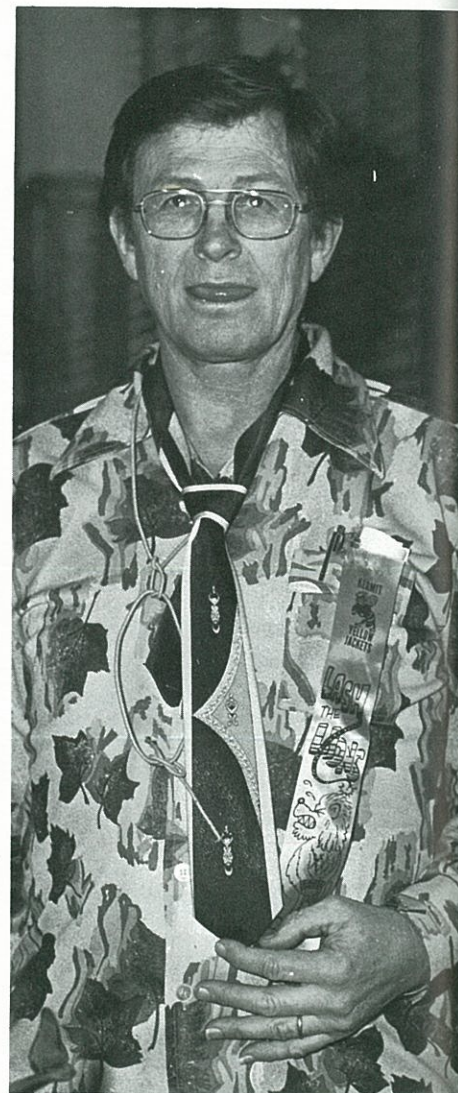
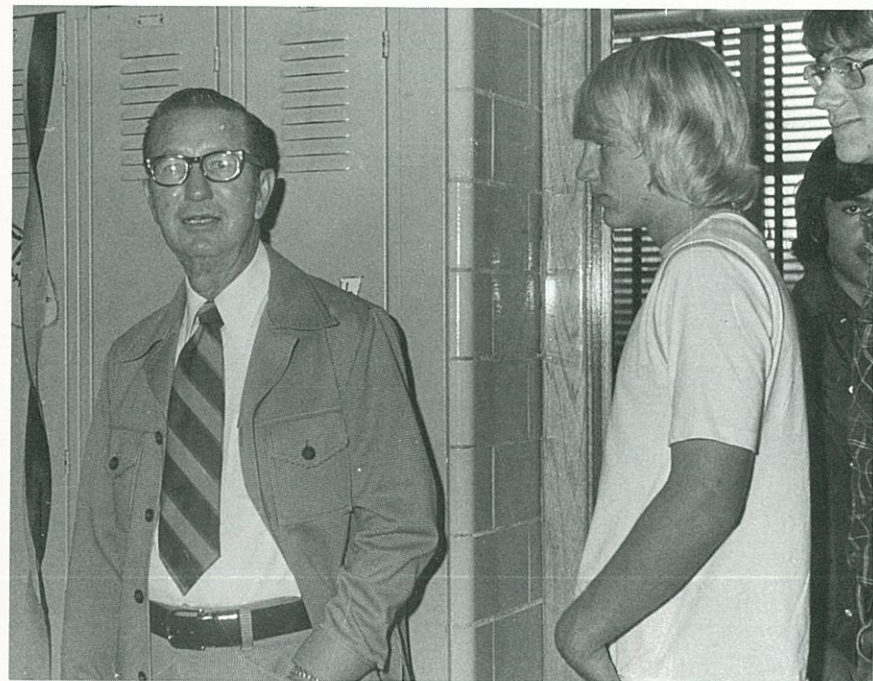


Light the corners of my mind . . .

Things that happened long ago suddenly appear when the old Sandstorms are brought out — things we cried about then, but laugh about now. They all seem strange and far away.

Misty water-colored memories . . .

Of the victories and defeats; of the times we worked for each other and worked for ourselves. Times of happiness and times of sorrow — they all come and go so quickly — too quickly.



Of the way we were . . .

The way we laugh at old pictures — we thought we were so cool at one time, but now we look back and try to figure out why! Isn't it funny how people change through the years? Not only in looks, but in personalities and attitudes, too.

Scattered pictures . . .

The football games; the teachers in "action;" the prom; the camera hams — how could they be forgotten? Even those occasional snowfalls are something worth remembering.

