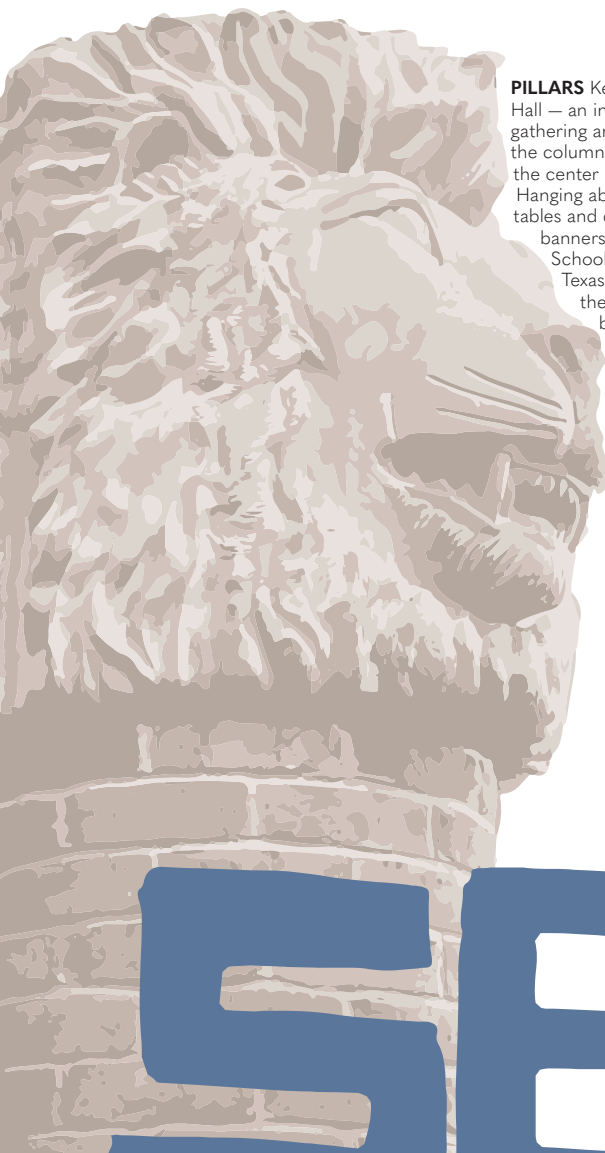
**904 STUDENTS**

**SPC DIVISION I**

**2021-2022**

**marksmen**





**PILLARS** Keeping watch over the Great Hall — an intersection of discussion, gathering and camaraderie on campus — the columns lining the dining hall frame the center of commotion on campus. Hanging above the long, Hogwarts-like tables and deep brown wooden chairs, banners commemorating the Terrill School, the Cathedral School and Texas Country Day School honor the school's predecessors. Built by its past and invested in its future, 10600 develops in its boys a sense of respect for their home — a connection that calls them back.

This campus — this place, this tangible and intangible entity — has its own unique gravitational attraction. It pulls third graders back for one more after-school game of knockout. It pulls future engineers back to the Makerspace long after the bells have tolled the alma mater for the day's final time.

We all feel it. We all sense it. On our journey from boys to manhood, we're caught in its orbit. It keeps us from spiraling off into outer space.

It keeps us on a course without locking us in one place. It is its own oxymoron. It sends us off, yet it keeps us here.

As we explore time and space, we encounter all the physical and psychological forces acting upon us. We laugh. We cry. We run. We crawl. We tire. We rest, rewind and do it again and again and again. But never quite the same way.

One cold December morning, we're sixth graders in oxford shirts and gray shorts sprinting across the Quad to keep from freezing. One steamy May evening, we're seniors standing patiently in line, waiting to trek across the Commencement stage.

We compete. We collaborate. We're either drifting or drag-racing together — completing assignments, elbowing each other in cafeteria lines, searching the walls of the Graduate Hall for an older brother's name or a father's name. We wonder if one day our sons will be searching these same walls for our names.

