

Dear Parents, Students, and Community Members,

In the February Enews three years ago, my wife, Ms. Juliane Rothan-Centers (KAS Grade 6-9 Science Teacher), and I introduced Before joining KAS, I had no idea what an American school might be like. I imagined that we would be led by sturdy, slightly crazy U.S. football-type players, steel teeth as much as morale. I told myself that I would have to learn to greet my new colleagues by slapping myself on the back with lion's hands. I was on my guard. These worries fell quickly when I found myself in front of a family welcome in the middle of an extraordinary garden as in the song of mythical French artist Charles Trenet. This garden, which is known as the KAS campus, comes alive in the morning. On this verdant scene, while the sweepers chase the sand as if they were dancing, the teachers advance with tango steps, a cup boiling in their hands. The greetings in English and Arabic serve as music. Then the doors close on the classrooms, and the garden waits. This is the moment that students choose to enter the stage, with their bags on wheels,