

SNAP SHOT

Stanford Lake College

Valediction Edition 2026



Guest Speaker Alumni Jarrod Zamparini

"Just because you find that life's not fair, it doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it."
Tim Minchin, via Matilda the Musical.

A Message to the Matric Class of 2026

Some of these teachers are still here, and all of you will have your own stories about the people who have shaped you. You may not yet appreciate which of their lessons will stay with you for the next twenty years. But I suspect you'll find that some of the most important ones weren't on the syllabus at all.

You may never again need to explain the Krebs cycle or remember how sine, cosine, and tan relate to each other, but while you're learning these things, you're also learning to concentrate, reason, question assumptions, and solve problems without obvious answers. You're developing habits of mind that will remain useful long after you've forgotten about Othello, Desdemona, and Iago.

Some of you may genuinely be unable to imagine life without Stanford. The thought of leaving your friends and everything familiar may feel almost impossible. But leaving Stanford doesn't revoke your membership. Twenty years from now, you may still walk onto this campus and think, almost instinctively, home.

There is a thought I'd like you to carry with you when you leave here: Some of the most important people in your life may, at this moment, be complete strangers. That doesn't diminish what you have here. There is an intimacy in friendships formed at school—these people knew the rough draft. Before the career and all the successes and failures that will eventually make up your biography. Hold onto those people where you can, but don't hold onto them so tightly that there's no room for anybody new.

School and university may give you timetables, rubrics, and marking memoranda but life is considerably less obliging. Suddenly, the timetable goes out of the window. Cars break down, people get sick, and whatever you had planned for the day is suddenly no longer the plan. Learning to cope when things don't go according to plan, without allowing uncertainty to overwhelm you, requires resilience.

Sometimes, when something is wrong, your responsibility isn't to become more resilient to it. Your responsibility is to change it. Ask why things are done that way and expect a better answer than "because we've always done it that way".

But learn the other side of that lesson too: Not every inconvenience is an injustice. Not every disappointment has a villain. Sometimes you work very hard and still lose. Sometimes somebody else is better. That is where resilience lives.

Belonging is important, but not at the price of your judgement. And courage isn't always dramatic. Sometimes it's simply being the first person in the group to make things uncomfortable. But not every uncomfortable feeling means something has gone wrong. Sometimes it means you're learning, admitting you were wrong, or doing something difficult because it's right.

So make plans. Be ambitious. Work ridiculously hard at things that matter to you. But leave room for chance, curiosity, and enough humility to change your mind.

So, Class of 2026, what I have for you is hope. I hope you leave here brave enough to make plans and flexible enough to change them. I hope you learn to challenge what is unfair without treating every disappointment as an injustice. I hope you have the courage to stand apart from the group when the group is wrong, and the humility to recognise when the person who's wrong is you. I hope you keep the people who knew your rough draft, while making room for the people you haven't met yet. And whether today feels like leaving home or finally getting the hell out of here, I hope your world becomes vastly bigger than Stanford Lake College, but that you know you'll always have a place in its story.

Go out and acquire your own advice. Just wear sunscreen while you're doing it. Thank you.

Kindest Regards,

Dr. Jarrod Zamparini

Speech Adapted by Author

2026 Awards Valediction Ceremony

Leadership Commendations

Head of Fenwick
Mika Jones and Mfumo Ndlovu

Head of Loomis
Olivia Turner

Head of Orvis
Anrich van Wyngaardt and Michaela Alcock

Head of Lakeside
Moratiwa Inama

Head of Ken Shuter
Mia Drake

Head of Serala
Tanya Raulinga

Head of Founders South
Oratile Jafta

Head of Founders North
Joshua Doolabh

Head of Day Scholars
Alessio Calokechi
Bethia Makashe

Full Colours

Tennis
Michaela Alcock
Michael Kiggundu
Aryan Ghelani

Cricket
Mukundi Ralubuvhi
Anrich van Wyngaardt
Nakedi Makweya
Matthew Scriven
Aryan Ghelani

