

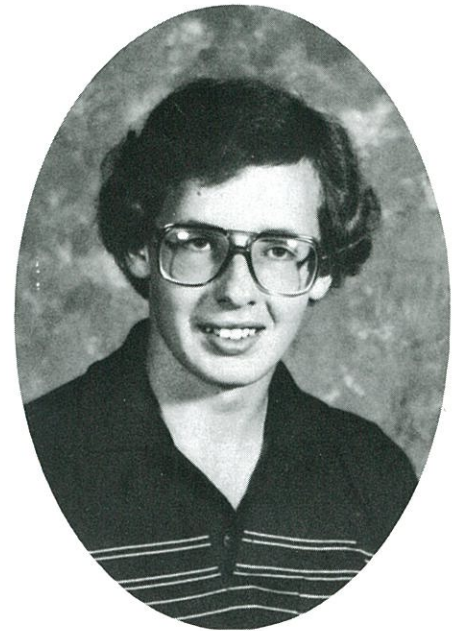
Teachers Prepare For TECAT



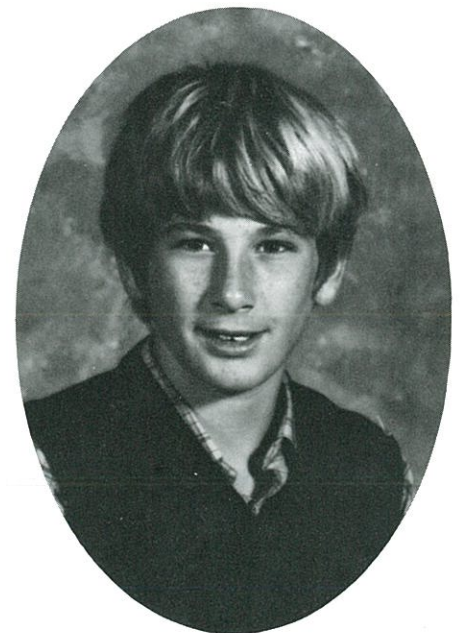
We Remember . . .

*The arrival of the first born was such a joy.
The nurses emerged and announced a new boy.
The father was elated and announced to friends,
This is where everything now begins.
The first time Daddy held him in his arms,
He looked into his eyes and absorbed his charms.
What pride Daddy had, what a feeling of joy.
He had always wanted the first to be a boy.
What a difference there was when baby boy came home.
Everything was different, the walls fairly shone
Oh, there were nights spent walking the floor.
But fighting off sickness was a daddy's chore.
The boy began to grow, it seemed slowly at first.
But suddenly he was walking, his energy about to burst.
Everyone told Daddy, he looks just like you.
Daddy said jokingly, let's hope that's not true!
Time passed quickly, like a clock's moving hands.
In Daddy's mind he made a million plans.
What father doesn't dream of his son's success?
We all want our sons to be the best of the best.
Suddenly one day Daddy's world stopped still.
He felt as if his heart had fallen to the bottom of the hill.
His firstborn was gone, with no chance for goodbye.
Daddy felt cheated, and he started to cry,
Bitterly he looked to God and said,
If you are so loving, why is he dead?
We still had so much to see and do.
Why did you take him before we were through?
God in His glory reached down for Daddy's hand.
Please grab it He said, and try to understand.
Please look to me, don't quit and run.
Have you already forgotten that they killed my only Son?
Please be faithful to me until the race of life is done.
And when you enter the gates of heaven be reunited with your son.*

by Mike Everett



Wade McGuire



Stacey Wilson

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