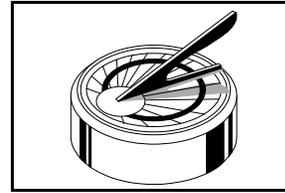


GIFTED EDUCATION PRESS QUARTERLY

10201 YUMA COURT
P.O. BOX 1586
MANASSAS, VA 20108
703-369-5017



Summer 2003

VOLUME SEVENTEEN, NUMBER THREE

<http://www.giftedpress.com>

LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION: \$22.00

MEMBERS OF NATIONAL ADVISORY PANEL

- Dr. James Delisle** — Professor and Co-Director of *SENG*, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio
- Dr. Jerry Flack** — Professor, University of Colorado, Colorado Springs
- Dr. Howard Gardner** — Professor, Graduate School of Education, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- Ms. Margaret Gosfield** – Editor, Gifted Education Communicator, Santa Barbara, California
- Ms. Diane D. Grybek** — Supervisor of Secondary Gifted Programs (Retired), Hillsborough County Schools, Tampa, Florida
- Ms. Dorothy Knopper** — Publisher, Open Space Communications, Boulder, Colorado
- Mr. James LoGiudice** — Director, Program and Staff Development, Bucks County, Pennsylvania IU No. 22 and Past President of the Pennsylvania Association for Gifted Education
- Dr. Mary Meeker** — President of SOI Systems, Vida, Oregon
- Dr. Adrienne O'Neill** — President, Stark Education Partnership, Canton, Ohio
- Dr. Stephen Schroeder-Davis** — Coordinator of Gifted Programs, Elk River, Minnesota Schools and, Past President of the Minnesota Council for the Gifted and Talented
- Dr. Bruce Shore** — Professor and Director, Giftedness Centre, McGill University, Montreal
- Ms. Joan Smutny** — Professor and Director, Center for Gifted, National-Louis University, Evanston, Illinois
- Dr. Colleen Willard-Holt** — Associate Professor, Pennsylvania State University - Harrisburg
- Ms. Susan Winebrenner** — Consultant, San Marcos, California
- Dr. Ellen Winner** — Professor of Psychology, Boston College

This issue is dedicated to Virgil S. Ward (1916-2003), Emeritus Professor of Education, who passed away in February 2003. While a professor at the University of Virginia for thirty years from 1956-86, he developed a graduate program that had a great impact on the field of gifted education through his theories, and the work of his graduate students. Professor Ward was clearly a pioneer in the education of gifted students. For example, his ideas influenced the founding of the North Carolina Governor's School for the Gifted and similar statewide programs. His writings reflect the position that their education should be based upon scientific methods of theory building – the use of axioms or basic principles to develop programs for the gifted (see **Educating the Gifted: An Axiomatic Approach**, 1961). In this book and subsequent papers, Professor Ward stressed the need for *differentiating* the curriculum for the gifted. His emphasis on differentiated education was unique at the time, and has greatly influenced present-day curriculum designs and programming strategies. I highly recommend the revised version of his original book, **Differential Education for the Gifted** (1980, National/State Leadership Training Institute on the Gifted and the Talented).

In addition to his conceptual achievements in differential education, Professor Ward had a profound influence on his graduate students, as shown in the current issue of *GEPO* by the tributes of Robert Brown, Maurice Fisher, O. Allan Gianniny, Esther Goldman, Carl McDaniels, William Purkey, Joseph Renzulli, Michael Walters and Win Wenger. As can be seen by these statements, his students maintained their respect for Ward's ideas and approach to gifted, counseling and lifetime education long after they completed their graduate degrees at the University of Virginia. Moreover, each one kept in touch with him many years after they graduated from his program. The first essay by Rebecca Ward provides a wonderful family tribute from a loving and devoted daughter.

This issue concludes with an article by Shelley K. Weisberg. It demonstrates the legacy of giftedness established by Virgil Ward from the 1950s through 1980s. Ms. Weisberg is a recent Master's Degree graduate of Lesley University in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She has combined her training in movement education with her studies of museum education to present a creative approach to stimulating gifted children's understanding of art, and the historical artifacts contained in museums. She has presented workshops on Museum Movement Techniques at such institutions as the Corcoran Museum of Art, Washington, D.C.; New Orleans Museum of Art; Science Museum of Virginia, Richmond, Virginia; and the Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Virginia.

Maurice D. Fisher, Ph.D., Publisher

GIFTS FROM MY FATHER

**By Rebecca Ward Daughter
Reston, Virginia**

My father presided over our Christmas fire in the living room. And sat in his favorite chair opening all our gifts – relishing in enjoyment as we each opened ours. As the fire burned down and the family chatted and scattered, my father crept downstairs to his study. There, surrounded by his beloved books and papers, he often lit a second fire.

One Christmas, I remember clearly. He asked us – the children, now adults – to come to his study. He wanted us to share his love of knowledge from the great books in his library. I came – but, fearing a lecture, went back upstairs in too short a while. I did not understand.

His study was his castle. He hand built the wall-to-wall bookcases to house his most expansive and varied library. As one would expect, there was a vast collection of books on educational theory, gifted education, developmental psychology and philosophy. His library reflected more than his scholarly pursuits. It reflected his boundless intellectual curiosity, strong interests and relentless search for knowledge.

His was the library of a Renaissance man – the Great Books, English literature and poetry, classical works, eastern and western thought, world religions and music. Frequent and always welcome visitors to his study were Albert, our kingly, demanding Siamese, and Nicky, our loving, gentle Spitz-mongrel.

