



IF

by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings-nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

Class History - Class of 2004

We gather together, dear family and friends
as one life begins and another one ends.
Our eyes mist with tears, and our thoughts drift away
As we fondly remember each other in ways
Both funny and silly and sad, sometimes, too
And now, please bear with me I'll share with you
Some shining bright moments a few, less than grand
As I tell of our class from beginning to end.
At the top of the list comes **Adam**, so cute
The stud of our class, and a fisherman to boot.
Known for his looks and his charming persona
He's happiest in the company of bass and Corona!
Then comes **Jim**, so tall and so slim
He speaks in a language known only to him.
He is slow as molasses and sleeps through most classes,
But no one plays baseball like him.
Next is **Shannon**, pretty and petite
Her heart is big and her smile sweet
But don't be fooled by those soft brown eyes
'Cause behind all that sweetness a wild beast lies!
Scooby, Scooby, Scooby, what more can I say?
We weren't quite sure he would be here today...
He might be the biggest Tony Stewart fan alive
And is he 19... or 35??
Hannah Morgan, an emotional lass
Is the tearjerking, sensitive one in the class
She's rather soft spoken, except for that squeal
And Boyd can convince her that almost anything's real!
And now that I've mentioned his name, there's **Boyd Brown**
A smooth talking, silver tongued politician of renown
He's quick to the mark, and some people say
That he'll even be Governor of our state one day!
And right on the heels of Boyd, there's **Kyle**,
A young man of amazing charm and style.
A funny little lisp, and a twinkle in his eye,
He's deliciously naughty and a lovable guy.
Whenever I speak of Kyle, **Brittini** comes to mind.
As feisty a lil heartbreaker as you'd ever find.
She's an iron fist in a silver glove
With two tiny toes and Ry Foster to love.

Josh Groban, err **Dodson**, is next on the list.
His off the wall comments will surely be missed...
He's headed to Germany, oh what a shame!
Bye Bye Dodson, Aufeidersehn!
Christa Branham is our clogging star,
Her high stepping feet have taken her far.
We love her like a sister, and always will
And wish her the best at far away Mars Hill.
Another one leaving is that yankee, **Josh Keller**,
Mr. RWA, a quite handsome young feller.
He slows down his speech only to say
"Props to my fallen homies, I'll see you again some day!"
Lindsey Hamilton, Oh Happy Days!
She's a sexy beast in so many ways.
She is crazy, insane and so much fun!
She's a marshmallow princess, please excuse the pun....
Brandi Medlin is our mama dear,
She guides us and chides us and draws us all near.
Her bottom lip quivers just before she cries,
We'll remember her as "dd", I think you know why.
Andrea Lyles, a real fashion plate,
Eats all she wants and never gains weight!
She drives around town all night and all day
Accompanied by faithful Mary Gray.
Mary Gray Bunting, we'll never forget,
When they made her they broke the mold, I bet!
She's our own town crier and knows all the dirt,
And no one else would dare to wear such a short skirt!!
Neither rain, nor snow, nor fog, nor sleet
can keep **Josh McCleary** off of the street!
He clomps along in those big black boots, backwards hat
and cross tattoo.
He's a football hero, and a waiter too.
But he's a great big softy, so don't let him fool you!
Ruthie Phillips, our beauty queen,
When it comes to looks, she reigns supreme!
This southern belle is an awesome cook and
almost a walking etiquette book!
She's a little bit goofy with a great big smile,
With lots of class and lots of style.
Ashley Mills is our own class brain,
Knows all the answers and is steady and sane.
She's practical, logical, organized too.

Gillian & Boyd,

Thanks for your hard work and dedication
as editor & business manager!

- 2004 Aerie staff



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There is no limit to what this young tiger can do!
Brock, it was great to have you come home
You know you belong with us, why did you roam?
You're a part of this class and hasn't it been nice
To spend your senior year dating pretty Miss Brice!
Meredith Brown, a true Carolina girl,
Shines on the court like a precious pearl.
She's tough and determined and would be overjoyed
To eat you up and spit you out
if you ever mess with Boyd!
Mikell Jones is our own class clown
He is wild and free and never slows down.
No bars can hold him, no more teachers can scold him,
He's always marched to a different drum,
So watch out world, 'cause here he comes.
Opie, dear Opie, Sallie's companion
Brick laying mason and strong as a stallion!
His heart is pure and his smile sincere,
We'll miss his many freckles and his bright red hair.
David Roe Coleman, the heart of our class
Has a spirit and smile that cannot be matched
He is handsome and smart and he'll be funny I bet
When they shave off his locks as a first year cadet!
Brittany Melvin, buff and tan
When it comes to men has the upper hand.
She'll capture the heart of any young bloke
But please don't ask her to understand a joke!
Spanky Speagle, short in size
Is high as a kite in our classes eyes.
He's been missing in action for the last several days
But he's a part of our class in many ways.
And last, perhaps least, there's your own poet me,
Well known for my opinionated originality.
I hope I have brought you some comic relief
In reliving some moments we all hold quite dear.
And making you giggle or wipe off a tear.
Because over the years we've become
more than just friends, more like a family
whose love knows no bounds and no ends.
And I leave you one wish as we drift out of touch:
Live well, Laugh often,
and above all,
Love much.

- Gillian Simms