Not even a pandemic could dull our sense of who we are and where we belong. Some of us lost our homes in the tornado a couple of years back, and even that could not scatter us to the winds.

The instability and uncertainty we've endured the past several years have strengthened our bond, not loosened it. Our survival is our legacy.

Regardless of where our journey takes us — spearheading a small business in New York City, a Doctors Without Borders hospital in a village far from 10600 — we will always be Marksmen. The loops of St. Mark's are eternal, and their positive magnetism never stops pulling.

— Dr. Sonak Daulat '90

**HE WOULD  
NEVER WANT  
TO LEAVE OR  
COME HOME.  
AND IT'S  
STILL THE  
SAME WAY.  
ST. MARK'S IS  
LIKE A**

**SECOND HOME**





**CLIMB** Perched on the steps of Nearburg Hall (left), a building that houses the school's alumni offices, Shreyan shares a moment of companionship with his father. Dr. Daulat serves as a member of the Alumni Board and as a class agent, engaging with the school as he watches his son thrive.

**RIPPLES** Ivy creeps down the walls of the Grandparents' Courtyard (right) as Dr. Daulat squeezes the shoulders of his son — walking along the same path that his father did more than 30 years before. He gifts Shreyan with an opportunity to explore the rewards of the Path to Manhood and offers him guidance along the way.

## The legacy

**WRINKLES** from an oxford white shirt — a familiar feeling for allergist Dr. Sonak Daulat '90 — yield to his sturdy grip. They fasten him to the shoulders of his son, Shreyan, as they soak in the stillness of the Grandparents' Courtyard.

As a student, Dr. Daulat thrived in a community that initiated his journey into manhood, welcomed him as an unsure freshman and provided him with a complex and compassionate set of brothers. He left his mark on the school. But when he walked across the stage at his commencement, he knew that his odyssey as a Marksman was far from over.

His son walks along the same path that he did 30 years before. Not necessarily following in his father's footsteps, but harvesting — in his own way — the same values that every Marksman reaps: a family to grow alongside, a guide through his youth and that familiar pull that draws him home.

Shreyan — a soon-to-be 12-year Marksman — admires his father's journey at the school but feels no pressure to become the same man. He leaves his own mark on the school — as a leader on *The ReMarker*, the co-founder of a non-profit service organization and as a son making his father proud.

Shreyan and Dr. Daulat are each fragments of the on-going story of St. Mark's. They draw inspiration from those who came before them and set new precedents for generations to come. An imprint on someone else's oxford white shirt. A legacy to pursue.

**WHEN I KNEW THAT WE WERE GOING TO HAVE A BOY, THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT CAME TO MY MIND WAS THAT IT WOULD BE A DREAM — I WOULD JUST SO LOVE TO SEE THAT HE ENDED UP AT ST. MARK'S.**  
— DR. SONAK DAULAT '90



### DR. SONAK DAULAT

- Graduate of the Class of 1990
- Member of the Alumni Board
- Class agent
- Father of Marksman

### SHREYAN DAULAT

- Member of the Class of 2023
- Life & 10600 editor — *The ReMarker*
- Co-founder — The Buckner Project
- Son of alumnus



I HAVE A  
GREAT DEAL OF  
RESPECT FOR  
THE PEOPLE  
HERE. THEY SET  
A HIGH BAR  
FOR WHAT THEY  
EXPECT. MY  
GOAL'S TO

— Director of Security Dale Hackbarth

Stillness. The fragile quiet of campus at 2 a.m. imposes itself over the school's hallowed halls — a pause between journalists' exhausted departure that night and Coach Dilworth's premature arrival the next morning.

The rare calmness swallows the security cart parked on the steps at the doormat of the school, vigilantly observing darkness and maintaining the school's enduring heartbeat.