In his study, my father did his favorite things. He read and wrote endlessly till late hours. In tiny almost illegible script, he critiqued the pages of his select graduate students' papers. He made endless notes of his questions and thoughts in the margins of books.

During the day and night, he hurriedly threw on his gray raincoat and ran from class to meetings and back to his study. There, he passionately discussed with his graduate students and colleagues his vision of education for the gifted and theories about lifetime education. There, he created the writings that would change the education of gifted children – the future leaders and visionaries of our world.

As a teenager, when my parents went out for the evening, I could hardly wait to sit in my father's chair in his study. I drank bourbon - alias, Pepsi - from a "jigger" glass and smoked Vogue cigarettes that came wrapped in gorgeous colors of gold, blue and pink – to match the evening's outfit – I was sure.

I poured over every book that I thought might be about love and most especially anything that looked like sex might be described in great detail. I especially loved a book by Charles Lamb and another about a young poet who drank absinthe in Paris. I longed to drink absinthe. Lady Chatterly's Lover and I'll Cry Tomorrow... I could hardly bear to put down. I was in teenage heaven... the possibility for excitement in life – endless.

When I got tired of skimming books – I played Stevie Wonder's "Fingertips" on his stereo – over and over. I danced away the time till I had to get rid of the cigarettes, put things back in place – and "secretly" slink back to my teenage bed.

Later in my life, I met that young French poet. He had black, curly hair and piercing blue eyes. He was very gifted and touched by a shadow of sorrow. A lot like my father!

My father listened to music in his study. He loved classical music, particularly by Wagner and Mahler. He especially loved the blues by such greats as Satchmo and Ray Charles. His favorite gospel and blues singers were Marian Anderson and Mahalia Jackson.

Few people knew that he played clarinet for the Spartanburg, South Carolina Symphony Orchestra. He was very modest about this – telling me that the conductor only tolerated him. When I was about three, my father took me to my first symphony. Before falling asleep in the seat, I vividly remember hearing strains of symphonic dissonance – as the musicians warmed up.

About the only time he rested in his study was when he listened to opera from the Lincoln Center on Saturday afternoons. While a young college-aged man living in New York City, he reveled in attending his first live operas. Opera became a lifelong passion. Even on his last nights, he was able to transcend earthly concerns by listening to his favorite pieces.

It was in his study that he corresponded with a wide array of friends over his lifetime. He held dear a correspondence with the

teacher/mentor, Virginia Plack, from his high school days. They corresponded for 65+ years – even this past Christmas. He stayed in close touch with friends and family from his life in the Carolinas. He and my mother maintained correspondence with friends who shared the bond of “post World War II, poverty stricken, married, graduate students with children” – lifestyle.

From his study, he documented the “cute” and “unpredictable” things each of us children said or did as we were growing up. He filed these notes in folders with our names on them. Throughout our lives, he wrote each of us letters – particularly at critical developmental crossroads in our lives – and sometimes – at the not so “cute” moments.

His temper was legendary. Eventually though, no matter what “unfortunate” thing I had done or said, he had a way of letting me know that the world would go on, and he and my mother would forgive me. I knew he wanted me to learn from my mistakes, but even when I appeared not to – he smiled a knowing smile and always stuck by me.

His last three years were spent living in an “assisted living” facility in Charlottesville. His room was an extended study – full of books, unfinished writings for his last work, cardex files of addresses, his computer, CDs of favorite music, pictures of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and scenes from operas.

Despite many visits to the emergency room and increasing helplessness, my father maintained a remarkable spirit – a vital zest for living and much dignity. He loved having lunch out with his ROMEO friends (Retired Old Men Eating Out). He and his nurse, Gail Weatherill, rarely missed a University retiree luncheon or event. My sister, Pat, and brother-in-law, Gene, visited regularly and helped him maintain control over financial and house affairs. My brother, Bill, and I took him to Wintergreen for holidays. My father and mother enjoyed visiting and talking about their mutual friends and travels.

My father and I regularly attended church at Wesley Memorial. On some Sunday afternoons we attended symphonies at Cabell Hall. We had many memorable adventures getting in and out of restaurants with his wheelchair. And, we had a number of quiet, summer afternoon “take out” lunches in the car by the lake at Boar’s Head Inn.

This last Christmas, my mother, brother, his family and I celebrated with my father – doing his favorite things. We attended Christmas Eve service at Wesley Memorial. We ate a magnificent Christmas dinner and opened presents – just as we used to – years ago.

Three weeks before his death, a friend and professional colleague of some 40 years, Dr. Carl McDaniels, and his wife – drove from southwestern Virginia to take my father to his then favorite place for dinner – The Boar’s Head Inn. My father carefully directed his care giver to dress him in his favorite suit and bow tie for the occasion. He “ordered” candy to give to his friends as a gift that night. Later that week, he told me he had a “perfectly wonderful” time.

He orchestrated his death as he had orchestrated his life. A few days before he died, he told his beloved nurse of four years and me that he was tired – “on many levels.” He could not work on his book anymore and could no longer be productive. He called each of us and told us how much he loved us. My sister, brother, mother, Carlton, his long time gardener and “personal care giver,” and I – all came to see him one more time.

It took three days for him to die from pneumonia and congestive heart failure. When I entered his room on the first of these nights, he was “conducting” a Wagnerian symphony with the aid of his care giver. He listened to piano concertos that night. One – a piece by Beethoven – he had heard me practice a thousand times on the piano at home.

