

Reflections from SCA's First High School Graduate, Marty Frazer '74

My first year of SCA High School was incredible for so many reasons. The school did not plan to include a senior class that first year. I went to Dr. Paetz and asked him to admit me. He agreed. My brother Dennis, also a senior, soon decided to join the class, but returned to Scottsdale High after the first quarter.



Shortly after the second semester started, we received a transfer student from Heart to Heart Christian School, Dedrea Lynn Kivett. Although a senior, she was only 16 years old. I recall that Dedrea was a beautiful girl and an incredibly talented pianist with perfect pitch. In the summer after our graduation, we went out for pizza once before I joined the Army.



In its first year, the high school had about 35 students, about half of which were freshman, including my sisters, Lis and Christy. My brother Chris was a junior. My father, Martin Frazer, was the administrative assistant to Dr. Paetz. Our youngest sister, Jennifer, was in the elementary school. The Frazer Clan was well represented at SCA.



SCA was the fourth high school I had attended, the previous three being public schools. The school originally opened at a Baptist Church on 82nd Street south of Indian School Road. Two temporary buildings were set up there for extra classrooms and administrative offices. We used the main church for assemblies, band and choir.

Dr. Bill Epley, who all the kids secretly referred to as "Jumbo," was the band and choir instructor. With a rich bravado and tall frame, Dr. Epley commanded the room. The vocal ensemble, four of which were Frazers, traveled to California and Colorado for performances. We used a recorded soundtrack for background; but we were pretty good. Ensemble members were 4 Frazer siblings (Marty,

Chris, Christy and Lis), Mark Moerkerke, Dianne VanLoon, Brad Richardson, Ginger Murray, Kathy Kovac, and Kathy Ferguson. The band was a mixture of high school and junior high school students. Although I knew how to play the clarinet, Dr. Epley convinced me to take up tenor sax. But the catch was, Dr. E wanted me to play the bass clarinet part on tenor sax. I learned to transpose in my head as I was playing. To this day I can't play tenor sax right, though after 45+ years, I still can play some clarinet.

Coach Gustafson led the athletic program. We had a flag football team that played in the Valley Christian League, with only one loss the first year. That loss was to SW Indian School who beat us 45-18 with their third string. Although I passed for over 250 yards that game, I also had 6 interceptions. We could not run at all against them. Our biggest player on our team, a freshman named Kelly Martin, weighed about 210. He was a running back. Our line averaged maybe 150, and their line well over 200. It was bad, but could have been a lot worse. We had a decent basketball season. We wore jerseys which came from a local Bible college named "College del Rey." My brother Chris was basketball MVP that first year. Baseball: well, that was ugly. Although Kelly Martin was a good player, the rest of us ranged from mediocre to bad. We were routinely slaughtered.

As a junior, I had completed my mandatory senior classes. Although I only needed one credit to graduate, I chose to remain for the duration of the school year. I studied typing and English under Debbie Rosen (AKA "Cliff"), who was universally loved by her students. And, I studied choir, band, and Human Relations taught by Bryce Confair. The class title was misleading, as it was really a Bible class. After all these years I can still quote parts of his lessons. Mr. Confair was funny and well-liked by the students. For the remainder of the school day, I was a student assistant in the elementary where I tutored kids in math and English.

I loved SCA, which is why I chose to remain for the second semester, paying my own tuition by working a part time job. I learned more about what is really important in that one year than I did in my other 3 years in public high school. I will forever be eternally grateful to Dr. Paetz for giving me the opportunity to attend SCA.



After graduation, Marty joined the Army where he served on active duty as a Military Policeman for 20 years. He later worked for the Iowa Department of Corrections for 15 years. Although officially retired now, Marty is an ordained minister for nursing homes and is also involved in prison ministry.

Marty and his wife, Heidi, live on a small 5 acre homestead in southeastern Iowa. They have 4 children, 17 grandchildren (and counting) and 2 great grandchildren.