Even in this brief interlude of the kinetic gusto, 10600 is never quite absent of life — never quite empty. The school sustains its spirit — uninterrupted by gutted parking lots, muted Saturday mornings or months between classes.

The morning shift starts as security workers clock in while the midnight guard shuffles off-campus to restore his sleep schedule — an overlap ensuring that, no matter the time or condition, somebody is there to protect our home. To preserve our community.

Stationed at the mouth of the Quad, they greet groggy Marksmen trickling in for morning classes and keep watch as the last car turns onto Preston and leaves them alone at 10600.

The past couple of years have reminded us of how much it hurts to be away — to be homesick amid uncertainty. But even while the community found itself at home for months, the pulse of the school persevered.

We recognize that a day's activity must eventually wind to a close, but in that time of absence, somebody's always there to fuel the fire.

Robotics Team members pulling an all-nighter for that competition in Midland. *ReMarker* staffers putting the finishing touches on the Centerspread about a tech-driven future. This endless movement keeps 10600 burning. Refusing to let anything extinguish it.

Because even though the commanding silence reigns for a time, we'll always be back to start the next day and keep moving forward. That stillness that envelops the school at night really isn't still at all. St. Mark's never stops buzzing. Even when it may seem empty, someone's always there to keep the rhythm going.

**SHIELDED** Suspended at the face of campus, the glass canopy jutting out from Nearburg Hall shields students from the stinging Texas sun as they wait for the steady flow of afternoon traffic and welcomes Marksmen and visitors alike as they approach the Quad. Its shade hosts playful afterschool banter between hyper sixth grade students enjoying their Animal Crackers or deafening calls from a bullhorn urging students to give to the Salvation Army. But one permanent resident beneath its reach is the security cart on the steps — always there to guard and enliven 10600.

Exceeded that bar.





**IMPOSING** Backed by the halls they commit to protecting, the security team stands firm at the entrance of the school. Years of serving — sustaining — the community have granted them the experience to walk and observe the life of a Marksman at 10600. Officers include, bottom row, Martin Hoffer, Julious Conner, Daniel Mauch, Don Humphrey; back row, Tim Houston, Dale Hackbarth, Doug Brady and Kent Witt.

**LOCKED** Supported by the hood of the security car always parked at the edge of the school, Director of Security Dale Hackbarth spearheads the protection and preservation of the school. A retired member of the Dallas Police Department, Hackbarth has seen it all, yet he still enjoys the unpredictability of what each day at 10600 can bring.

## The guardians

**OVERLOOKING** the school both at times of busy traffic and commotion and amid the deafening quiet of night, the security team — headed by Director of Security Dale Hackbarth — protects the campus and preserves the intangible nature of 10600.

Sustaining the lifeblood of the school, Hackbarth, a former Dallas police officer and friend of many in the community, assures that campus is never really vacant — always aflame with activity.

His crew has entrenched itself in the soil at Preston Road no matter the circumstances — battling the biting cold of last year's week-long freeze and being the first to tear through the rubble of the EF3 tornado that struck campus on a Sunday evening in 2019. They commit themselves to endure harsh conditions to defend the school.

Despite the inconsistency and unpredictability the pandemic has thrown at the community, the men who devote themselves to upholding the pillars of this school have remained constant. Steadfast.

But like everything else at St. Mark's, Hackbarth and his team reap the rewards of a two-way relationship. In guarding 10600, they not only feel surrounded by a community that pursues growth and excellence but also drive that mission onward.