He died February 16 – the day of the most raging snowstorm of the decade - a “nor’easter.” I watched as the snow and sleet whipped against the window in his room and marveled as the winds whirred and raged. It felt to me as though Mother Nature was honoring his extraordinary life energy. It felt as though he raged at having to leave the world where he wanted to do so much more...

As he lay dying that final night and day, Gail and I were at his side. I played opera for him and kept close vigil. As the time came closer, I tried to ease his labors with quiet. It was then – during the quiet – all that last night – that I heard the three great operatic tenors of our time – keening...mourning for him – in rhythm to the oxygen machine and wind.

After he died that Sunday, his nurse and I were “snowed in” until Monday afternoon – as were most people of the city of Charlottesville and the East Coast. We were exceedingly relieved and glad that my father was safely at peace – at last. We sat in his room and celebrated my father’s life. We laughed and cried as we shared stories about the colorful times we each experienced with my father.

We tried to ease the pain of loss for the sad, elderly friends of his – now left behind at the place where he died. My sister and I talked on the phone many times that morning about so many things.

I could not move my car that Monday because of the continuing storm and treacherous road conditions. Yet, I felt my father's presence. He was looking out for me still. I packed his backpack with a folder that had my name on it, a few of his favorite music CDs, his cardex files, pictures, a few books and some money from his wallet.

Even though the roads were covered with snow and slippery ice, I was glad to walk the mile to his home on Thomson. It felt good to see people having fun and life going on as usual. Along the way, I bought some wine and cigarettes – even though I had not smoked in a decade.

There in his study on Thomson, surrounded by his favorite books, I listened to the music he loved. I drank some wine and smoked cigarettes. I opened the folder with my name on it and found “fatherly” letters he had written to me and letters I had written to my mother and father over the years. There was even a Valentine's Day card I had “made up” for him a long time ago.

I called a few of his friends to let them know that he was now at peace and how much they had meant to him. They told me stories about my father – what a remarkable scholar, mentor and humanitarian he was and that he loved us – his family. Each person gave me solace and jewels.

When I expressed doubt that I could speak at the funeral, one of my father's most cherished former students – long now a famous professor in the field of gifted, Dr. Joe Renzulli, gave me the courage to read one of my father's favorite poems, “Abou Ben Adhem.”

The memorial service, beautifully orchestrated by Reverend Gary Robbins, was a humble yet powerful tribute to my father's life, spirit and legacy. Family, professional colleagues and friends of both my mother and father came to mourn our loss and celebrate his life. His favorite “old” hymns were sung. A soloist with a lovely voice sang a favorite of his, “Amazing Grace.”

Several paid tribute to my father that day. Gail told of attending a Governor's School for the Gifted as a young girl – long before she ever knew or began to take care of my father. There she learned that regardless of adversity or humble beginnings, one could attain great things in life.

As my father's health deteriorated over the past few years, Gail spoke about what she saw of how he grew as a person. He had led a rigorous life of the mind. He was a complicated, demanding and ambitious man. In his last years, he opened his mind to become more spiritual. He grew more appreciative of life's simple gifts of giving and receiving love.

One of my father's special former graduate students and friend of 30 years, Dr. Maurice Fisher, spoke of what a wonderful mentor and friend my father was to his students and colleagues and that he was loved as a human being. He read tributes to my father from other colleagues and former students – long now honored professors and leaders of stature – Dr. Bill Purkey, Dr. Bob Brown, Dr. Mike Walters, Dr. Joe Renzulli, Dr. Miriam Corcoran – to name but a few.

Dr. Bob Brown, a long time friend and professional colleague of my father, had recently dedicated his book to him. He wrote a beautiful poem, “On the Death of My Mentor” to honor my father – one last time.

Throughout my life and even as my father died, he gave me gifts. All these gifts will be with me through the rest of my life's journey.



VIRGIL SCOTT WARD: A TRIBUTE

**By Robert Stanley Brown, Sr., Ph.D., M.D.
Clinical Professor of Psychiatric Medicine, School of Medicine
University of Virginia Charlottesville, Virginia**

My mother died at 72 years of age, a few days before I opened my psychiatric practice in Charlottesville, and less than a month before my 40th birthday. I enjoyed a close relationship with my mother, was very saddened by her death, but I was surprised by the large number of people at her funeral who uniformly stated that my mother had made each of them, like me, feel “special.” Virgil Ward, a motherless child, in the final analysis, was like my mother: he made so many of us feel “special.” Maurice Fisher told the same story at Dr. Ward's memorial service that each one of us whom he mentored would have reported: he nurtured us while demanding that we go beyond our circumstances and limited expectations.

In my case, there was nothing in it for him. I was not heading for a career in educating the gifted. I am blessed but I am not gifted. He

knew that in my heart I wanted to return to the study of medicine. Instead of writing me off, he personally visited the dean of admissions of the medical school and staked his reputation on a second chance for me. After ten years of previously rejecting my applications the medical school opened its doors to me because they believed in Dr. Ward. Like a good mother, he stood beside me during the next eight years of education and training. He was one of the best teachers I ever knew and his memory is one of the richest parts of my life.

On The Death Of My Mentor by Robert S. Brown

Virgil Scott Ward was one of a Kind: Unbridled interest in things of the Mind.
He ruthlessly battled injustice’s pain, not counting his cost, so others could gain.

