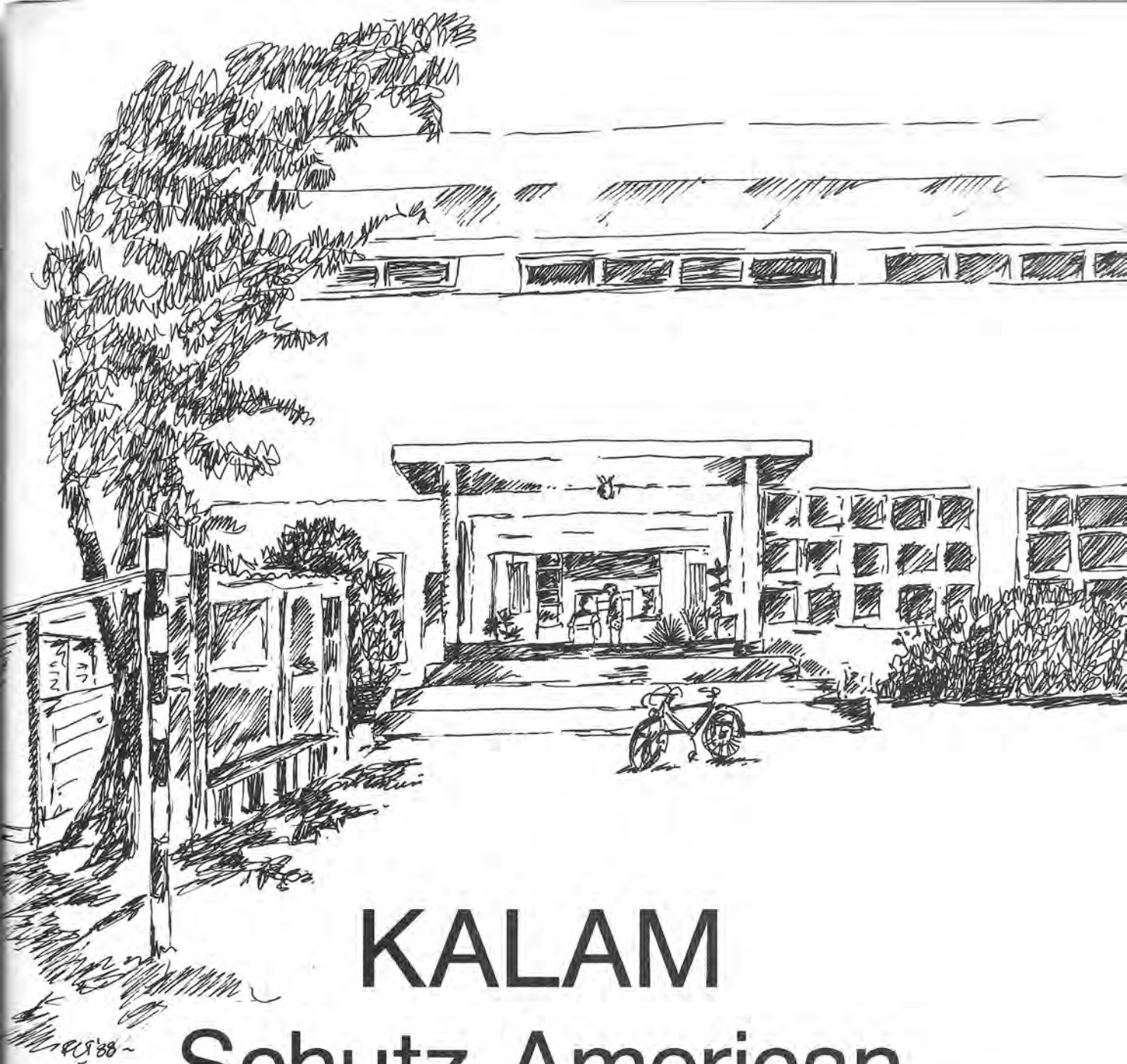


**eightyeight**

**KALAM**



**KALAM**  
**Schutz American**  
**School**  
**1987-88**  
**Alexandria, Egypt**





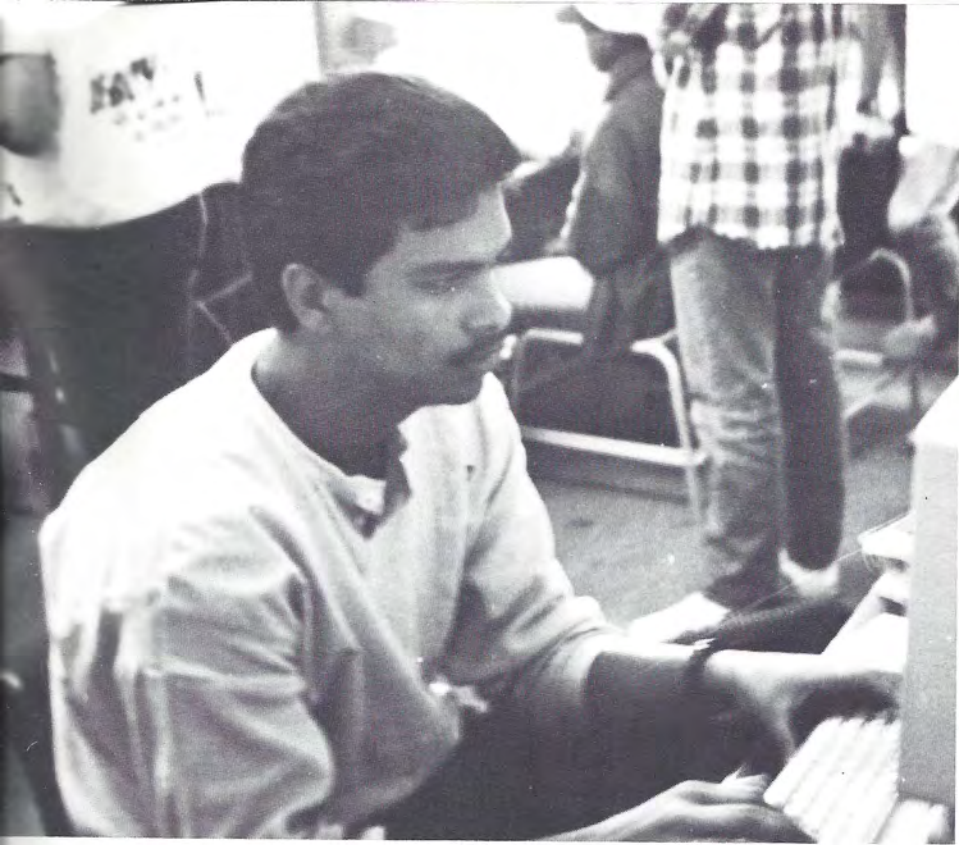
# SENIORS

Ticking away, the pain and the gain  
The hours of laughter are near the end.  
Extending a trembling hand  
The inevitable parting has settled the land.

The tips of my wings  
Will slice through the air.  
I'll fly and remember  
My grandfather's chair.

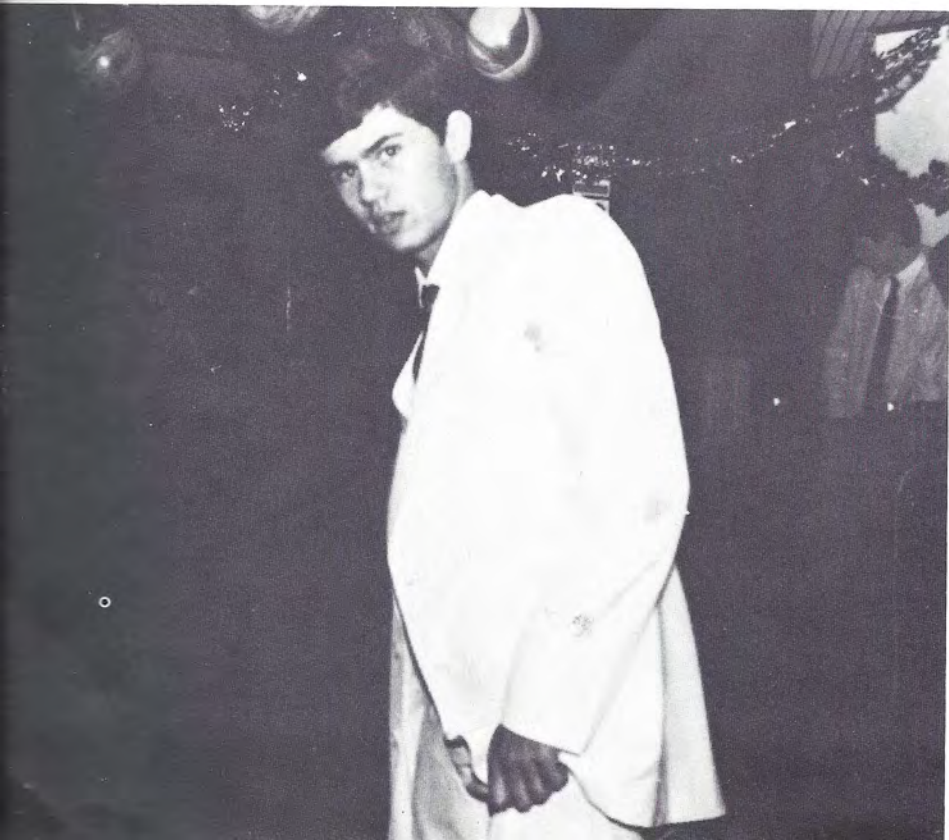
A comfortable nest  
You think it's the best.  
But time will fly, you'll look to the sky  
And fly off to the east or the west.

In our hearts the flame of the memory flickers  
That nest is still alive for you and for me.  
In our dreams we'll still be together  
Like birds we'll hover over the sea.



Meshaal Al Ghalib

"Live your life, but be practical."  
"Be in the world, but not a part of it."



Radoslav Antonov

"Genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration."

-Thomas Alva Edison



Hossam ElKholly

"Ride high, ride cool."