**I HAVE TRIED TO  
INSTILL IN MY OWN  
CHILDREN THE RESPECT  
AND MANNERS I SEE  
IN MARKSMEN: EYE  
CONTACT, A FIRM  
HANDSHAKE, STOPPING  
FOR A MOMENT OF  
POLITE CONVERSATION.**

— DALE HACKBARTH



### DIRECTOR OF SECURITY

• Dale Hackbarth — nine years

### ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF SECURITY

• Julious Conner — 21 years

### SENIOR SECURITY OFFICER

• Daniel Mauch — 28 years

### CAMPUS SAFETY OFFICERS

• Doug Brady — three years  
• Martin Hoffer — seven years  
• Tim Houston — two years  
• Kent Witt — five years

### SECURITY

• Don Humphrey — 14 years

### PART-TIME SECURITY

• Jonathan Tilley — 12 years



# SINCE I HAVE GRADUATED, EVERY BUILDING ON CAMPUS HAS CHANGED. BUT ST. MARK'S IS

Broken bricks trace an often-overlooked path in the heart of the Quad — an endzone for sixth-grade football games returning after a two-year hiatus and the grounds where Headmaster David Dini welcomed Marksmen back to campus.

These bricks, cracked for over a decade by generations of Marksmen, honor Davis Hall — an iconic hub of learning and the heart of 10600 Preston Road for more than 50 years. Torn down in 2007 to update resources and opportunities for future Marksmen, the memory of Davis Hall refused to fade; rather, its persistent presence and aura on campus remind students of the past.

Since it rooted itself on Preston Road in 1941, the school has seen over 80 years of renovation and development — leaving the campus virtually unrecognizable to some of its oldest alumni.

Recent projects such as the construction of Centennial Hall and the Winn Science Center focus on elevating opportunities for the next generation of Marksmen while the restoration of campus following the devastating aftermath of the EF3 tornado in 2019 sought to restore the fragmented pieces of the community.

Through incessant change and desire to pursue growth, however, one feature remains constant: the dedication to continuing the school's mission.

As thousands of different Marksmen walked across different campuses in different periods of time, the school has remained entrenched in its values of fostering students through boyhood and preparing them for the inevitable challenges they will face in their careers and communities.

The COVID-19 pandemic has challenged the school to reinvent traditions and adapt at a moment's notice, but as students return home to 10600 this year, they confront a new normal. Reimagined. Unexpected. Restored.

Things may look different to Marksmen as they walk across those fractured bricks this year. But the school's ambition — its duty to its students — remains the same.

No matter how unrecognizable life at 10600 may appear, this is still their St. Mark's.

— Nelson Spencer '57

# Still the same.

**PERPETUAL PRESENCE** After serving as the centerpiece of an iconic campus for more than 50 years, all that remain of Davis Hall's dominant presence at 10600 are the bricks that cross the Quad in the heart of campus and the cupola that sat atop its storied halls. Planted in a courtyard outside Cecil and Ida Green Library, this striking figure greets current Marksmen passing by on their ways to explore the past and prepare for the future. The cupola reminds them of eras past and the school's mission to conserve tradition.





#### NELSON SPENCER

- Graduate of the Class of 1957
- Varsity soccer and football athlete
- Class vice president
- Served on the Alumni Board
- Former member — Board of Trustees
- Married in the St. Mark's Chapel
- Founder of St. Mark's crew program

## The pathFinder

**SIXTY-FIVE YEARS** after he walked across the Quad on the night of his commencement — celebrating with his classmates the culmination of a journey and the initiation of a new mission — Nelson Spencer '57 anchors himself to the soil of 10600 Preston Road.

Bound to the brick path cutting across the Quad by a chapel chair honoring one of his former classmates, Spencer, an alumnus deeply rooted and engaged in the community as a class agent, member of the Alumni Board and founder of the school's crew program, observes his alma mater — a crossroads of change and tradition.

Since 1957, he's seen it all: growth, decline, disasters, the occasional miracle that accompanies pride, spirit and determination. In short, he's seen trees planted, sucked from the ground, dropped in an open field a mile away, located, carted back and replanted again.