Fearlessly courageous like Lewis or Clark. Pioneer in search of Truth, singleness of heart.
No one could find a more loyal friend, but friendship played no role in arguments to win.

He saw the potential in every soul. He spent his long life in classrooms panning for gold.
He never gave up when students let him down. A bright smile; eyes sparkling; a crown.

He touched my life and many others I know. Did it quietly avoiding lime light or show.
He left his mark. A University he loved. Thank God. What future unless he shoved?

No more deans and no more chairs. His place of abode is free of those cares.
So let us drink to a Man for All Seasons. “By the very gods,” we have ample reasons.



A TRIBUTE TO VIRGIL S. WARD, 1916-2003

**By Maurice D. Fisher, Ph.D.
Gifted Education Press Manassas, Virginia**

“To be persuasive, we must be believable,/To be believable, we must be credible,/To be credible, we must be truthful.” Edward R. Murrow

“I never give them hell. I just tell the truth and they think it’s hell.” Harry S. Truman

As my friend and mentor for the last thirty-six years, I often wondered why Virgil S. Ward had such a great impact on his students and colleagues. Clearly, he was a wonderful mentor. However, I believe the primary reason for his influence was that he was a *Professor of Ideas and Human Thought*. He was not particularly interested in other aspects of modern academia such as grantsmanship or the management of academic organizations. Instead, he was profoundly concerned with the impact of his ideas and those of others upon the education of children with extraordinary abilities. His seminal work, **Educating the Gifted: An Axiomatic Approach** (1961) ! republished in 1980 as **Differential Education for the Gifted** ! had a major impact on this field by influencing the development of gifted programs across the United States.

To be a student in one of his classes, one completely absorbed his emphasis on the logical analysis of ideas. He was an inspiring teacher who conveyed to his students the integrity of well-founded ideas – whether they were concerned with differential education for gifted children or lifetime education. Some of the major concepts that he taught in these classes were:

- Educational programs should be based upon research and theory from developmental psychology including the works of Robert Havighurst and Jean Piaget.
- A strong theoretical foundation should underlie programs for the gifted based upon theory and research in educational measurement, child development and epistemology.
- The pursuit of philosophical issues should provide a foundation for education programs. Professor Ward believed that a theory of knowledge (e.g., the work of Philip Phenix, 1958) derived from academic philosophy should serve as the foundation for gifted and lifetime education programs. He emphasized including All Knowledge in his differential education model.

He was a highly gifted individual who pursued the quest for knowledge through logical reasoning, analysis, and debate with students and colleagues. Throughout his career, he engaged in argumentation with gusto and resolve. He wanted to demonstrate the triumph of human thought over weak mindedness and irrational thinking. Many were taken aback by Professor Ward’s seriousness of thought, but none denied his intellectual integrity.

Although he was very demanding on students, they were appreciative of the intellectually rigorous education he gave to them. Clearly, he was even more demanding on himself. They particularly respected a part of him that sometimes did not show through his intellect and logical approach to solving problems: Virgil Ward was a great human being who loved humanity.

His life demonstrates how a highly gifted individual can overcome adversity and attain important goals in spite of humble origins. Through the sheer force of his profound intellect, he became a powerful and resolute figure in American education. May God bless him for his important contributions to the education of gifted children and for his intense loyalty to all of his students, family and friends.

DR. VIRGIL S. WARD, PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION: NOTES

**By O. Allan Gianniny, Ed. D.
Emeritus Professor of Technology, Culture, and Communication
University of Virginia**

Wednesday, February 20, 2003: Charlottesville, Virginia

Tonight I learned of the death of my professor and friend. Professor Virgil Ward is reported to have died quietly in his sleep on Sunday night. In the week preceding his death, he is said to have been visited by his minister, and together they planned a funeral service. This kind of planning was typical of Dr. Ward.

Those who were in Charlottesville may remember the fierce and uninterrupted winter storm. The weather could compete with Dr. Ward’s manner in his earlier days. He could be remarkably fierce, when the situation called for careful thought and dealing with thoughtless persons whose superficial manner relied on positions of authority, but who in Virgil’s mind, were wasting their talents.

He could be a forceful person, and some persons were intimidated, but I always considered him a friend. Frequently, his rigorous approach pressed hard on a point, but we were always friends. His mind was always active, and he demanded the best from all of us as his students. Those who worked with him were highly motivated to do their best work. On the other hand, those who felt uncomfortable with the intensity he showed and showered on his students suffered; and those who felt that way when working with Ward did not stay.

He was known for his work in educating the gifted, and I felt especially honored as he and I probed into a special area, differences (in his words, the *differential* structure of knowledge). Together, we probed into pragmatic and systematic aspects of sciences, including philosophy, theology, and psychology, and social styles. Before this note grows too long, I should add that Virgil pressed me “to the wall.”

In my own times with him, through friendship and his challenges, he was never a threat. I recall that my first course under Ward – a Saturday morning three-hour session – was so charged with excitement and challenges that I felt emotional stress for hours. Eventually, he served as my graduate advisor in the Curry School of Education from 1960. I completed my doctoral degree in the summer of 1967. I was teaching in the Division of Humanities (now the Division of Technology, Culture, and Communication) in the School of Engineering and Applied Science. Their task is precisely to understand and respond to broad issues, bringing constantly into play the interdisciplinary aspects of education.

Professor Ward’s role in life-long learning has made its presence felt in professional schools of science and technology.

