

Time Good

T

he year is 2014. It is the 25th reunion of the Class of 1989. A backward glance brings reminiscences of friends talking between cars parked on Jeffries Boulevard, or gathered at the park downtown to discuss the issue of graduation. Some remember spending their afternoons practicing for sports or band or working at a part-time job.

On the weekend, the time was spent at parties, on dates, and at football and basketball games. Sometimes students drove to Charleston to take in a movie or shop in the mall when they could find “nothing to do” in town.

Others remember spending leisure time staying home and renting movies.

Some students have not forgotten going out to the parking lot after a particularly rough day, ready to head home for a relaxing afternoon, only to find their cars had been “bulldogged.” Cars which were illegally parked or cars without visible stickers had these locking devices installed on the tires by the administration.

Students remembered meeting their friends at lunch or in the halls to catch up on the latest gossip. The hallways were always filled with daily familiar chatter interspersed with the foreign dialects of German, Spanish, Dutch, Japanese, and Danish exchange students. The reunion has conjured up memories of good times and bad — being a freshman, going on the first date, getting a license, having pep rallies, taking exams and the SAT, participating in sports and clubs, retaking the SAT, attending the Spring Dance and the Prom, staying at the beach for Jr./Sr. Weekend, and taking part in graduation. Time has a way of mellowing memories, and these high school memories truly become times to remember.