**THE SCHOOL HAS HAD TO REINVENT ITSELF CONTINUALLY IN A PHYSICAL SENSE BUT, MORE IMPORTANTLY, HAS NOT ALTERED ITS DRIVE TO BECOME THE BEST EDUCATIONAL RESOURCE FOR YOUNG MEN IN THE UNITED STATES.**

— NELSON SPENCER '57

But Spencer still sees the same St. Mark's — the same school that ushered him and his classmates into manhood and calls back those who have left its fold.

Sure, the school may look completely different than it did 65 years ago. But the traditions, the connections and the mission of the school remain consistent. A shared experience true to St. Mark's. One that transcends change.

**ROOTS** Anchored to the grounds that he crossed at his commencement 65 years earlier, Spencer sits on the bricks that commemorate Davis Hall — the visual identity of "his St. Mark's." Still deeply engaged with the community, however, he cherishes the school's devotion to maintaining the mission that made his experience remarkable.

**REFLECTIVE** Light filtered through paned glass windows glares on Spencer's face as he sits in the chapel — dotted with chairs that look identical to those from the 1950s. The chapel is of ultimate significance to Spencer, serving as both a space of reflection and the venue for his wedding.





# I'M CONNECTED AND INVESTED IN STUDENTS. AND WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW SOMEONE ON THAT LEVEL IT DRAWS THEM BACK.

— coach Dwight Phillips

People always say that smiles can go a long way. They're reminders to relax amid the wildness and incessant movement that flood the halls of 10600.

Marks of companionship that elude the edges of professionalism and duty. Establishments of familiarity — intimacy — that weave together the intricate fabrics of the school.

Here, coming back from Thanksgiving mask-optional allowed us to see faces and restored the presence of joy that is larger than life. It vibrates in students excited by learning and engaged in the pursuit of growth.

It radiates from cheerful faces welcoming students onto campus as they trickle out of the carpool line. It surges through the atmosphere of campus and captures the energy of the school: one wrapped in kinetic spirit and unyielding passion.

You can feel the comfort in the relationships — past and present. Faculty members gleam as former students come back to visit. Open-door policies invite passersby to wander into an office, engage in conversation and create unintentional memories. The ones that last. And as campus reopened to alums and parents to visit, the feeling of family is back.

Through the relentless ambiguity and unexpectedness that the past few years have hurled our way, 10600 has grown, adapted, transformed. But consistent in that change is the sustained sense of camaraderie that makes the school what it is: a home where people invest in one another and forge connections in the community.

150 devoted teachers and coaches pour into their 900 students to enrich their growth as scholars in linear algebra or dystopian literature, athletes on the field and citizens in the community.

All to deepen connections. To pursue those around them. To develop a sense of tangible care and comfort in the community. To create relationships that remain with them. That stand the test of time.

It's all about those short, unexpected grins you see as you stroll through the commons. The little pick-me-ups that dilute stress and make you smile back.

The friendships that make St. Mark's more than a school. A band of brothers and mentors. A family.

**THE FRIENDLY GIANT** Perhaps the most recognizable face on campus, coach Dwight Phillips saunters through the Commons leading a group of hyper second graders to the track or brightly smiles while diving into conversation with a senior — one he has shepherded for over a decade. His presence, consistently cheerful and spirited, injects a sense of energy into the school and reminds the community that life at 10600 is not all about success in the classroom: it's about the relationships — the people you walk beside on the Path to Manhood. Phillips's 22 years of service at the school merits waves of gratitude and respect from the community, and despite his unmistakable humility, Phillips is certainly surrounded by love at St. Mark's.

THE

# dedicatee





**LOOK UP** Towering over his Lower School P.E. students, coach Dwight Phillips draws the beady eyes and intrigue of his young Marksmen. His easy-going nature and fascinating storytelling draw in students as they look up in awe and wonder of their coach.

**FIRST STEPS** On the very first day of first graders' journeys through 10600, coach Phillips instills in his students the value of listening. According to him, the first step on a boy's trek toward manhood is learning how to listen to others — to show genuine care and interest. And as his students grow, Phillips witnesses — firsthand — the impact of his early teaching.