MEMORIAL STATEMENT REGARDING VIRGIL S. WARD

**By Esther Goldman, Ed. D.
Virginia Beach, Virginia**

Thoughts about Virgil Ward are turbulent. He was intellectually and emotionally demanding. Quoting Leta Hollingworth, he found it difficult to "suffer fools gladly." Inviting hatred, he needed love.

Destroying egos, he created high achievers. Demanding perfection, he supported perfectibility. Inspiring reverence he was his own worst enemy and his students' best friend.

Thoughts and feelings quarrel. It is not June 1963. No longer are there six hand-picked students considered worthy of Virgil Ward's course in Education of the Gifted. Today, March 2, 2003, we tremble as he thunders from his final resting place against persons who have not met the needs of gifted learners. We tremble because the principles in Virgil Ward's **Education of the Gifted: An Axiomatic Approach** (1961, Charles E. Merrill Books, Inc.) have never been actualized. They could not be accepted by lesser souls than he.

His seminal effort in North Carolina (1961), the Governor's School for the Gifted, finally came to Virginia, but it has not been the "appropriately differentiated education for the gifted" that he had dreamed and designed. Let us mourn a great and gifted leader by honoring him with the scriptural phrase from Ethics of the Fathers, Ch. 2, Mishna 21:

You are not required to complete the task;
neither may you desist from beginning the effort.



PERSONAL REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF VIRGIL S. WARD

**By Carl McDaniels, Ed.D.
Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University
Blacksburg, Virginia**

When people ask me: "Who was the best teacher you every knew?" My answer is quick and easy ! Virgil S. Ward!!!! We first met in the fall of 1956. I had just completed a four year tour of active duty in the US Navy and was enrolled in the University of Virginia School of Education supported by the GI Bill. Dr Ward was in his first semester at The University. The two best courses I ever took from him were offered that fall: Human Growth & Development and Advanced Educational Psychology. Each course made a lasting educational impression on me that has lasted a lifetime. The Curry School, as it is known today, was just starting to grow and Virgil S. Ward was to be one of the stars of that growth over the next several decades. Right from the start, he was always superbly prepared for each class, which ended much too soon to suit me. As I look back over the past 47 years of our friendship three things, among many, stand out for me.

1. HE WAS ALWAYS CHALLENGING: There was never a boring moment in any of his classes. To the contrary, one learned right from the start that he was going to give his best, and he expected you to do the same. He challenged everyone to understand the concept that Human Growth & Development REALLY meant the entire LIFE SPAN, not just through the teenage years. He challenged everyone in class to provide differential educational experiences for all those with whom we worked through a wide variety of intellectual characteristics – certainly more that just words and numbers!! He once challenged me to trade in my ancient Underwood typewriter for one which could spell and punctuate correctly. In later years he challenged me to continue to learn and grow in my own counseling, teaching, research and service, as a Career Counselor, Association Executive, and 35 years of university teaching at George Washington University and Virginia Tech.

2. HE WAS ALWAYS ENCOURAGING: In the fall of 1956 it was my clear intention to earn a master's degree in counseling and get on to a full time school assignment as soon as possible. Virgil S. Ward encouraged me to stay for a second year of full time residency for my doctorate right after those first two classes we had together. He even arranged for me to be his Graduate Assistant in that second year of full time study. He tutored and encouraged me as to how to critique student papers with positive feedback – not just criticism. He encouraged me to follow his example in class preparation and subsequent discussion to include as many different students as possible in

every class. He was the faculty member at the University of Virginia who was constantly encouraging me, once I had left the Grounds, to complete the then required "Leadership Project" and later the dissertation research and writing. His encouragement made it possible for me to meet many of my personal and professional goals across my own career span. Truth is, most of whatever accomplishments I made, they were at the core the result of his steady, but firm encouragement over my lifetime. He really believed in lifetime continuing growth and development for me and I never wanted to let him down.

3. HE WAS SUSTAINING: Many, if not most, professors show little interest in their students once they have completed their degrees. Not so with Virgil S. Ward. His friendship and interest was sustained over a lifetime. His long and interesting Christmas Letters were a joy to treasure well into each new year. It often took a while just to try and decipher what his cryptic handwritten notes fully meant. He established a regular routine after we moved to Virginia Tech to call the night before each University of Virginia versus Virginia Tech football game in the fall. It was as dependable as the leaves turning maroon and orange. The BIG football game was the pretense for the call; we always quickly covered a full range of topics ranging from Virginia and national politics to life long learning. Our last conversation took place over a memorable dinner in January 2003 at his restaurant of choice in Charlottesville – The Boar's Head Inn. He amazed me by asking questions about long forgotten subjects and topics, such as my first research effort, under his supervision, into the "Hollow Folk" in Madison County, Virginia, as well as the doings of our three daughters. His interest in me was sustained over all those years. He never forgot me and I will certainly never forget him.

Virgil S. Ward was a true friend, scholar, mentor, brilliant intellect, wonderful professor, advisor, professional colleague, and Southern Gentleman. I was very fortunate to have know him all these years.



ON VIRGIL SCOTT WARD

**By William Watson Purkey, Ed.D.
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
Greensboro, North Carolina**

Writing about Virgil Scott Ward is like dancing about geometry. It is impossible to capture in words the magnetism, courage, intelligence and cantankerousness of VSW. I speak from experience. He was my major professor for my master's and doctoral degrees at the University of Virginia. Perhaps the best way to write about Virgil is to share two vignettes.