Jennifer Esler

"We may lose or we may win, but we will never be here again, so open up by climbing in, and take it easy . . ." -Eagles

"Every year's a souvenir that slowly fades away."

-Billy Joel





Brigitta Finkei

"Today's dreams are tomorrow's future."



Ikuko Mizukawa

"Have an ambition, and don't stay in your past."



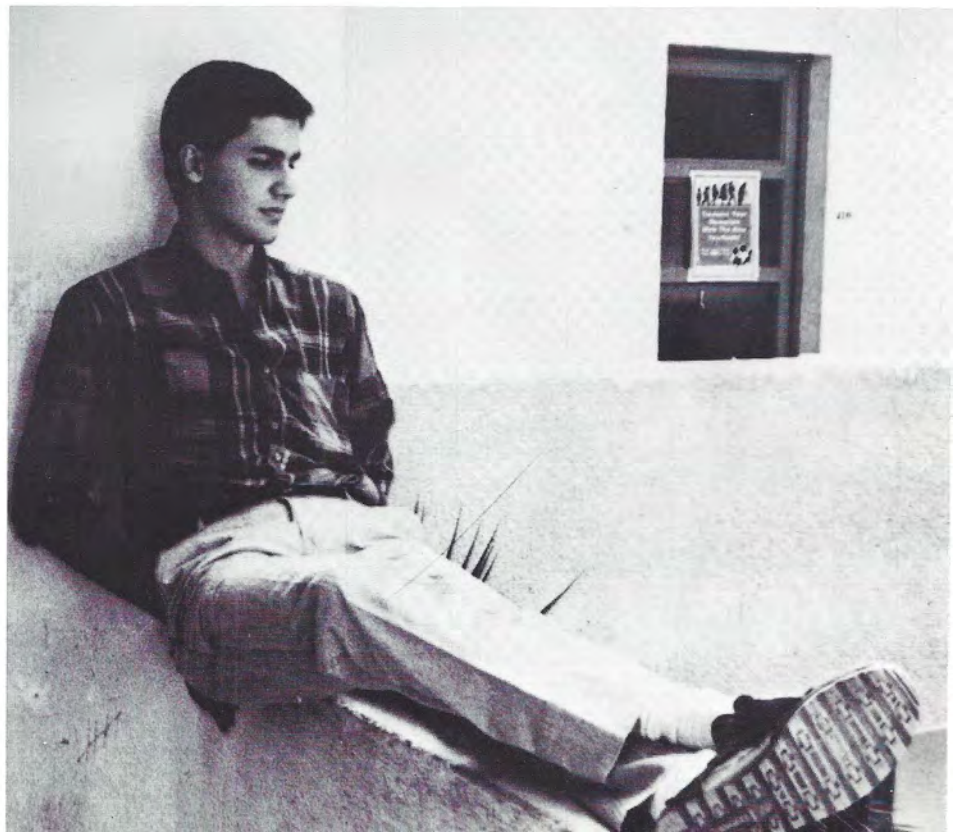
Kazuko Mizukawa

"The people of the world should unite together with an open mind, and exchange their cultures freely without discrimination."

