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CONCERT



Date: Saturday September 5th 2009, time: 2:15pm. Place: Strathmore School common room. But the event and ambience were far from common.

A concert? In Strath? Eeeh...yes and yes. Not that there have never been any concerts in the school before. But most certainly, as Strathmore College of arts and Science molted and metamorphosed into the 8-4-4 Strathmore primary and high school, the concerts and shows tradition waned to a mere memory.

Come 2009 and the Astute Andrews: Andrew Ritho and Andrew Tumbo (not to forget the one who unfortunately doesn't bear the name Hesbon Odima) got a chance to resurrect that memory with their spritely chorus of 15 form 2's. We would later learn that the concert idea was definitively born in December last year. Choir master (Andrew Tumbo) and the choir got to meet in May of this year (5 months later) with an ambitious 16-songs 'playlist'.

Grass grew and flowers withered and Saturday the 5th was it. At approximately 2.15 pm, 15 black suits and scarves atop brilliant white shirts were at the school's main entrance welcoming the trickle of friends, family and relatives who were already arriving. By a quarter to 3, the common room was filled three quarters. By the end of the day, only a handful of chairs were left empty.

The coat of arms of the school hung on a royal purple velvet as a backdrop. The piano had taken its poise on the left of the stage balancing off a screen and a huge flower pot on the right. Then came the centre of attraction at centre stage: '15'.

Welcoming note and introductions were made...and then what had been the core matter of the day: choral singing. And boy

they sang! Latin Luo, Spanish, English, Mijikenda, Kikuyu and even one in Zulu... Folk, chant, rock, pop, afro-fusion... They would walk on stage and sing to a round of applause that would seemingly grow louder and louder. And when they were about to finish, the audience asked for more. So back they went and sung again. Laughter was also not missing: little gigs and skits in between songs kept the ambience cheery and informal. At 4.30, they were ready for the day's highlight. After changing from the kikoi shirts back into their nifty suits...an impromptu photo -shoot was squeezed in and then they presented their last two songs-the climax: a choral rendition of home grown Harry Kimani's 'Haiya' and the Mexican folk song best known from a 1958 adaptation by Ritchie Valens, a top 40 hit in the U.S. charts (1987) and one of early rock and roll's best-known songs 'La Bamba'.

But that climax was not the end of the concert. These gentlemen had to the surprise of all gone an extra mile of preparing some gifts for their audience: bouquets of orange/white roses for all mothers. With that, the rather elated enterprise moved to the courtyard for snacks and refreshments that families had brought along with them and animated conversations about '15' and their concert-hopefully the first of many.

"Haiya!"

TABLOID EDITION

SNAPSHOTS



BACK TO SCHOOL

THE WEEK BEFORE

It's a week to school and I can already feel my heart plunge. Is it just me or are holidays shorter nowadays? The days fly by, (how I wish they'd trudge on instead) and my grief becomes nearly unbearable. It never occurred to me that 4 weeks were just that; 4. Numbers can be cruel I conclude.

As I try (in vain, by the way) to reconcile myself to this sad reality, the endless 'back to school' adverts do nothing to console me. It's not fair!! Why do all good things have to come to an end? (SOB!) Back to sleeping AND getting on time!! And worse still, homework!! Will I really make it this time? Will I survive all the battles between the spirit and the flesh for nearly 70 or so seemingly endless afternoons? Will I really survive another 3 more gruelling, mind-boggling, energy-sapping months of school? Sigh, I guess there's only one way to find out

DAY ONE...SIGH

It's day one and I'm pleased to find out that every one is just as enthused as I am (i.e. disregarding the occasional focused and fired up young man who's just what this nation needs!). As the day TRUDGES on, I begin to wonder; maybe this isn't so bad after all. I mean, if there was no school, my home would probably be a hut and I'd probably be preparing for war. The final bell of the day finally rings interrupting my train of thought. "We'll make it!" I exclaim at the top of my inner voice. Then I sober up and remember there's homework. This time, my inner voice (but a shadow of what it once was) barely whispers, "Won't we?".



"...I begin to wonder..."



"I remember when this was a P.S.(Play Station)"

HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES

Alfred Mathews Odisa is the soft-spoken but suave teacher who has proved an able replacement to Mr. Mwagona in the Swahili department. On 8th of August 2009, Mr Odisa tied the knot at St. Austin's Catholic Church. The colourful Mass attended by many colleagues, relatives and friends was followed by a posh reception at the same venue....



Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Odissa

Mr. Stephen Odhiambo (F4 1994 and staff of Strathmore School) also left the bachelors' club after wedding his dearly beloved one on the 29th of August 2009 at St. Paul's Catholic University Chapel. A beautiful reception was then attended by the masses at the Kenya Data Networks grounds. May the Lord grant them a life most resplendent together.



Mr. Stephen Odhiambo

The school undertook some delicate repair works on the basketball courts. These works and the face lift have given the courts a new lease of life, and a befitting gift to the basketball enthusiasts. In a few weeks, the staff, parents, and visitors to the school will be able to enjoy more parking space once the extension work to the parking area is complete...



The refurbished basketball courts.



The proposed parking lot extension.