The first vignette took place during the late 1950's when Virginia political leaders were advocating "massive resistance" to integration. Virgil fought back against racists in powerful and profound ways. For example, in his office he had a large map of the world, with a bold inscription THE WORLD IN WHICH THE SOUTHERN CHILD LIVES under it. As another example, while teaching a large class at the University of Virginia, he would suddenly stop, look around, and ask "Are there any niggers in this room? I don't want niggers in my class." The shock was unbelievable. His actions exposed the horrible face of racism.

The result of his courage is that in a single day the President of the University of Virginia received two telephone calls demanding that Virgil Scott Ward be fired immediately, One call was from the "Defenders of State Sovereignty" (a racist group), and the other from the NAACP. Such was the moral courage of VSW.

The second vignette took place in the 1960's when I was working on my doctorate, again with VSW as my chair. Five of us enrolled in VSW's Advanced Cognitive Psychology course. This course was a killer. It was rumored that cowards never took the course and the weak never finished. The rumor did not stop the five of us. We were all straight "A" advanced doctoral students. The five included Bob Brown, who went on to become a distinguished physician, Joe Renzulli, who became internationally recognized for his work with gifted education, and three others who eventually built outstanding professional reputations. In sum, we were the best and brightest that the University of Virginia had to offer. We were all "top guns."

The five of us struggled mightily in VSW's course. Many a night we stayed up late comparing class notes and trying to comprehend what was being taught to us. When the final semester grades were distributed we discovered that all five of us had received a grade of "B"! This was outrageous! The five of us marched into the office of VSW in mass. We protested the low grade and pointed out that he had made a terrible mistake. We were all "A" students! We were the best and brightest doctoral students at the University of Virginia.

Virgil Scott Ward sat behind his large office desk and patiently listened as we described in detail the hard work we had put into the course, the research we had accomplished, and the brilliance of our final papers. When we finished our presentation, he said: (and I'll never forget his words):

“According to the academic standards of the University of Virginia, you are absolutely correct. Each of you should have received an ‘A.’ But according to the standards of universal science, you were fortunate to have passed this course at all!” Five doctoral students tried to escape through the office doorway at the same time.

There is no doubt that VSW was an intellectual titan. He was a mighty tree in a forest of small growth. His vision of intellectual integrity and honesty, his respect for the powers of thought, and his incredible courage will be remembered as long as we live. He served as a magnificent role model. "By the very gods" Virgil Scott Ward, you were a true mentor.



TRIBUTE TO VIRGIL WARD

**By Joseph S. Renzulli, Ed.D.
University of Connecticut**

Dr. Virgil Ward was a true pioneer in the education of gifted and talented students. He is acknowledge to be the first and major theorist in this area of education, and his ideas are responsible for the quality and rigor of many practices that have guided the field dating back to his early theoretical formulations in the 1950s. As the founder and chief architect for the Governor's School of North Carolina, he established a plan and pattern for differentiated education for the gifted that was subsequently adopted by numerous governors' schools across the nation. A carefully reasoned set of axioms and principles were the foundation for his work, and he defended these principles with a tenacity and passion that reflected both his remarkable intellect and the strength of his convictions for providing truly qualitative differences in the education of highly able youth.

Dr. Ward's strong convictions and his unyielding standards of quality were also a hallmark of his work with graduate students, many of whom went on to become disciples and prominent leaders in the field of education of the gifted. His graduate students universally acknowledged that he was a passionate and demanding mentor, but he also had the uncanny knack of making them think and work at levels well above what they themselves ever dreamed they were capable. He knew exactly how high to set expectations for individual students, and he never failed to give them the support and encouragement they needed to ascend to the highest levels of their potentials. His kindness was in the care he showed each student how he or she could be far more capable of creative production and how in the end, good quality work was what made for positive contributions. His enduring legacy will be in both his own work and the many people he inspired to pursue the standards of quality that he set for himself. All those who know and worked with this remarkable man can understand that his love for humanity guided all that he did, and that his kind heart, gentle sense of humor, and never ending optimism are things that will live on in the many people he touched throughout a very productive life. We will all miss him and all our lives have been richer for his wisdom and inspiration.



TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR VIRGIL WARD, 1916-2003

**By Michael E, Walters, Ed.D
Touro College New York City**

In a period where the concepts of American education are the prisoners of political strategies, Virgil Ward was a freethinker. Whether one agreed with his educational viewpoints, they were the result of his own study and analysis. Virgil Ward was an individual whose hallmark was intellectual integrity and honesty to himself. His vision was not a result of bureaucratic mandates and slogans. The vision that he had for education was related to the self-actualization of the individual. His basic insight was that American society’s worst enemy was mediocrity. Differential education benefits not only the individual, but also the development and progress of society. Higher standards are the tide that lifts all boats.

Virgil Ward as a teacher was a unique experience. Instead of encouraging "smiley faces," he sought to create in graduate students a refinement of their intellectual palate. He took his role as a doctoral student advisor seriously. Virgil Ward was not just an instructor; he was a mentor for a lifetime of education.



ON VIRGIL WARD

**By Win Wenger, Ph.D.
Project Renaissance
Gaithersburg, Maryland**

Beyond some point of differentiation, Virgil Ward taught us, differences in degree become a difference in kind. He was talking about gifted children in comparison to mainstream learners, but his remark applied even more to himself. He was several orders of difference in kind above and beyond ordinary professors, educators and professionals.