## The dedicatee

**NO MATTER** the audience, timing or situation, Dwight Phillips commands a room with his booming laugh, wisps of wisdom and inviting smile.

Simply put, he's the biggest man on campus. He towers over first graders with his imposing frame and teaches them some of the most important things you can learn as a kid: how to have fun and how to listen. But it's his friendly presence that makes coach Phillips truly larger than life.

In his 22 years at the school, he has poured into — invested in — decades of students and peers around campus. His approachable nature and vulnerability allow him to pursue people on a deeper level. He's not about the small talk. He's ready to be a listener, a guide, a confidant, a mentor — a friend.

**TEACHERS AND COACHES  
HERE ARE GONNA HIT  
YOU UPSIDE THE HEAD  
WITH A BAT. BUT, MAN,  
THEY GO AND PATCH  
YOU UP AND SHOW YOU  
HOW MUCH THEY CARE  
ABOUT YOU.**

— DWIGHT PHILLIPS

There may not be someone in the St. Mark's community who warrants more genuine gratitude and respect. A man who serves those around him. A man whose heart tells you everything you need to know: you really need to look up to coach Phillips.

A familiar voice on campus, coach Phillips always seems like a floater. Around every corner — behind every challenge — he's there to pick you up. He cultivates students from wide-eyed boys in awe of his stature to men who look him in the eye, shake his hand and thank him for giving them memories and lessons they can eternally treasure. So in recognition of his committed service to bettering our community, we dedicate the *Marksmen* 2022 to coach Dwight Phillips.

### DWIGHT PHILLIPS

- Lower School P.E.
- Middle School volleyball coach
- Middle School track & field coach
- 38 years in teaching and coaching
- 22 years at 10600





EVENTS  
ACADEMICS  
SACRIFICE  
ISSUES  
COMPETITION  
PERFORMANCE  
SPIRIT  
LATE NIGHTS



**7 a.m.** Marksmen wake up at the crack of dawn for morning lifts and get a jump start on the day. **8:25 a.m.** Security officer Kent Witt greets you as you run across the crosswalk. **3:25 p.m.** The bell tower rings and students leave their last class. They walk to Quiz Bowl, Model UN and Alumni Association meetings. **4:45 p.m.** Coach blows his whistle and the grind of practice begins. **8 p.m.** Econ problem sets, papers and Spanish presentations occupy the busy hands of Marksmen.



# INSIDE Life

## ISSUES

Return to normalcy • 28, 30  
Closing the gap • 42, 44  
Unable to unplug • 58, 60  
In the shadows • 76, 78  
Diversity and inclusion • 86, 88  
Inside the bubble • 110, 112

## ACADEMICS

STEM • 96  
Humanities • 98  
Arts • 100  
Academic competition • 102

## ATHLETICS

Summer sports • 26  
Fall sports • 32  
Football • 34, 36  
Fall SPC • 46  
Cross country • 48  
Volleyball • 50  
Fan atmosphere • 56  
Training • 62  
Winter sports • 68  
Basketball • 70, 72  
Soccer • 74  
Wrestling • 84  
Swimming • 94  
Spring sports • 104

## 10600

Back to school • 22  
Pecos • 24  
Spirit week • 38  
Homecoming • 40  
McDonald's Week • 52  
Pop culture • 54  
Christmas party • 64  
Getting back • 66  
Literary festival • 80  
Jobs • 82  
Newsies • 90  
College • 92  
International Week • 106  
STEM Conference • 108

**RING SEASON** After leaving it all on the course at Norbuck Park, senior Shaan Mehta watched the Lions volleyball team assert dominance in Greenhill's gym, "As a senior, it was great to win two SPC championships in my last fall season. Absolutely electric."