Soccer
Elia Jones
Mika Jones
Lerato Makgoatsane
Olivia Turner
Nakedi Makweya

Leadership
Judah Leher

Half Colours

Leadership
Nakedi Makweya

Chess
Mukundi Ralubuvhi

Service
Ompha Phalandwa
Precious Mudau

Valediction Awards



Nakedi Makweya
Vanner Trophy: Commitment, Determination & Sportsmanship
Stirling Trophy: Best Rugby Player
Mokgale Mamabolo Trophy: Dedication & Commitment to Soccer
Jarrod Zamparini Trophy: Most Used their Opportunities at the College



Kayla Makhomisane
Zack Schuurs Trophy: Service to Culture
Georgina Smit Trophy: Made a Positive Contribution to the School



Paityn Landsman
La Tropfia del Arte Trophy: Visual Art
Thompson Trophy: Outstanding Painter



Matthew Scriven
Stephan le Roux Trophy: Best Boy Hockey Player
Friedrichs Trophy: Dedication & Commitment to Cricket
Information Technology Prize



Lerato Makgoatsane
Geldenhuys Trophy: Pupil who excelled in Academics, Sport & Culture
Amm Trophy: Best Shown Qualities of Care, Honesty, Integrity & Compassion



Christian Jacobs
Bain Trophy: Best Squash Player



Judah Leher
Adventurer of the Year
Leadership Trophy: Commitment & Dedication to Leadership



Elia Jones
Makweya Family Trophy: Dedication & Commitment to Netball



Michael Kiggundu
Alcock Family Trophy: Dedication & Commitment to Tennis



Micaela Alcock
Alcock Family Trophy: Dedication & Commitment to Tennis



Natali Chitagu
Blight Trophy: English Public Speaking



Ru Ngwarai
Ross van Eetveldt Trophy: Culture



Robert Noel
Colin Brent Trophy: Best Mountain Biker



Lehlabile Tswaane
Zack Schuurs Trophy: Drama



Miano Tshivhula
Zack Schuurs Trophy: Music



Kagiso Modiba
Sepedi FAL Prize



Angel Maponya
D'Arcy Herman Trophy: Accounting



Ludwick Esterhuizen
Aus-Am Trophy: Fly Fishing



Lefa Mashego
CAT08KAT Trophy: Computer Application Technology



Thomas Imrie
Jack Trophy: Geography



Alessio Calokechi
Waller Trophy: History



Jemima Burger
Noel Trophy: Mathematical Literacy



Murendeni Sikhwetha
Marco Visser Trophy: Exceptional Academic Improvement Gr 12



Ompha Phalandwa
Ubuntu Trophy: Exceptional Service to th Community



Yoshka MacMillan
Baleta Trophy: Future Smart



Mika Jones
Tanatswa Murasaringwa Trophy: Best Girl Hockey Player

Valediction Awards



Alisha Calokechi



- Ken Shuter Trophy: English Home Language
- Fenske Trophy: Afrikaans FAL Prize
- Kromberg Trophy: Proficiency in English & Afrikaans
- Morris Trophy: Life Sciences Prize
- Kenney Brokers Trophy: Business Studies Trophy
- Calculus Trophy: Mathematics Prize
- Cassim Trophy: Further Studies Maths
- The Dando Life Orientation Prize
- Einstein Trophy: Physical Sciences
- Da Silva Trophy: Consistent Academic Excellence Throughout High School
- Coach House Trophy: Best Results in Preliminary Examinations

Scholefield Shield *Dux Scholar 2025*



Isabella Dando was awarded the 2025 DUX Scholar title after achieving an outstanding NSC average of 85%, including an exceptional 97% in Visual Arts.

She was unable to receive her award in person because she had summited Mount Kilimanjaro the day before. Her remarkable academic achievement and adventurous spirit are both worth celebrating. Congratulations, Isabella!

