

October 19, 2015



Dear T-D Family,

It was Friday. It was fresh. It was fun. I now know why the Brooklyn baseball team of the old millennium was called the Dodgers. Most of the bikers traversing the Brooklyn Bridge rode like kamikaze pilots and Thornton-Donovan's pedestrian pupils had to dodge more than a few of them. Of course, that little bell they rang would only have been heard by the sharpest eared canine.

T-D's pedestrian paraders and faculty docents embraced the fresh air with Skyscraper National Park as a backdrop. Lessons were taught and learning took place as the term "experiential leaning" gained new meaning. Some non T-D students we passed along the way were drawing the most celebrated skyline in the world. It was a vista like none other and one could look north, south, east or west and be swept up or blown away by the opulence.

Once T-D returned to terra firma the faculty opened up their non T-D classrooms in Cadman Plaza. After about 30 minutes of Brooklyn Bridge history, T-D marched down to Old Fulton Street and passed an old Sinatra haunt - Grimaldi's Pizza. The line to get in stretched all the way to Chicago.

Once on Pier #1 T-D gathered in the outdoor amphitheater facing New Jersey and saw a touch of Hoboken where the student body was implanted ten days ago. Both Michelle DeAngelis and Al Goodman led the school family in a special sing-along and "New York, New York" was a perfect fit.

The day went too quickly for most of us. The Brooklyn Bridge is still on my mind and I appreciate its architect, John A. Roebling, more and more. It was gr eat for all of us to walk a mile in Roebling's shoes and I want to thank him, no matter where he is, on behalf of Thornton-Donovan School.

Sincerely,

Douglas E. Fleming, Jr.

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Headmaster

NB - T-D STILL NEEDS BEDS FOR FOUR GIRLS AND ONE BOY FROM ITALY, AS WELL AS ONE BOY FROM GUATEMALA. EVERYONE ARRIVES THIS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23 .