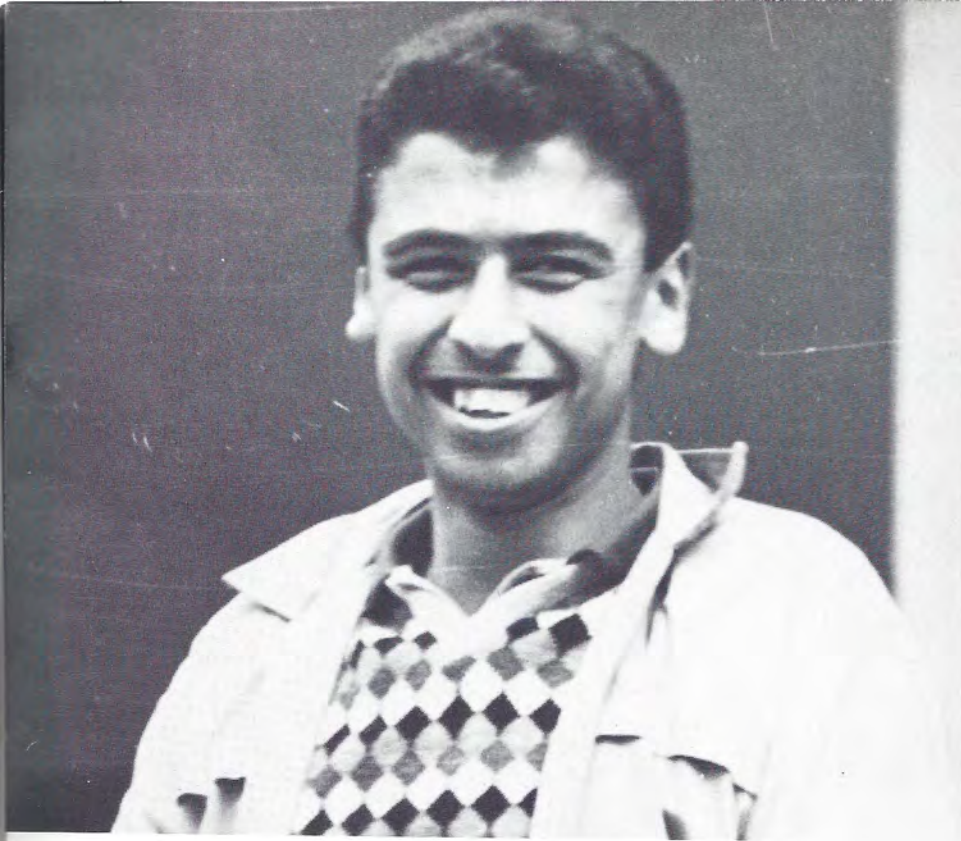


Khodadad Modjtabai

"It's not the kill . . . but the thrill of the chase."







Mikhail Serry

"If you think we're sick, then sick is what we will be."

-Dee Snyder



Mona Shaltout

"The only way to predict the future is to have power to shape the future."



Sander van der Holst

"Schutz is more than a school, it's a world to comprehend and compromise."



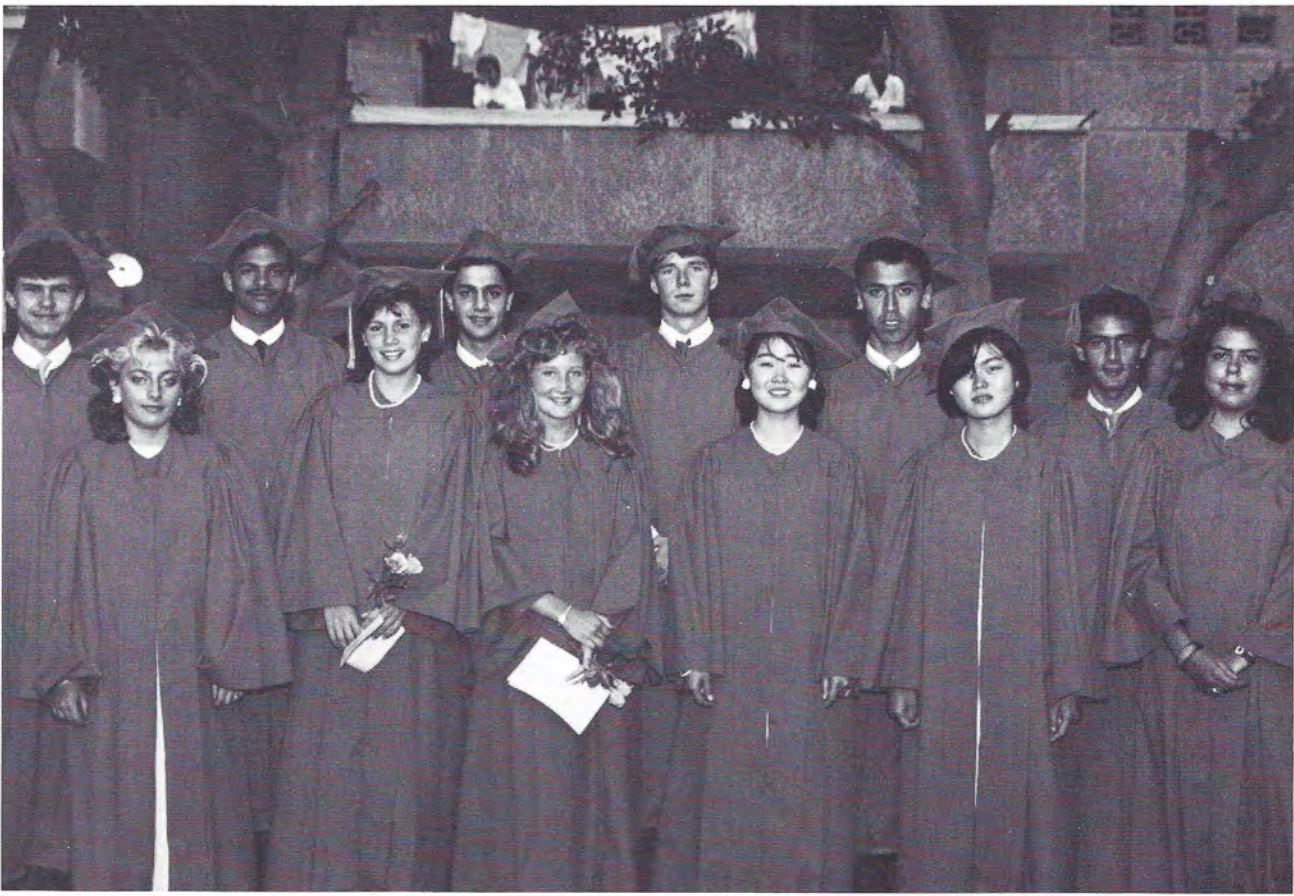
Dawn Walters

"There's so much left to know and I'm on the road to to find out." -Cat Stevens

"Oh what I want to know is, where does the time go . . ."