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Grade One Ceremony

Taking the baton from the Grade 12s

A tradition filled with growth, laughter and a few tears, the Grade 1s from Unicorn Primary School visited to share poems, songs and gifts with our Matrics. Their heartfelt good wishes offered a lovely send-off and wished the Class of 2026 an exciting future ahead.



















Rose Ceremony

Honouring the Journey — From First Bell to Final Rose

As the Matric Class of 2026 prepares to close this remarkable chapter, they began their final exams with two cherished Stanford traditions — the Rose Ceremony and the Bell-Ringing.

Each student received a single rose, symbolising growth, friendship, and the memories that have blossomed over their years at Stanford Lake College.

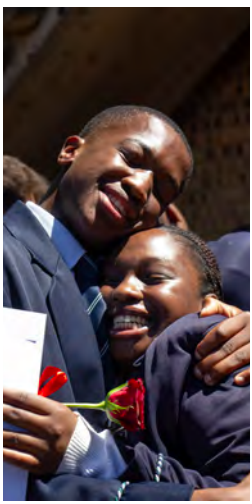


Roses

















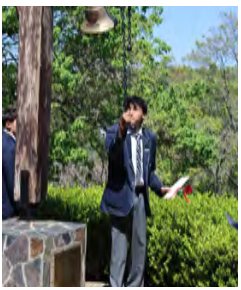
Bell Ringing

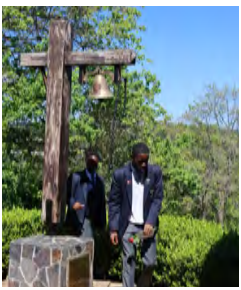




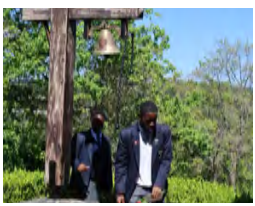


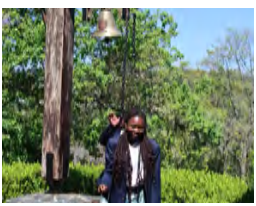




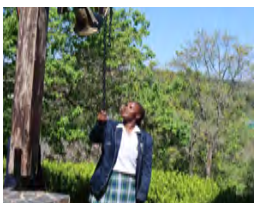


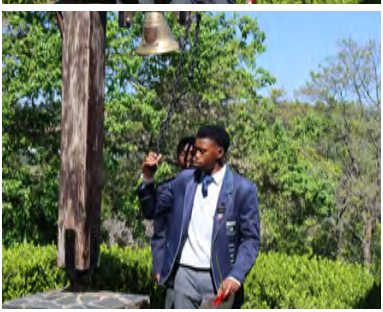













Colour Burst





The Final Words

*Speeches Adapted by Author**

The Matric Class of 2026 closed their Stanford journey with an evening filled with words of wisdom, bags of laughter, and memories that will never fade.
From heartfelt speeches to well-deserved awards, the night was a celebration of growth, friendship, and the incredible spirit that defines our Stanford students.

Grade 10 Reflections

Grade 10 is the year when you realise you're far from being the youngest, but definitely not old enough to be classified as a senior. You're somewhere in between — trying to figure out who you are, where you fit in and how you're supposed to survive the next three years of high school.

For many of us, this was the beginning of our third year at Stanford Lake. For others, it was the beginning of an amazing chapter. We said farewell to some of the most incredible teachers, such as the sweet soul Mr Makonya, AKA Big Mac, Mrs Redfern and the biggest crash-out to ever set foot on SLC grounds, Mr Delanger. We also welcomed many memorable people, such as Malachi, Mukundi and our "expired" Head Girl, Lerato.

This year saw the rise of the infamous "Wishi Wishi" boys, who seemed absolutely unstoppable. Every second weekend was another boys' holiday, and their timing was impeccable — somehow, they always managed to leave the week before a Maths test. Was it a coincidence? I guess we'll never know.

