



## COMMUNICANTS

Barry Waswa Esonga  
 Raphael Kamau Ng'ang'a  
 Nathaniel Ngila Muema  
 Daniel Muriithi Riungu  
 Louis Anthony Maingi Kiarie  
 Alfred Kipngetch Kibowen  
 Joshua Murimi Kabucho  
 Andrew Kinuthia Wamarema  
 Allan Henry Mwaniki Thuo  
 John Brian Mungai Njogu  
 Matthias Kalembe Kamau  
 Steven Ngatia Kabari  
 Kevin Kang'ethe Karanja  
 Brandon Karani Mwirigi  
 Ian Njenga Waithaka  
 Andrew Mwangi Kamau  
 Ignatius Kioi Ndungu  
 Alvin Omulema Shimekha  
 Mark Spencer Karia Ngunjiri  
 Mathias Omondi Ochieng  
 Arnold Songa Kulundu  
 Jordan Mwangi Muriithi  
 Michael Malonza Muli  
 Jacob Msando Owino  
 Arnold Odaga Maganda  
 Aldair Maina Omari  
 Matthew Emmanuel Lunani

## The 1st Holy Communion, Aloysius Maina (F3&)



The remnants of moving soulful music still resound in the ears of those of us who were involved: the communicants, their parents and families, our chaplain Fr. Joe, the choir and the entire Strathmore Fraternity. To start off, we at Strath Media wish to send out the highest congratulations to all the pupils who received their First Holy Communion.

All morning a mood of serenity and good cheer permeated through everyone's heart. No one could help but smile. The day began with the communicants watching a film at 9am. Their parents and soon to be god-parents were treated to a talk from Father Joe. At precisely 11am, the procession of communicants, the altar servers and the celebrant entered the brightly lit chapel. The mass was very lively with the help of St. Francis Church choir who made the entire building sway in harmony to their angelic tunes. The peak of the Mass was when the happy boys knelt before the Chaplain to receive Jesus for the first time. In his homily, Fr. Joe told the story of St. Tarcisius, a great model for Strathmoreans.

The morning came to a close with several events, the most prominent being the cutting of the cake and the presentation of certificates. Snacks followed, together with family photos, portraying the joyous occasion as one that is indeed unforgettable.

## Bandits U-15,

Samuel Kisuu (F1A) - Correspondent  
 The Strathmore U-15, what is that? I will unravel the truth behind this "mystery". It comprises Form 1s and 2s, but I will tell you the part I know of better, the Form 1s.

Meek and young, the Form 1s check into April holidays training not knowing the task that awaits them. For some it was agony as the strenuous training hit its climax and some were nowhere to be seen.

The league begun with whooping losses as there was no team chemistry amongst the players. As of now the team has been divided into two and the Form 1s have a chance to prove themselves. Captained by the small but graceful John Thomas Nyakundi, we won their 1st game 31-0 against Saint Christopher's, the leading try scorer being the quick and agile Martin Kagochi. To fellow students and the Strathmore fraternity, I would like to end by saying, "Watch this space!"

## Celebrating Corpus Christi, Aloysius Maina (F3&)

On Thursday, 29th May 2008, 4 days from the end of Corpus Christi, Strathmore School held the Eucharistic Procession. This was the third procession since its inauguration in 2006, the Year of the Eucharist.

**ORIGIN**  
 What is the Origin of the Octave of Corpus Christi? Why do we insist on upholding this sacred tradition?  
 St. Thomas Aquinas, a well-known scholar, theologian and Doctor of the Church, wrote extensively and beautifully on the Holy Eucharist. The Pope at the time (13th Century) noticed, and promised to grant the Angelic Doctor whatever he

wanted as long as it was in the Pontiff's power. St. Thomas asked for a week of adoration and veneration of the Holy Eucharist. And that is how we began celebrating this centuries old tradition; Corpus Christi.

**THE CEREMONY**  
 It is surprising how often Thursday mornings are chilly, but we are sure that Our Lord did not mind because practically the entire school showed up to walk with Him and adore Him. Standing before the altar set up by the library, everyone was silent and solemn as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by our Chaplain, Father Joe, with the help of Msgr. Cormac Burke. In his brief homily, Fr. Joe reminded us why the Eucharist is the centre of the Catholic faith. "Simply put," he said, "God is in the Eucharist: really, truly and substantially."

**THE CHOIR** served our Lord and the rest of the School well, as they led us in moving hymns to the temporary altar and back to the chapel. With the "SALVE REGINA" and a final exhortation led by our Principal, the ceremony was over.



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## Form 1 Pilgrimage,

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Gabriel Wamunyu (F1A) & Emmanuel Odongo (F1&C) Correspondents

At eight thirty, most of the Form one students assembled at the car park. They were overjoyed at the fact that they finally had the opportunity to leave class and skip some lessons, which is, unfortunately, a rare experience. They collected the chapel books and were given instructions on the proceedings of the pilgrimage. By ten to nine the car park was deserted. The pilgrims had begun their journey to Mount Carmel Convent. Prayers began the moment we left the main gate of the school. We started with the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary.

We walked past Saints to a the first junction after Muthangari Police Station. A few had come close to toppling over the edge of the bridge since they were reading the prayers. We turned left at the junction and walked down a quiet, seemingly desolate street lined with luxurious homes. We finally arrived.

