



Of the smiles we left behind . . .

The happy smiles you shared with your best friend; the tearful smiles at the last pep rally; the innocent smiles teachers have seen so often. Haven't we all seen these smiles at least one time or another? Smiles we gave to one another . . .

The smiles for your favorite teacher; for the boy you still dream about; for the girl you took to the prom. The smile you gave to your best friend when he did another crazy thing. And a smile of accomplishment that you could feel inside, even though it didn't have to show on the outside. (Of course, it always shined through.) A smile can often say more than any number of words.



For the way we were . . .

Just as we get in the swing of things it's time to move on. At least we all have the chance to find priceless things in this short, 4-year period of time: An education, a sense of feeling that you belong, and the best gift of all — friends. Can it be that it was all so simple then?

Remember when math was simple until Algebra II came along? Or when catching a football on Friday night looked a lot easier from the stands than it did from the endzone? And how the lines in the class play become so simple day after day — until opening night? There was never a worry in the world until it came time to make those big "Senior-year" decisions.

