

THE CLASS OF '99 LOOKS BACK ...

When we were younger we longed for the chances
To date, to drive, to attend all the dances
We thrived on the thought of being in high school
After all, then we could do everything that is "cool"
But now, looking back hesitantly with a sigh
We marvel at how fast time did fly.
We've dated, we've driven (though often too fast)
And as we were having so much fun, our time swiftly passed
All of a sudden it was about caps and gowns and tassels
Whatever happened to swings, sliding boards, and sand castles?

Memories — the poems, the parties, sleepovers, and such —
The games, the field trips — we treasure those so much
Laughter is constantly filling our hearts — we've made some wonderful friends
Now time is closing in on us — we're scurrying to tie up all loose ends
Although all are not as close to everyone that you see
We're all connected some way, somehow — we're like a family
Despite the "senioritis" and the shouts "We're almost free!"
It's easy to be a little saddened when we realize we actually must leave.

We must leave the place from which so much we've learned
We must leave the people to whom we've always turned
We must treasure our friendships, lessons, and dry the tears from our face
And strongly move forward to whatever be our place
We must look to the future and strive to shine
For we are the class of ninety-nine.
— Maribeth Coleman

Sr. Trip To Cancun

