



Class Poem

We've traveled long and far
Since twelve long years ago.
We've finally reached our goal
On roads both high and low.

Sometimes the way was rough,
And it looked so very dim;
But there was always someone
Who made our troubles thin.

Our class was never large.
Then it started growing small;
But we all stayed together
To prove we'd never fall.

Friends went out, new ones came in
Throughout these past few years,
And now we meet tonight to part
In gladness and in tears.

When we depart tonight,
Each one will go his way
Always remembering our old school,
As he lives from day to day.

Patsy Surofchek
Class Poet

