

This is a story about a class ring, but not just any class ring. This is about your class ring. A senior ring signifies twelve very vital years in your life. It seems impossible to you that you are a senior about to venture out into the world, but you are a senior and that ring on your hand proves it. But is that all it is, twelve years coming to an end? Well, why don't we look back over those years.

It seems like only yesterday doesn't it, that your mother gave you your book satchel, a big thick pencil, and paper with lines about an inch apart and sent you off to the first grade. At first, it was hard to adjust to your new surroundings but soon you started to enjoy yourself. School wasn't so bad after all.

When you finally reached the sixth grade, you had decided you were pretty big; the oldest in school. A sixth grader sounded pretty dignified to you then. This spotlight of importance soon faded for the next year you again found yourself low man on the totem pole. It was entirely different from elementary school. You had to change classes after every bell. No doubt your first days were rather hectic, because you would constantly be finding yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time. Still, you survived.

Along with the eighth grade came your first date. Well, no, it wasn't really a date I suppose but it was just as good. It isn't every day that a boy asks to take you to the movies, even if his father does have to come along.

In the ninth grade you got your first taste of algebra. Struggling blindly through x's and y's you finally graduated from junior high school, and the following fall saw you standing on the steps of PHS. You were only one of hundreds of other students, and your emotions were mixed with pride and fear. Again you found yourself at the bottom rung of the ladder, wondering if you'd ever make it to the top.

By the time your junior year arrived, you were quite used to the idea of high school. You were the middle-man now and it felt pretty good.

So here we are: your senior year. This will be the best year of your life, but then all senior years are the best. They have the best students, the best teams, and the best parties. You have gone through many textbooks, but you'll find that your teachers have taught you more lessons than those you have read in those books. You have made friends and have had experiences that you will always remember.

In years to come, maybe you'll be going through some old boxes with some beat up old yearbooks inside, and perhaps you'll come across this ring. It won't be sparkling new anymore, but through it you will see again your senior year. Senior, no matter how you feel now about your twelve years of school, I promise you that you will treasure them later and remember them with tears and nostalgia. One thing is certain, they were some of the happiest and most important years of your life.

So you see, it isn't just a ring after all. It's the day you learned how to write, your first reader, the third grade store. It's the plays, the football games, your first date, and your first dance. Your ring represents all of these things. Wear it with pride.