A big highlight of this year's sporting calendar was definitely the Merensky Hockey Festival. The whole festival was pure vibes — staying up until 1 a.m. and transforming the school into a nightclub, having gym sessions after absolutely thrashing PHS… in our dreams, of course — and, most importantly, socialising and making memories with people from other schools.

If it wasn't for the newly announced Grade 10 trek, which we all hated Mr Haarhof and Mr Fullard for, my speech would've been about 30 seconds long. This trek was truly the highlight of our year. We were tasked with planning the entire trek from scratch — because apparently, why wouldn't a teacher trust a bunch of 16-year-olds with barely any survival skills to get ourselves from Point A to Point B?
The days of hiking felt longer than an awards assembly when you knew you weren't receiving anything. Making jokes was one of the main ways we got through the pain. Along the way, we guided each other using Lucius's "directions". For example, he would tell us to "turn right when you see a Corona bottle on the floor" or "jump in the pigsty and swim with the pigs, then turn left". Because obviously, what better landmark could there be?

This led to us making pretty much every wrong turn possible. And where were the teachers, you ask? Probably having the time of their lives.
Base camp literally felt like a boys' holiday every day. During the day, we chilled, did some activities and played Soek Soek Banana, but at night, we got the "drinks" out and turned up — and by drinks, I mean the two-litre Cokes we got to buy from the garage.

This year, we were also joined by some exchange students, while three of the boys had the opportunity to travel to Colombia for a Round Square conference. We dressed up as nerds for Regatta Day, and of course, I cannot forget that Musa, AKA Big Zulu, wore an eye patch for some time.

Lefa Mashego

Grade 9 Reflections

Obviously, a big defining part of Grade 9 was our two treks. I came to the school in Grade 9, so I won't lie: I was a bit anxious when I learnt what treks were, especially about meeting Mr Haardoff. Sir, I like you, but you're very intimidating.

Anyway, our first trek was supposed to be the notorious Stanford Water Trek. But, you know, with our grade, something dramatic always happens. Our Water Trek was cancelled due to a lot of rain. I was happy when it got cancelled because I didn't know how to raft.
On the first day of that trek, I remember Kayla fell off the side of the mountain, and they had to go and get her. Now, this may sound intense, but this was literally right after we left the school. I also remember Game energy and how we didn't have water, so I had to shotgun that powder dry. I also remember the second day, when we had to sleep by the cow dung. It was comfy, but it didn't smell too great. Those who were on that trek, especially Mr Mabhaya, knew how badly I was fiending for some Coke…

We also had a second trek called the SOLO Trek, where we had to navigate ourselves. I'm sure many of you guys will remember that one. One of the most memorable moments, which we said we would talk about in our Valediction all those years ago, was when we got stuck by that boulder for hours. We are a stubborn grade. We sat there by that boulder and refused to move. I remember Mia was even preparing to set up her tent for the night there. Eventually, the teacher got tired of us and came to get us.
I also remember Bodo fighting with Bella Brett. Guys, we all know Bodo and we know he is very composed, so for him to get angry and fight is a big deal.

The solo part, where we had to stay alone for 24 hours, was tough for some because mentally it was a challenge. Not for me, though. I slept through the whole thing until Matthew and Ben woke me up in the middle of the night. For those of you who don't know, on solo you have to sit by yourself and stay quiet, and you can't see anyone. If you leave or break the rules, you get extra hours.
Eventually, I fell asleep again, but I was awoken by screaming. I thought someone was in trouble, but it turned out the teachers were just celebrating the rugby score. However, I remember Beth encountered a baboon during her solo and had to leave her spot.

Overall, that trek was nice. Shout-out to the MVPs who made sure we didn't die on that trek: Matthew Scriven and Anrich for guiding us. Shout-out to Josh Khosa, who tried to make a plan for us when we got stuck under that boulder. Shout-out to Lefa Mamabolo, who always kept the energy up on every trek we went on at the school, actually.