-Grateful Dead







# UNDERCLASSMEN

## WHAT MATTERS

No matter where time takes me,  
to distant shores or nearby places,  
to tropical islands or loud noon cities,  
to yellow-red sunsets or blue-black thunders,  
No matter where time takes me,  
through valleys or mountains,  
through shadow or spotlight.  
What matters most to me,  
is that memories of Schutz  
will always be with me.  
-Mireille Albersen

# JUNIOR S





Daniela  
Kasala



Abir  
Amal  
Yoshihiro  
Eiman



Jehan  
Irene  
Yuri  
Bilel

# SOPHOMORES

Victor  
Mireille  
Leena  
Ahmed



Al Hamd  
Teymour  
Sanja  
Medhat



Nancy  
Farid  
Janice  
Aamer



Mary  
Kyung Hyun  
Kristian  
Morten



Daniela  
Anita  
Philip  
Mariam





Life isn't always smooth sailing.  
Sometimes you hit a wave and you  
capsize.  
Sometimes you hit a rock and you  
sink.  
And other times you just bear with  
it.



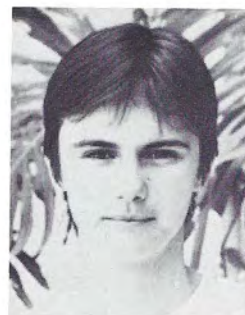




# FRESHMEN



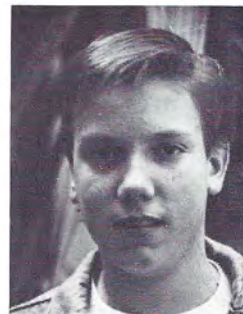
Chris  
Bozica  
Anissa



Sharif  
Beatrix



Charlie  
Dyrk  
Sherif  
Hafidh  
Amina  
Michael  
Zoltan  
Elizabeth  
Scot  
Sylvia  
Jilani



I'm Amazed - !

This is a special place; it is no ordinary school. Somehow all kinds of learning takes place here. How does it happen that 27 different nationalities participate together in this process? I'm amazed. We seem to be many threads of one fabric. All kinds of relationships develop and my thoughts wander to a message that was handed down to me quite a long time ago. I'd like to share it with you. "A good relationship has the pattern of a dance and is built on some of the same rules." The partners do not have to hold tightly because they move in a pattern; intricate, but gay, swift and free, like a country dance of Mozart. To hold tightly would be to arrest the pattern, to freeze the movement, to check the endlessly changing beauty of its unfolding. There's no room here for the heavy hand, the possessive clutch, the clinging arm; just the barest touch in passing. Now arm in arm, now back to back, now face to face, it doesn't matter which because they know they are moving together in rhythm creating their own pattern, being invisibly nourished by it. The joy of such a relationship is not only the joy of creating, but also the joy of "living in the moment". So lightness of touch and living in the moment are inter-twined. I would like to think that the relationships we've developed at Schutz will have the pattern of a dance and together we will dance of life forever.

-Wilbur

Turn the page  
See a face  
A great time  
You'll always recognize  
The paper folds  
Holds memories and thoughts  
Another page  
Your head will drop  
A grayish hair on glass.  
If you're too blind to see  
Or maybe lost your memory  
The feeling reminisce  
Echo in your head  
Like tolling bells summon up the dead.  
"Mr. Crowley"



# MIDDLE SCHOOL

We are from the 6th grade,  
We are number one.  
But don't always do our homework  
But none of us are dumb.

We really love our teacher,  
She's so sweet and kind.  
We try to keep her happy,  
But we do get out of line.

I hope this best describes us,  
We are a really great class.  
And if you don't believe me,  
There are fifteen more kids to ask!

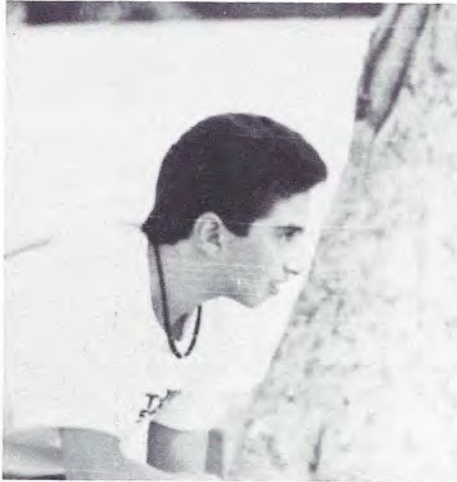
-Christine Larson

# 8 t h



Back row, left to right: Mohamed, Hamed, Ramy, Heidi, Dave, Nadia, Youssef. Second row: Sammy, Anthony, Viola, Malek. First row: Ameer, Leon, Jeff, Spasoje.

# G R A D E



# 7th GRADE



Back row, left to right: Alexander, Nevin, Dave, Amy, Anthony, Gabor, Ahmed, Matt. Front row: Amr, Manish



# 6th GRADE

Back row: Youssef, Aly, Randy, Omar, Takenao. Second row: Nancy, Angie, Janie, Nancy, Christine. Front row: Elia, Lee, Arjan, Ahmed, Amr



We are the 6th grade,  
Janie is our teacher.  
If this were basketball,  
We'd scream it from our bleacher.

