

A S I - E M E M O R I E S O f T h e P a s t B Y L i s a P r i c e

Our High School Years

As I look into the future
Then remember my short-lived past
I realize everything in high school really was a blast.

Our freshman year was new and fun
English 9 and PE I.
Making friends and learning a lot.
Finding love and sometimes not.

Our sophomore year was not the best,
Keeping friends definitely became a test.
Learning about life and all we knew,
Never knowing what would happen was our only clue.

Our junior year we began to grow
Everyone's true being began to show.
Thinking about what we wanted to be,
Pulling away, ready to be free.

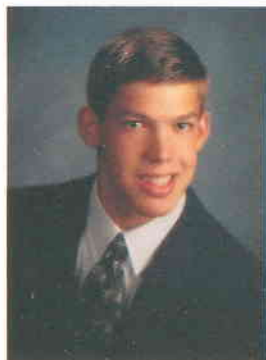
Then we became seniors: the top of the school
To think it was only three years ago that we wanted to rule.
Picking out colleges and growing apart,
Learning our future was just about to start.

It's been four years now that we have been together
Everything we were told we took as light as a feather.
And now as we walk down this long black aisle,
I can only look at each of my classmates and cry with a smile.

- Poem written by Karla Wieber

Photo by Brex Hallenbeck

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