The convent was a large stone building with a sloping tiled roof. The pilgrims stepped into a well kept garden that was encircled by a hedge. The rosary was then recited for a second time, but this time in front of a snow white statue of the Virgin Mary.

We started our journey back with the Sorrowful Mysteries, hunger lashing out at our stomachs with some about to collapse. Luckily our teacher allowed us to have a 20 minute break during the 1st lesson after break. Talk about an intercession! In the end, it was all good.



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## The Stallions, Aloysius Maina (F3&C)

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STOMPING THROUGH THE SEASON

If you approached a stallion and asked him why and how he lost his last races, he'll neigh and shake his mane to show his irritation. If you asked a Stallion why and how he lost every game in the season, he'll start lamenting to show his irritation. After a while though, the noble, sincere core of every Stallion will reveal itself when he begins to give a clear analysis of the team's performance.

The final game was played at home vs. the RVA Buffaloes. As the 1st away game was postponed, this return game was to be played in 5 sets: for compensation. For the stallions, it was all they needed to hear. This was enough time to relax, set their nerves straight and get into the rhythm, which they did. The 1st set was heated. The Stallions tried to get into good footing; the RVA fiddled with the ball. But, it was lost. The 2nd set had Strathmore trampled all over it. They calmly powered through the set, renewing the hopes of all anxious spectators. The team carrying the Strathmore flag included: **Bliss Kiio (F3&C), Moses Nyateko (F3&C), Billy Ochoro (F3&C), Ian Otieno (F3&C), Koros Paul (F1&C) and Kassam Omar (F1&C).**

The 3rd set was the most trying of all. We practically had it in our finger tips when, somehow, RVA woke up and clinched it from us, leading to a close finish of 25-23. Maybe, we clenched our fists around this set too hard... All anyone knows is that it looked dark for the Stallions. The fourth set settled the day's game. RVA won.

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## A BIRD'S TALE: A FAR CRY FROM SIMPLY SINGING

Well, we at StrathMedia™ are back with a new story to keep you reading on and on. This week, our journalists took us to the infamous 3A and their compatriots along the ground floor i.e. the Form 1s and Form 4's.

We all know how hard it is to concentrate in class on normal class days in the morning, except Friday that is. All other days are blessed with double sessions in the morning, be it optional subjects or another, this being 2 lessons, meaning 1hour and 20 minutes of the same teacher in front of the blackboard. It is easily explainable, then, that students are known to wander into (un)known zones during the latter stages of the lessons. The concentration span of an average student is 40 minutes, and the most hardcore one is 50-55 minutes (ma-index ones) so when the birds pay a visit to the trees near the Secondary block, no matter how loudly the teacher speaks, the birds always manage to win over the students' interest with their varied chirps.

Here is an eye-witness version of the student predicament:

"Nowadays, every afternoon, when the extremely hot sun has only just fried you during touch or lunchtime soccer, it is always an uphill battle to try and maintain focus during classes. Bird-life is a common phenomenon here... But when they begin to sing...oh Mon Dieu, it is impossible to concentrate. Also, the Riverside birds have a tendency to fight a lot so the sounds they emit while doing so rarely help...in fact it's funny to hear. There is also a new temptation to gaze outside class and get into that nice daydream... 'ah, I'll soma at home, Sato ilikuwa noma baaaana...'". So, there you have it, more views on the happenings of the Strathmore student coming soon.

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## TABLOID EDITION

### SEEN & HEARD AROUND 'EM WALLS

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## BOYBEDEVILED BY BOREDOM BEASTS: A TRUE STORY

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After reading the title you may think we here at StrathMedia™ are speaking about an epic fight between young boys and ghastly creatures of the imagination, but this is simply an apt description of the going-ons in the afternoon of any school day. Try to picture this situation: Student X has just had lunch, a typical Strathmorean one i.e. filling and sumptuous or to elaborate further, chips, 3 sausages (his friend wasn't in the mood), salad and cake drenched in custard (Mr. Matheka is a good friend of his). Our friend then decides to sip some water before swiftly dashing off for lunch-time soccer. 30 minutes and many beads of sweat later, he jogs to class, passing through the fountain to quench his thirst.

On reaching class, he takes his seat which just happens to be near the back of the class, and not very far from a window. As such, he enjoys a good view of what is happening on the junction between Mzima Springs and James Gichuru Road. Before he has even begun to write notes or underline the heading, he is overwhelmed by a sensation of something that he can only describe as huge weights on his eyelids. Our tough-as-nails student bravely battles the beast who is now menacingly applying glue onto the edges of both pairs of eyelids... as the teacher explains something that student X heard is 'very important'. Suddenly, he feels the rushing sensation of blood getting into his stomach where his sausages line the walls very nicely. The blood must have come from his neck upwards as he is now very faint and weak...

A couple of loud snores later, the teacher notices, and he is labeled "a threat to class peace". To the amusement of the students around him, and to the horror of him and his captain, his name, blue ink and the behavior sheet merge and are now one. Another Saturday morning gone, he groans...

(THIS IS AN ACCOUNT FOUND IN THE DIARY OF A PROMINENT STUDENT IN THIS SCHOOL)