"Janie, Janie,  
She's our wo-man.  
If she can't do it,  
Nobody can!"

She rushes down the court,  
She's really outta sight!  
If anyone gets in her way,  
She'd put up a fight.

Next year we'll have a new teacher,  
It won't be the same.  
As far as we're concerned,  
Janie played a perfect game.  
-Lee



Teaching the 6th grade,  
That's where I want to be.  
Helping kids to grow and learn,  
Fulfilling their destiny.

Teaching the 6th grade,  
Is an exciting place to be.  
Their open and honest attitudes,  
Are a joy for all to see.

They are an optimistic world,  
In the midst of the chaos around us.  
They are the hope of the future,  
And the challenge for me is boundless.

-Janie Walters

# 5th GRADE

From top to bottom: Fahed, Neetika, Aki-ko, Dean, Aly, Sveti, Steve, Jana, Brandi, Shahla, Tina, Claire



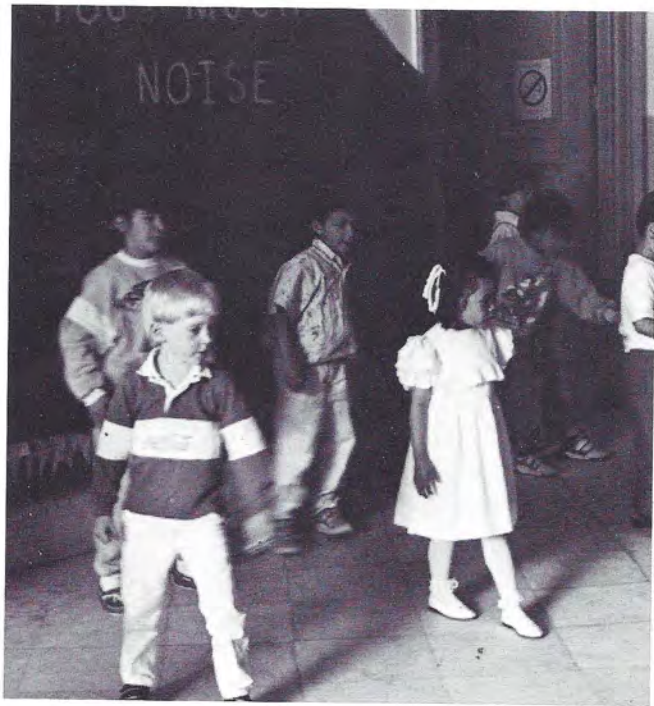


# SWEDISH SCHOOL

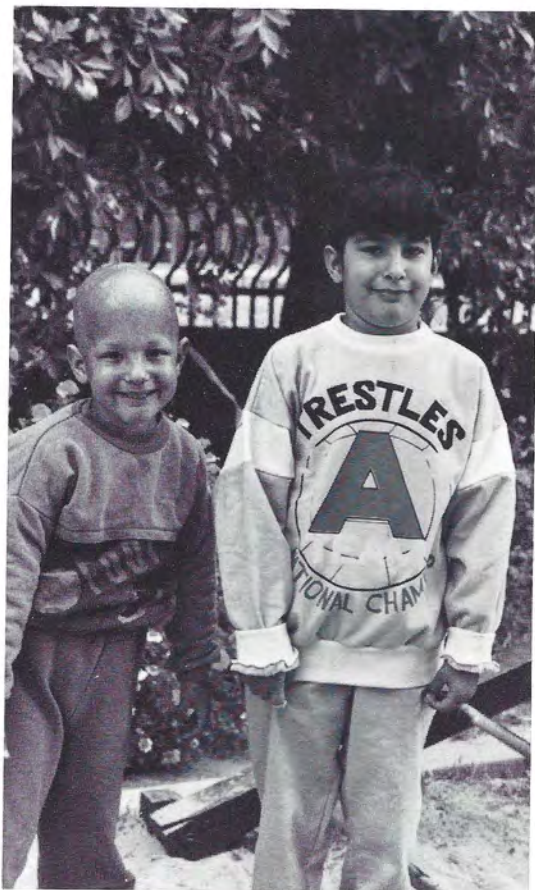


# NMH





# ELEMENTARY



# 4th GRADE



From left to right: Derek, Naomi, Stephanie, Heidi, Keturah, Mark, Alek, Amr, Sami, Sam, Steven, Tarek, Jenice, Carolyn.

# 3rd G R A D E



Top row: Stephanie, Ianna, Garrett, Matthew, Hassan. Middle row: Eman, Nora, Corina, Masayuki, Vick. Front row: Patricia, Laila, Suhaib, Ala.

# 2nd G R A D E



Standing: Souichiro, Mohamed, Tousson, Mai, Donna. Sitting: Mizuki, Gaku, Kazuya, Azusa.