When I first met Dr. Ward, I was "going down for the third time," getting ready to wash out of university again. I kept making the same mistake! I'd get interested in a subject, then start to ask questions about it. The questions would be inconvenient to the lecturer, and being made to feel the effects of that inconvenience, I'd soon have to change majors again. So by the time I wandered into Virgil Ward's classroom, I was ready to hang it all up, and was wearing a pretty good chip on my shoulder.

I had been drawn to Dr. Ward's class on educating the gifted because I had begun to suspect that some of my troubles with academia were due to some other things besides my own shortcomings. First thing that happened, though, once I was in his class, was that I got into a terrific argument with him. And to my pleased delight, we both discovered and acknowledged that there was someone worth hearing on the other side of that argument.

That was the beginning of heaven. More than anything he said was Virgil Ward's ongoing personal example of rigor, disciplined and informed inquiry, and above all else uncompromising intellectual integrity, which shaped and inspired all of us. Ward would come into class, throw a couple of extraordinarily insightful and penetrating jabs, and we would all set to until the very walls would be cracking from the pressure. We thrived. Every day in every one of the three courses I was most inordinately privileged to undertake with Dr. Ward, I was learning more than in my entire university education up to that time, and that huge pace of learning and growth continued long afterward for me, and probably for everyone. In one of my classes, there were only five of us students each holding his own pretty well in there, two of my classmates being Al Gianniny and Joe Renzulli, and in that one the walls DID crack!

I don't know if Virgil S. Ward was intentionally Socratic, but his intense seminars are "the picture in my head" I have as I work with, invent around with, and teach Socratic Method, and try to ignite in the teachers I teach some tiny glimmer of the fire that Ward so blazingly lit in each of us. Too often I fall far short of that! we all do. There was only one Virgil S. Ward.



A MOVING LEARNING EXPERIENCE FOR GIFTED CHILDREN

By Shelley K. Weisberg Williamsburg, Virginia

The room is silent as the children examine the abstract painting's lines, shapes and colors. Suddenly the room pulsates as children's arms and legs bend and stretch to portray the different brush strokes of the painting. Concentration on the painting escalates as the children express through movement the different emotional qualities of the painting's colors. Strong explosive actions portray the color red whereas lethargic movements reflect the hues of the faint lemon-lime color. Oblivious to anything else, the children are involved with the painting intellectually, emotionally and physically. What these children are doing is making the painting come alive through movement. Are they in a dance studio striving for technical perfection? No, they are in an art museum learning about line and color through Museum Movement Techniques.

Introduction

My perspective as a dancer, movement therapist and dance educator enables me to recognize the tremendous potential in using movement to allow gifted children to learn about museum objects. The use of movement as a catalyst for learning has credibility from a wealth of theories. Each theory harmonizes and compliments the others. Gardner's theory of multiple intelligences (1983) supports the use of movement as an intelligence to acquire and demonstrate knowledge. Piaget's childhood development theory (1973) substantiates the use of movement to develop conceptual awareness. Rudolf Laban pioneered a movement education theory (1996) that reinforces its use for child-centered, holistic, exploratory learning. It's a simple fact, children learn about themselves and their world through movement exploration.

This same concept of "learning by doing" is echoed by American philosopher and educator, John Dewey (1859-1952). In *Experience and Education* (1938), Dewey maintains that all genuine education comes through experience. Application of his educational theories to formal education resulted in America's Progressive Education Movement from the 1930's to 1980's. This holistic child-centered method, referred to as active learning, is believed to develop the child's mental, physical, social, and emotional self.

The value of movement theory to education has broad applications to both schools and museums. Ted Ansbacher's article in *Curator, John Dewey's Experience and Education: Lessons for Museums* (1998), recognizes that "Dewey's ideas are still current and particularly relevant to the theory and practice of museum education" (p. 47). It is the belief of this author that movement serves as an additional interpretive method to empower children to learn about museum objects.

This article describes Museum Movement Techniques, an original approach to learn about museum objects. Based on theories supportive of movement as a catalyst to learn, Museum Movement Techniques integrates movement and museum education principles. It provides a powerful method of engaging the mind, body and emotions of children in a dynamic process of learning and discovery of museum objects. Most importantly, Museum Movement Techniques serves museum educators' goals.

Museum Movement Techniques ! Process

Prelude

The gallery is full of enthusiasm. The very idea of moving in a museum has tremendous appeal to gifted children. Perhaps it's because moving in a museum seems so contraindicated. All too often children's museum visits are laden with restrictions. Therefore, it's understandable that children can't fathom the idea of moving in a museum and are excited about the prospect.

Paramount to the success of the Museum Movement Techniques session is the manner in which movement is used. The facilitator never instructs children how to move but rather encourages personal movement interpretation. Museum educational objectives provide a framework for the session, yet the child controls construction of the experience. This ideal is accomplished by matching the museum's educational goals with the movement techniques that foster understanding.

Introduction of rules and learning objectives initiate the session. Children first share their verbal interpretation, then their movement interpretation in a group setting. The session closes with reflections on what the children discovered and learned about the museum object.

How exactly does the process unfold? The constructivist nature of Museum Movement Techniques lends itself best to the demonstration of the process while explaining it. The following vignette demonstrates the dynamics.

