



LONG ISLAND
HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE **ARTS**

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Long Island High School for the Arts
is a Nassau BOCES program.

From the Principal's Desk for our LIHSA Families

December 23, 2021

A Holiday Message for our LIHSA Community From Your Principal, Dr. Chris Rogutsky

I'm penning this holiday message to you, our Long Island High School of the Arts community, on the winter solstice. Also known as "the darkest day of the year." And, this year, even more than most years, our days do feel dark. We've been through a lot and continue to bear the weight of daily reminders on COVID-related news, protocols, cancellations, and closures. As much as we wish it were, the pandemic is still not over.



And yet, from the bottom of my heart, my message to you is about hope and light. Even now as you read these words, on December 23rd, the sun is rising one minute earlier than it did on the solstice and is setting one minute later. And each passing day, the daylight hours will continue to get longer. That means – literally – there are brighter days ahead.

Whether you recognize this from the Bible or The Byrds, "To every thing there is a season." And I firmly believe that each cycle is one to embrace while it's here and also to note that it will soon pass.

That song/passage goes on to say "A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together." Here we are – on a cusp of a new year: 2022. I urge you to cast away what doesn't serve you and gather around you what does.

Continue to lean into your art, your laughter, and your passion. Your vision of the future will carry us through to the next year and shine a bright light on the days to come.

Be safe and have a peaceful holiday break.

A Poem

LITTLE GIDDING BY T.S. ELIOT

I

Midwinter spring is its own season
Sempiternal though sodden towards sundown,
Suspended in time, between pole and tropic.
When the short day is brightest, with frost and fire,
The brief sun flames the ice, on pond and ditches,
In windless cold that is the heart's heat,
Reflecting in a watery mirror
A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon.
And glow more intense than blaze of branch, or brazier,
Stirs the dumb spirit: no wind, but pentecostal fire
In the dark time of the year.

V

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from...
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning...

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