# 1st GRADE



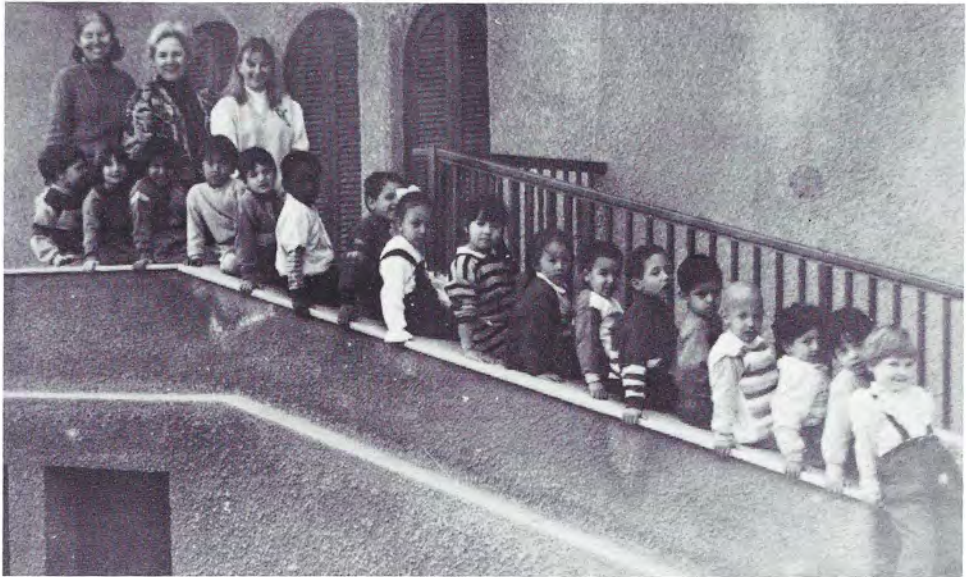
From left to right: Nicholas, Amr, Daisuke, Dema, Kei, Miho Joseph, Zaid, Heather.

# KINDERGARTEN



From left to right: Sonny, Saleh, Mirjam, Gemma, Samer, Alaa-el-Din, Keiko, Akira, Youssef, Ovnat, Kei, Aaron, Nikolas, Jonathon, Omar, Helene.

# P R E - K



Standing: Jane, Sandy, Becky. Sitting, left to right: Trevor, Rachel, Payal, Yuiki, Elad, Ikechi, Tareq, Al Zahraa, Lina, Ruriko, Mohamed, Amr, Ramy, Tual, Nancy, Mohamed, Andrea. Missing, Emad.



# FACULTY

Nerves tingle with apprehension,  
there seems to be more than the usual sweat on  
your brow.

You receive a piece of paper.  
Ah, something to do at last.

The next day, you are again nervous,  
you have high hopes,  
but they are no longer so high  
when you receive that same piece of paper back.



### IF ONLY . . . . .

When will be the next time that you look at this copy of the KALAM? Perhaps it will be tomorrow? Maybe next week? Then again in 1998 and again in 2008 - 2018, 2028, 2048 . . . ? Does anyone want to go further? Some of you will. May you all be happy and pleased with the way things went.

It is possible, however, that one or two - or even three or four - of you will say as you look at this KALAM "If only I . . . ". What are some of those "If only I's"?

Let's try a few:

- If only I had smiled for the picture.
- If only I had been wearing something that looked a little better.
- If only I had been in that play.
- If only I had worked harder to get into the college I wanted.
- If only I had graduated from college.
- If only I had not goofed up and lost my job.
- If only I had been a better parent.

Can you think of any more? Wait for 10 or 20 or 30 or 40 years and just see what you might have "If only'd" about.

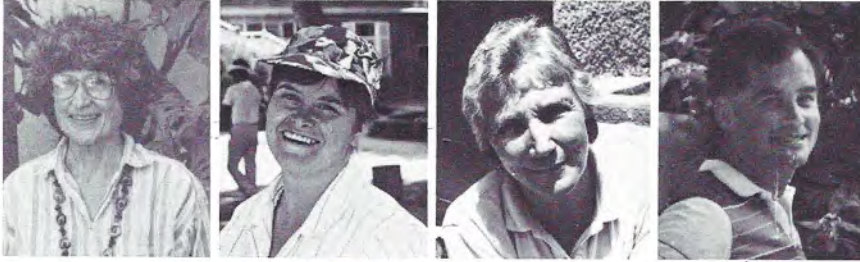
On the other hand, you may find that you played the game of life just right. Congratulations! If, by chance, you didn't, try to help someone else to play his or her game of life better. There is nothing more satisfying than being a successful coach.

-George Meloy

# SCHUTZ



George  
Ron  
Wilbur



Barbara  
Beth  
Carol  
Dave



David  
Dean  
Don  
Fiona



Glenn  
Gordon  
Jacqueline  
Janie



John  
Nagwa  
Nilgun  
Ragaa



Sami  
Sandy  
Tom



# PHAROS



Becky  
Carolyn  
Donna  
Eman  
Heather

Jane  
Marge  
Mavis  
Shadia  
Stephanie

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen of the faculty and Don,

As a veteran Schutz student, I have known most of you for many years. I have laughed with you and at you, joked with you, played sports with you, and frequently been mad at you.