Vignette

While sitting with the children in a circle formation the facilitator asks, "What do you think is going on in this painting?" The gallery is heavy with silence as the children examine Phillip Evergood's painting, *Music*. Suddenly hands shoot up. D. replies, "I think the people in the back of the workshop and front are making music." J. adds, "They're making loud music. "What do you see that makes you think they're making loud music?" J. answers, "All different instruments playing at the same time." The question prompts B. and J. to notice the body attitudes, facial expressions and dark colors. B. says, "I think they're sad. Lots of people's faces are sad." The question, "What else do you notice about the people?" leads to conversation about the different people portrayed. The facilitator repeats the children's discovery that different instruments and people are working together. The museum educator's goal to discover and create personal meaning for the painting is realized by the children. They begin to personalize the concept of people working together by talking about similar experiences like being part of a soccer team. At this point the children are invited to paint imaginary glue on their feet and stand arms distance from their neighbor with heels touching the red string on the floor encircling the group. They are instructed not to step out of the red circle boundary. Invasion of another's personal space is not tolerated. Children are not allowed to participate should they challenge the lesson. The pretend glue on their feet encourages movement in place, as opposed to moving across the floor.

The movement experience begins as the facilitator encourages children to mold their bodies into shapes the children find in the painting. L. says, "I'm a circle," meaning the cymbal. Everyone mirrors by shaping his or her body to resemble a cymbal. Close examination of the painting leads to discovery of shapes. The children enthusiastically act out their discoveries. D. contorts his body to form "the stairs." Surprisingly the children note some shapes the facilitator never noticed. The children greatly enhance their knowledge of the shapes' properties. This knowledge satisfies Virginia *Standards Of Learning* Geometry objective 3.18 by allowing the children to experience the shapes' properties physically.

Next the children assume different poses of the musicians. The facilitator takes on the role of the conductor and leads the orchestra with an imaginary baton. Children move as if playing their instruments to the conductor's stop and start command. The mood of the music is influenced by the colors and posturing of the musicians and their instruments. Children are challenged to create sounds for the painting based on what they see. L. sings, "Ha,ha,haaaa," J. punches the air to move the slide of his imaginary trombone as he hums, "Puussh, puusshh, puusshh." The sequential playing of imaginary instruments creates a musical composition. A cacophony of sounds and gyrating bodies fills the galleries. The painting is alive with feeling and personal meaning for the children.

Reflection

As the movement part of the session comes to a close, the children again sit in the circle to reflect on what they discovered about the painting. The facilitator invites the children to articulate why they moved as they did. The children as called on, approach the painting pointing to their observations that validate their interpretation. All the children raise their hands to contribute ideas. Participation is unanimous. At times it is necessary to limit comments due to time constraints.

The wide range of both verbal and movement creativity is enhanced by the acceptance of ideas that are relevant to the painting. The children's willingness to develop a verbal and movement narrative for the painting attests to the children's confidence. The facilitator creates an accepting atmosphere assuring children that there is no right or wrong way to interpret as long as you have a reason. The question "*Why is there no right or wrong?*" is answered by D. who says, "Everyone is different." This comment is relevant not only to our experience of the painting but also to the message of the painting.

In the span of twenty minutes, fifteen third graders became active participants in the discovery of the museum object. Inhibitions melted away to boundless creativity. The minds, bodies and emotions of these children were simultaneously engaged in learning and interpreting. What facilitated this transformation? It is the belief of this author that it is the power of movement.

In the Context of Museum Education

The ability of movement for communication, healing and expression has been well documented. Movement as nonverbal communication probes beyond socio-economic and educational boundaries. It allows those that may not be auditory or visual learners to be integrated in the learning process. Museum Movement Techniques is appropriate for elementary age children and is developmentally based. Depending on the specific age, application can be made more or less sophisticated. The flexible nature of techniques allows for use in history, science, art and children's museums. Teachers describe the museum movement experience as "Interactive and fun for the students. The students weren't aware they were learning while having fun!"

Museums of the twenty-first century are vital, stimulating, visitor oriented places for learning. Noted museum educator, Lisa Roberts in *From Knowledge to Narrative: The Changing Museum* (1997) upholds that effective interpretation requires connecting the visitor with the museum object. She says that "personal experience as a source of meaning is *different but no less valid than* curatorial knowledge" (p. 70). In *Learning in the Museum* (1998), George Hein, well-known museum educator, believes that "constructivism provides the most comprehensive and elegant theory to consider how visitors can both use their previous beliefs and knowledge to construct new meaning and how they can actively carry out this process" (p. 154). Museum Movement Techniques complies with this philosophy and offers museums an additional interactive method of empowering gifted children to discover and create personal meaning. Hopefully, museum educators will integrate Museum Movement Techniques with current touring strategies providing these children with a truly a meaningful and *moving* experience!

References

- Ansbacher, T. (1998). John Dewey's Experience and Education: Lessons for Museums. *Curator*, 41 (1), 36-49.
- Dewey, J. (1938). *Experience and Education*. New York: Macmillan.
- Gardner, H. (1983). *Frames of Mind: The Theory of Multiple Intelligences*. New York: Basic books.

Hein, G. E. (1998). Learning in the Museum. New York: Routedledge.

Laban, R. (1996). The Language of Movement. London: MacDonald & Evans Ltd.

Piaget, J. (1973). The Child and Reality. New York: Grossman Publishers.

Roberts, L. (1997). From Knowledge to Narrative: Educators and the Changing Museum. Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press.



Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe,

.....
John Milton, 1608-74 (English poet). From 'L'Allegro' (1645).