

**So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.**

There are lots of things that don't occur to you, at first, when you set out to change the world. For me it was the pressure of time. The competition is always fast, but this is the first time that I've run into it full pace with a full time teaching position on top of my masters program and the consistent, inescapable feeling of the pressure of time was, and is, overwhelming.

This year we were racing from the beginning, exactly as I've hoped in previous reflections. The difference was tangible; within moments of the starting gun there were emails flying: introductions, ideas, sound, fury. Our leader kept a measured pace, informed us of a timeline, and best of all, was a vocal presence for anyone who dropped off the radar. While we discussed numerous ideas, the one we ended up with was one of the very first we considered. Because everyone's voice was given a space to be heard, we could expand our thinking to consider fresh angles, and ultimately many of the initiatives outlined in our final report owe their presence to the recombination of ideas and inspiration that flowed from that initial exchange.



Ultimately, for good or ill, I have moved away from reaching for explicit lessons from my experiences here and instead focused on pursuing growth. My team balanced my impatience and energy with deliberation and courtesy, and I never fail to learn deeply important lessons from the team members that criss-cross the world despite being held closely in my imagination. Some of us have made plans to collide in the same part of the world, but against the possibility that our

The most rewarding part of the race was the spiderwebbing-threads that got strung, criss-crossed, across the world. Our team didn't have long to work and learn together, but the short time we had was vibrant and imaginative. Given these weeks over again, I would look for more and deeper ways to know them. Bio's and emails weren't enough, I wanted to be able to connect more, to create a lasting connection, to build something real and tangible together—and maybe that isn't the way things will be this time round, but isn't it wonderful, to know that there is always a chance? Those connections, they spark back into life when you least expect it.

New York is a lonely city for an Australian who wants nothing more than to be free. The times that I've felt most alive have included climbing to the outer edge of the topsail yardarm to sea furl a sail on a tall ship; sleeping on a transpacific airplane flight; and being connected, instantaneously, by optical circuitry with a team- my team- of the most diverse and wonderful people, dedicated to this idea that the world can be changed.

plans won't wind the way we want them to, I've already started teaching myself to manipulate geoJSON data so that I can draw better maps of the spaces between us all. New skills and inspirations spark fresh in every team I engage with and this one has been no different: despite the challenges of the inexorable march of time, our product is both profitable and realistic; I'm considering inviting my team mates to join me out there in Uganda to spark a change in the world.