



Rob Weber with his son, Nik, and Toni, circa 2002

Robert Weber 1948 – 2006

Robert Weber, a Middle School Math/Science teacher for the past 10 years, died on June 15 after suffering injuries from a fall while vacationing in Malaysia. Memorials were held on June 22 in North Avoca, Australia and at JIS on Saturday, August 12.

Robert's wife, Toni (also a teacher at JIS) and three children (Stevie ('01), Nik ('02) and Rosie eight grade) are well known to the JIS community. As a family, they have been active contributors to our community over their 13 years at JIS.

Robert's impact on JIS was huge – from institutionalizing the Cicak symbol at PIE (13 years ago) to all the many Middle School intramural / sports offerings, to his work with the orangutans at the zoo and initiating the Orang-a-Walk, to his contributions as a coach in community sports, and to his day to day larger than life impression he left on children. He always left an impression. He was committed, energetic, hard working, fun loving, and an enthusiastic individual who was always

looking to help kids.

Most importantly, and most obvious to anyone who knew the man or the family, and absolutely above anything else, Robert loved his family and was always a huge presence in their lives.

A significant responsibility for educators is to manage our capacity for creating lifelong memories and impressions in children. Sometimes the simplest of gestures, the most seemingly insignificant interaction, comment, or experience creates an ever lasting impression, and a memory that stays forever. That is a very powerful responsibility. For every student who was in Robert's classes, there are certainly a collection of memories; memories that will leave a smile and a warm feeling for lifetimes. They all know they were cared about. Students went home on a regular basis with another 'You won't believe what Mr. Weber did or said today' story to their parents. His gift was his interest in helping kids laugh, feel good about themselves, and creating a caring, fun, safe atmosphere within his classroom.

There have been many stories shared regarding Robert. A poignant and important story to share is of a former

student of his from primary school. He was a student in an elementary class in the early 1980s and is now a teacher in Australia. He attended the memorial in Australia and wrote a note to Toni describing how Robert was his inspiration to become a teacher. What a wonderful tribute. As an educator, that might stand as the highest tribute to hear about at your memorial.

Jakarta International School is resilient. Over the years the community has experienced tragic loss and significant upheaval. The loss of Robert Weber will leave a gaping hole in many areas of the lives of children and adults in the middle school. We will continue his fine work and provide outstanding programs and experiences for our students. However, as a former colleague said upon hearing of Robert's death, "the world is less colorful without him."

Geoff Smith, MS Principal
Andy Ferguson, MS Activities Director

Gavin Petherick ('87)

Gavin Petherick passed away on October 6, 2006. He had been suffering from a terminal brain tumor for about a year. I have been in touch with Natasha (Bambi) Mouer, Gavin's ex-girlfriend from JIS. Natasha and Gavin's old group of friends from JIS managed to contact and speak to Gavin prior to his death. Gavin's dad's email address vernpk@hotmail.com (Vern Petherick).

Love to you all,
Joji

jojimon@stanfordalumni.org

Ginger Archer 1943-2006

On March 11, 2006, the Pearly Gates opened and the saints marched in led by a different drummer, Ginger Archer. In life and in death, Ginger's indomitable spirit always carried she and her family along the road less traveled.

At a very early age Ginger became known for her intelligence, but most of all, for her keen sense of humor. It was during high school that Ginger found her soul mate and future husband, Ron Archer, who she described as "the dumbest boy in our

Latin class." After graduating from the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill with a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology, Ginger began a teaching career that would eventually take her to JIS and finally back to Pensacola at Gulf Breeze High School. Always a favorite teacher of her students, Ginger had an uncommon rapport with teenagers. Her wit never failed to embellish her lectures and her love for the "ring-tails" made her a popular teacher to all types of students regardless of their abilities. She is fondly remembered by her science students as the "awesome lady who wore the stained lab coat and drank coffee from a laboratory beaker every day."

Ginger will be greatly missed by Ron, her soul mate and husband of 35 years and by her daughter, Katie Collins, and her son, Eric Archer. They will always remember her as "their best friend, partner in crime, goodwill ambassador, and best teacher." She was their adventurous Mom who took them on adventures riding elephants in Thailand, surfing in Bali, visiting the London Tower, snow-skiing in New Zealand, and camping through Australia. She always made them see the humorous side of life. The world is a better place because of this loving, intelligent, humorous and wonderful lady.

ron_archer_@hotmail.com

Rondi Johnson (‘04)

Hi Mr. Moselle,

I'm not sure if you remember me. My name is Kim Mendes and I was in JIS from 2000 till 2002. I went to Bandung with you and had an amazing time. Please do reply and tell me if you do remember me and if this is still your e-mail address. I was also wondering if you remember Rondi Johnson. I would really appreciate this.

Thank You.

Sincerely,

Kim

klmendes@ucalgary.ca

Dear Kim,

No, I don't remember the girl who had never spent even one night away from her mother and was scared to death to go all the way to Bandung for five whole nights without her mommy. Of course I remember you! How could I forget?

Give me an update and what you're doing. You must be in your freshman year somewhere. I remember Rondi well, and I have her email

address though I haven't heard from her in perhaps two years or so.

Let me know what's up!

