

A school is such an ordinary thing, an everyday word, a seemingly simple and common part of life; yet its internal composition is intricate—not just a building, nor a faculty, nor simply a student body, but more than any of these, even more than all of these put together.



Visualize a kadeidoscope—a pattern of tiny bits of color in all sizes and shapes—each different from the other. When separate, each piece stands harsh and lonely, no interest. Yet, gather these solitary bits, arrange them in a pattern, and a picture of harmony appears.