That year wasn't just about treks. It was always the Grade 9s versus everyone else. I remember Mr Redfern even had to have a private meeting with our grade. Not much happened in that meeting, I'll be honest. I only remember Tshepi getting very passionate because there was too much butter on the sandwiches.

When I speak about Grade 9, I'm speaking about the highs and the lows, because at the end of the day, that's all we remember in life. Look, I know the school is changing a lot. But the advice I can give to the newcomers in the school, whether you're a new pupil or a new staff member, is this: remember, as students, we only remember the highs and lows. We will always remember the good times.

Alessio Calokechi

Grade 11 Reflections

Grade 11 was all about campaigning.

It was about looking your best, shining your shoes, straightening your tie, and putting your best foot forward. For many of us, it was one of the most high-pressure years of our school careers. Not only did our marks, for the first time, begin to feel as though they carried real weight for the rest of our lives, but we were also under the microscope, with everyone watching to see what kind of leaders we would become in the following year.

It certainly wasn't an easy year. For the first time, our responsibilities seriously outweighed our privileges. We were expected to lead, to set an example, and to conduct ourselves as though we actually knew what we were doing.

Grade 11 was a difficult task in itself. If I had to summarise it, I would compare it to the one-way mirror you might find in a police station. All year, we were on the other side of the glass, carefully presenting the best version of ourselves.

We polished our shoes, straightened our ties, and, in our own way, peacocked throughout the year, trying to present the perfect image of who we thought a Grade 11 leader should be. Very rarely did we show what was happening on the other side of that glass. But somehow, in amongst all of that pressure, Grade 11 was still an incredibly fun year.

Nothing quite beat hanging out with your friends in hostel, making jokes, sharing stories, and probably getting far less sleep than we should have. I remember keenly some of the names we came up with, including our rather creative decision to refer to Naks as El Badgerys himself, which looking back on it may have helped his campaigning to become Head Boy, your welcome dude.

There were the afternoons up on the top field training with Mr. Mabayah, where one wrong move or one missed instruction could have you running a 4-40 before you had even had time to think about what you'd done.

Then there were the history lessons with Mr. Ndoda, where somehow the smallest detail could become the subject of a joke. And I will never forget the animated arguments between him and Rifumo about getting one more mark or what was the better Premier League team. How we managed to spend so much time laughing and still finish the curriculum as early as we did remains one of the great mysteries of Grade 11.

The fun and the laughter were genuine, but they often showed through far more easily than the stress, uncertainty, and difficult decisions that came with the year. We became very good at looking like we had everything under control - whether we actually did or not.

Looking back, those are the moments that stand out. Not necessarily the campaigns, the speeches, or the pressure, but the little moments in between - the jokes, the friendships, and the memories that made Grade 11 what it was.

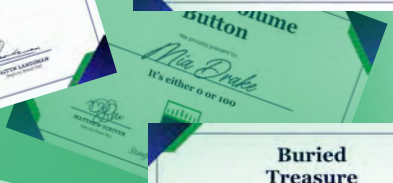
Judah Leher

The Final Awards
"the ones that really count"















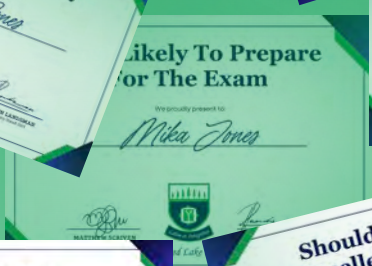










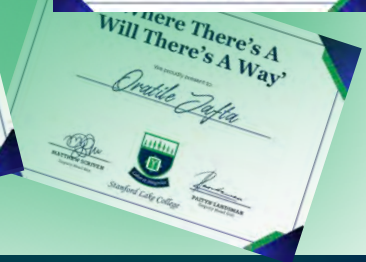












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