Cheers,

Mark Moselle

Director of College/University Placement

Hi, Mr. Moselle,

That's awesome that you remember me! Yes I was really, really scared back then but now I'm all grown up and very busy. There is sooo much going on in my life right now. I'm actually in my 2nd year in the University of Calgary taking International Relations with a minor in Business Management. My mum and brother are living here with me. Dad works in Africa and travels back and forth.

I have so much more to tell you but the reason I contacted you is because of Rondi Johnson, who was at JIS in 2000. Rondi and her family live here in Calgary and have been for the last 2 to 3 years. I did not keep that much in touch with her because we went to different high schools and she had her own friends and I had mine. I did go and see her once or twice and also went for a movie with her, but that was about it.

Last summer I went for a vacation to Dubai and India and on returning I saw Rondi at the airport. I said hi to her and asked how things were. She told me the worst news ever. She had leukemia. I didn't think that it was at a bad stage because she looked pretty good and she was walking around fine. I never really bothered to worry because I thought it was only a minor thing and she would get better. I told her that we would go for lunch, but second year of university started and she was busy and I got caught up with my studies. In November, I sent her an e-mail wishing her a happy birthday because we both have the same birthdays. She said she was doing fine and she wasn't going to be doing anything for her birthday because she was still not feeling well. I felt really bad, but knew that she was going to be ok.

In December I saw her at the hospital and what I saw wasn't Rondi. It was a skinny little girl hooked to so many IVs of all different sorts. I didn't know what to say and never ever thought she was in such bad shape. Her cancer had come back and a strong dose of chemotherapy tore up her stomach lining. It was

really hard on her. I visited her the next week and she looked better. The week after that I went to the hospital again, but they told me that Rondi was back home and I thought she was doing well.

My mum had not visited her, so on Sunday my mum went to see Rondi. She told me that Rondi was really sick and that I should go see her. On Monday I spent about three hours with her talking about all the different things that happened in Indonesia, about our Bandung trip and how scared I was. She was doing much better that day and they were going to have the stem cell transplant on March 14th so I knew that she was going to get better. We laughed and stuff and it was really nice. I was going to be there for her when the stem cell transplant took place and knew that from that moment on I would want to be a nurse and take care of people with cancer. I said bye and her parents thanked me at the

door for making Rondi laugh so much because she hadn't done that in months.

On the morning of February 28th, 2006 Rondi passed away. Her dad called me that night to tell me and thanked me for making her last day so special.

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I never expected that to happen and have been grieving for the last two days. I know that she is in a better place now and that she was suffering here and was struggling with ev-

ery breath she took. She has changed my life a lot and has also made me realize that life is too short and I have to make the best of it. It was unfair of God to take her away, but she needed to go because she was suffering here on Earth.

I'm writing this to thank you Mr. Moselle for everything that you did for me when I was in Jakarta. For being there for me and being part of my journey through life. Her mum told me Rondi was never perfect, but she touched so many lives in so many ways. I knew that she had touched your life too and you would want to know about her. She is now an angel in heaven watching us from above.

I think I've written quite a lot for one day and I need to get back to studying. Take care and I hope everything is going well in your life.

Kimme

Robin Taudevin (’95)

It is with deep sadness that I relay the news of the death of former JIS student/alumni, Robin Taudevin and son of JIS/ PIE teacher Noreen Taudevin and acclaimed musician and activist, Lance Taudevin and brother of JIS graduate and alumni, Allison Julia Taudevin. The news is not complete, but he was snorkeling in Timor-Leste, near Dilli, where he had been doing political and NGO work with his fiancée for the last couple years. I am looking into a KKJIS/ TAA or Emmanuel's contribution in Robin's name so people can make a contribution. I will talk to Allison and check with Noreen and let people know how they can honor such a unique and beautiful person in a lasting way that Robin would smile upon.

Although Robin was only 29, he lived more fully than most anyone I have ever met. He sky dived, he piloted planes, he worked for democracy and human rights in Indonesia, he traveled into war torn places all over Indonesia with 'Olga,' his beloved duct-taped camera.

I was holding some of his goods at my house and today when I looked through them to see what Noreen and the family would want immediately, I saw there were empty photo frames with only the poetic captions of absent photographs and one framed 'story' about the missing photos. I include it for your enjoyment- it is so representative of Robin's wry humor and somewhat comforting to hear his voice and ponder in this moment of loss.

"I took these photographs with Olga. She's plastic, black and cost me ten bucks. Olga has no brain, just a foggy plastic eye and an eyelid- to let light

onto my film. People laugh at her sometimes. (she does look a bit daft.) But that's fine. And I drop her all the time. That's okay as well. She leaks light all over my negatives, giving weird streaks. It's not a problem.

Later, in a darkened room, Ferry Tan from Matakita shines some light through my negative, onto a piece of paper, full of sleeping silver. The silver, startled, awakens, and sees what Olga and I saw, and brings it back to life in black and white and a hundred greys. I once showed a taxi driver some of these photographs. He asked how much I paid for each one. I told him. He laughed. I said, "no, it's true!" He said no, I believe you, but why would you pay so much for something so bad?"

Please enjoy them.

Laura Schuster

May 2006