FIRST DAY  
TELOS  
LEGACIES  
FAMILY  
CAMPOUTS  
LEADERSHIP  
GROWTH

**7:30 a.m.** Teachers arrive early for office hours with their students.

**8:31 a.m.** The final rush of boys hustling to first period. Gotta avoid that tardy. **9:45 a.m.** Students pack into Decherd for Friday assembly.

Student Council President Alex Geng's voice booms out across the crowd. *Let's get started!* **6:30 p.m.**

Sweat drips from the exhausted soccer players, whose perspiration suggests a tougher than usual two-hour practice. **7 p.m.** Bonding happens around the square tables at Torch's Tacos during team dinners.

**Midnight** Lights out, if you're lucky.

Community



# INSIDE Community



**LOWER SCHOOL**  
First grade • 118  
Second grade • 119

Third grade • 121  
Fourth grade • 124

**MIDDLE SCHOOL**  
Fifth grade • 124  
Sixth grade • 126

Seventh grade • 128  
Eighth grade • 130

**UPPER SCHOOL**  
Ninth grade • 136  
Tenth grade • 139  
Eleventh grade • 143

**FACULTY/STAFF**  
A-S • 96  
S-Z • 98

**A CLOSER LOOK**  
In the greenhouse, fourth grader Muyi Ajagunna observes different species of plants for his science class. "In science, we get to do a lot of cool stuff," he said. "Our teacher allows us to do cool experiments which makes learning better, and it's nice having class in the Winn Science Center."



RINGS  
LOUNGES  
COLLEGE PROCESS  
LITTLE BUDDIES  
BLUE SHIRTS  
LAST TIMES  
COMMENCEMENT

# Seniors

**11 a.m.** Seniors lead the way as chef Howard lets them get first dibs in the lunch line. **11:15 a.m.** Tip-off for the day's match up in the Senior Basketball Association. **1 p.m.** Blue shirts congregate in the Senior Lounge during their free period, swiping a piece of candy from the college counselors on the way. **2:35 p.m.** A mind-bending physics test from Mr. Irons, the last thing standing between students and the end of the school day. **12:30 a.m.** Wrapping up their work for the day, Marksmen get ready for bed in their last year at 10600 Preston Road, primed to do it all again just eight hours later.



# INSIDE Seniors



## SENIORS

Senior portraits • 156  
Most likely to • 256  
Class tree • 260  
Best of • 262  
Senior ads • 264

**RALLY CRY** Senior Corvin Oprea and his classmates try to be the loudest grade in the class cheer during a pep rally in Spencer gym. "The pep rallies evoke a lot of class spirit for Homecoming, football games and basketball games. They create unity among the senior class and bring a lot of hype going into Friday night and the weekend."





**OVERLAP** Perched in the heart of the Quad, the Path to Manhood statue maintains its steady stare over campus, watching Marksmen dart to class and lounge beneath the shady trees. Framed by the horseshoe of campus, 10600 emphasizes this image — a boy on the shoulders of his senior buddy — as a tribute to the mission of the school. Rather than displaying a statue of its early headmasters or a valiant Lion roaming the Quad, St. Mark's captures this image of growth and mentorship: the connection between every Marksman to walk the path.

"Old and ever new." In the time that a first grader grows from riding on his buddy's shoulders to walking the same path 12 years later, hundreds of Marksmen excitedly spill onto campus for the first time and proudly march across the Commencement stage with their brothers.

Favorite teachers retire to be replaced by a new set of caring mentors who usher their students into manhood.

Hundreds of athletes shed tears of triumph and defeat as they sway with their classmates and sing the alma mater. 12 ReMarker editors haunt the halls of Hoffman late at night and capture stories of an always-transforming 10600 and ever-unpredictable world.

The Great Hall echoes with thousands of lunchtime debates, dozens of gatherings for convocation and countless slews of handcrafted ornaments hanging from the Christmas tree. The community is always cheerfully welcoming new faces, tightly embracing those who fuel it with kinetic life and memories and smiling at the return of those who come back.

