

This year, the Academy suffered one of its most tragic losses ever. On Dec. 29, 1986, Mykel Bret Stone was killed in an automobile accident in Jacksonville, Florida. I have been asked to write this article because the senior class feels that the memory of him should be forever engrained in history.

To his friends, Myke was a mother, a father, a brother and a confidant. If someone ever needed a friend to talk to, they always knew that they could turn to Myke for an open ear, an open mind, fatherly advice, or even a shoulder to cry on. Myke always seemed to understand. His presence filled a room with the never ending light of life itself. He was a happy person and when people were around him they were happy. He made people forget about their problems and concerns. Never have I known someone as unselfish and as caring for others as he was.

The contributions and sacrifices that Myke gave to the Academy and especially his friends can never be measured but they will always be remembered. I remember once when Myke told me that I should live life one day at a time and to live that day to the fullest so that when it came time to go to sleep, I could look back and know that up until that moment, my life had been a good one. To the senior class, In memory of Mykel Stone, I pass these words on for everyone to read because when Myke went to sleep, he knew that he had lived a good life.