Knowing you so well through your good, bad and boring days, I would like to personally, and as well as for the rest of the student body, express my gratitude for all you've done for me, both good and bad.

Sometimes throughout this pleasant lifetime at Schutz, I have wondered at the invisible will when you have derived your patience and have pushed me, the Iranian pain, on.

All of you will be engraved in my mind, as I meet the challenges life offers me and am confident your guidance will not fail me.

I would name you off one by one and thank you each personally for your ensuing efforts; however, since you have all contributed to my life both directly and indirectly, that would be a very long list.

Yours sincerely,  
Khodadad Modjtabai

# PRO-STAFF



Adel  
Ahmed  
Ahmed  
Alex  
Amina



Anne  
Cathy  
Doreen  
Fifi  
Mr. Ibrahim



Lars  
Massimo  
Mona  
Nadia  
Mr. Ramses



Mr. Ramzi  
Salwa  
Samia  
Samia  
Samiha



Seham  
Sonia  
Mr. Talaat  
Wanda

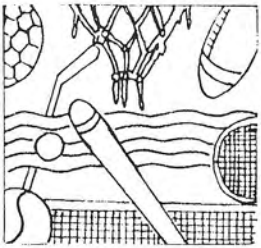


Left, back row, from left to right: Bastawi, Magdi, Darmono, Shiha, Abdelleh, Selim, Saeed, Abdel Aziz. Front row: Mohamed, Karim, Hosny. Center left, back row, from left to right: Mohamed, Tagi, Mohamed. Front row: Samir, Mahasen. Center right, from left to right: Aziz, Ragab.



Back row, from left to right: Kamilia, Awatef, Zarifa, Fatma, Hamida, Khatab. Front row: Ramadan, Shaaban, Anwar, Abdel Samieh.

From left to right: Ibrahim, Aly.



# ATHLETICS





# Boys' Basketball



# Girls' Basketball



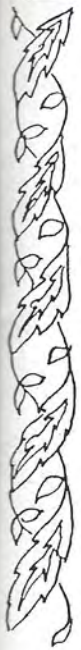
# Soccer





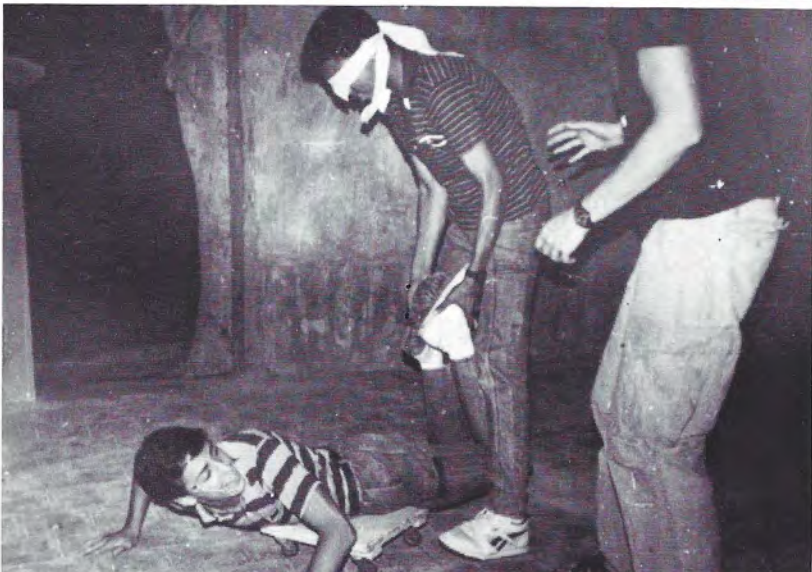






# ACTIVITIES







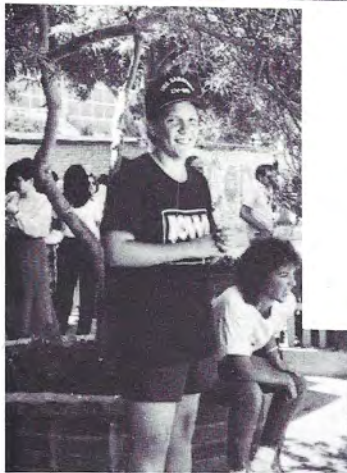






Clockwise from the top:  
You're not supposed to feed the animals,  
Jenn!  
Studs of the 8th grade.  
Starting early.  
"Only 12 more years till I graduate!"  
"Dare me?"







# Yearbook Staff

Back row, left to right:  
Jennifer, Dawn, Beth, Jila-  
ni, Radoslav. Front row,  
left to right: Kody, Sam,  
Morten.



We hope you all enjoy this 1987-88 yearbook. The challenge of putting it all together reflects many hours of effort and dedication, especially on the part of the yearbook staff. A big thank you goes to all the students and staff who contributed articles, artwork, and pictures to make this yearbook a unique collection of special memories.

Dawn Walters  
Yearbook Editor