Each year, 32 brothers begin an adventure filled with joy, adversity, camaraderie, growth. And each year, Marksmen conclude that same journey — one they started 12 years before.

But life at 10600 isn't about what each Marksman does with his 12 years — the relationships he builds, the character he learns, the dream he pursues. St. Mark's is about the overlap. How one Marksman's experience stems from a journey before his and sharpens one to come. How each senior walks the path he once traveled on piggyback.

Though we are but a chapter in the odyssey of St. Mark's, we're molded by the stories that precede us and help shape the ones not yet written.

We bear the torch that was lit long before us, and our impacts live on — preserved by those who follow the path we light.

This community, "ever new" and growing, remains rooted in its mission toward developing sustainability — something that transcends our 12 years. That we just can't walk away from. That somebody else will carry forward. A place you never really leave.

— senior Toby Barrett

ST. MARK'S  
IS A PLACE  
YOU NEVER  
REALLY  
LEAVE. THE  
BONDS  
WE MAKE IN THE  
PROCESS ARE  
THINGS I

can't leave behind.





## The brotherhood

**THIS DUGOUT** has seen three years of blissful celebration and bitter defeat for senior Toby Barrett. It has built storied relationships between teammates, brothers — a continual procession of leadership and camaraderie.

In his time as a Marksman, Toby has engaged with the community, leading his peers in the classroom, in the Publications Suite and out on the diamond. And through his commitment and investment in not only the people around him but also the school itself, he has created a relationship that will endure. One that is sustainable.

As a leader on the team and around 10600, he ushers his brother, Alex, onto the baseball team and through the challenges of St. Mark's. Staying late after practice and grinding out the family history paper. Navigating the balance of extreme rigor — a

**WE EMPHASIZE THE IDEA OF LEADERSHIP A LOT AT ST. MARK'S. WORKING HARD AND BEING A PERSON THAT OTHER PEOPLE LOOK UP TO. AND IF THERE'S ONE PERSON IN THIS COMMUNITY I KNOW I WANT TO MAKE AN IMPACT ON, IT'S MY BROTHER.**

— SENIOR TOBY BARRETT

drive to excel — and the necessity of calm and focus. Growing from a boy with opportunity to a man with purpose.

Each year, a new set of captains takes the helm — setting themselves on a mission to make their season one that lasts. One whose impact, either through a championship or through the moments in its pursuit, continues beyond their year.

That's what makes St. Mark's special. That fraternity that connects the stories of Marksmen across generations. The Path to Manhood does not end for seniors as they leave St. Mark's. They simply bear a new responsibility to continue that mission for those to come. To maintain their roots. To be the big brother.

**ON DECK** Ahead of their first and final season together, senior Toby Barrett and his brother sophomore Alex Barrett share a moment of brotherhood in the dugout. Toby hopes the impact he makes on the team as a captain will transcend his time on the team and guide his brother along the way.

**BASE PATH BROTHERS** Cars dot Preston Road behind the Barrett brothers on the diamond. As brothers, they grow together through competitiveness and compassion — always driving each other to pursue their best.



### TOBY BARRETT

- Member of the Class of 2022
- Managing editor — *The ReMarker*
- Varsity baseball captain
- Big brother

### ALEX BARRETT

- Member of the Class of 2024
- Staff photographer — *Marksmen*
- Varsity baseball athlete
- Little brother



**WE KEEP  
MOVING  
FORWARD.  
FINDING A  
NEW NORMAL.  
LIGHTING  
THE WAY FOR  
WHAT'S NEXT.  
BUT EVEN  
THOUGH WE  
STEP AWAY  
FROM 10600,  
ST. MARK'S  
IS A PLACE...**

**YOU  
never  
really  
leave**



**FADE** Rounded light fixtures lining the corridor outside the Cecil and Ida Green Library guide students along their path — a measure of consistency along the journey of a Marksman.