

Remarkable Memories

It's 4:45 in the morning when my alarm clock blares, wrenching me from my dreams and forcing me to face brutal reality—it's time for morning practice. Swimmers' lives are very different from those of most high school students. In addition to an hour and a half practice before school, swimmers train another three hours afterwards. This leaves just enough time for dinner and homework before it's time to get some sleep and start the routine all over again.

Although swimming requires a great deal of determination and dedication, I believe the rewards are worth it. The high point of the high school season is the state championship where qualifying swimmers compete before a roaring crowd of 5,000. After having placed third in my speciality, the 100 yard backstroke, my freshman year, I managed to place second my sophomore year and finally won the state title as a junior with the seventh fastest time in the country. Last year was extremely exciting because the Sycamore girls won the team championship and our 400 free relay team won its event.

I recently accepted an athletic scholarship to the University of Michigan, a college with both academic and athletic excellence. While I am looking forward to competing as a Wolverine, I will always cherish the fun and friendship I experienced as a Lady Ave.

by Leigh Bassler

I have been blessed with so many wonderful memories of high school. I will take these memories with me, and pull them out all throughout my life. One is the impact that Bob Garre had on my life. He came to speak last year about living with AIDS.

In the late 70's Bob was snowmobiling and stopped to offer help to a stranger. This stranger viciously attacked him, stabbing him numerous times. He was rushed to the hospital where he was given a blood transfusion which, as he later found out, gave him AIDS.

One may wonder why I chose such a sad memory on which to write, but this is the point exactly. His message was strong, filled with inspiring words of courage, abstinence, and faith. There is nothing sad about Bob Garre's death. He was a man who spent himself on goodness and love until it finally consumed him. Rather than wallowing in his fears, he spent his last years explaining how lucky he was to have such an opportunity to serve our needy world. What a perspective! One thing he said that had a huge impact on me was that through God's strength, "for when I am weak, then I am strong."

I only wish that I could finish life half as well as Bob Garre. He ended his life peacefully, not bitter, after serving God and fellow man with all of his heart, soul, mind and strength.

By Amy Scalcucci

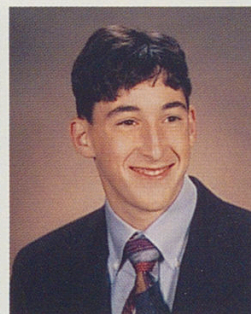
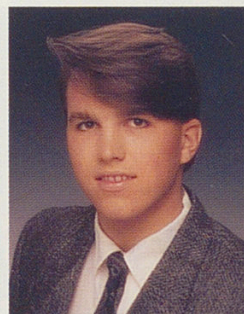
When you're a freshman, you're excited to be in a new atmosphere. Sophomore year, the desire to be a great class with school spirit draws you closer to your friends. As junior year approaches, the pressure of a loaded schedule make you think that maybe high school isn't that great. By the time you're a senior it's just time to leave, but the memories of your high school career never will.

High school has been a good experience and I did not leave any stones unturned. I had one goal and that was to try anything and everything. For the most part I have. On Friday night, I felt the rush of playing football. That same weekend I would spend several hours in symphony rehearsals playing the cello. Most people laugh at the idea of a so called "jock" missing Sunday football to play classical music but I did. Even though I was in some considerable pain and severely sore from the Friday night game, I still enjoyed those Sunday afternoons.

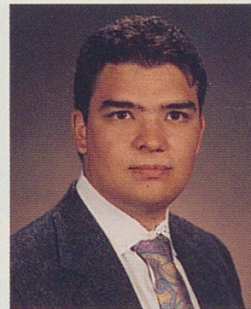
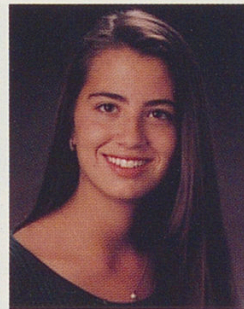
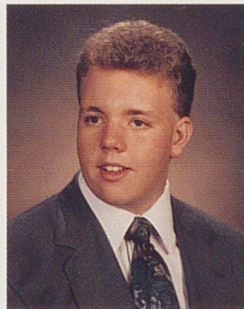
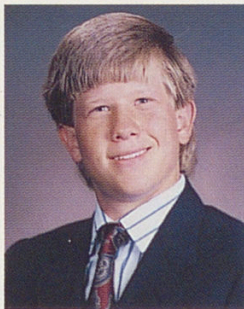
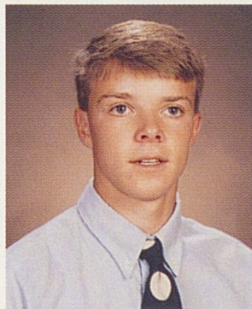
If there is some advise that I could leave my graduating class it is to try everything and test your potential. Do not leave yourself isolated because those experiences will never be forgotten and they will prepare you for all aspects of life. The words "would've", "could've" and "should've" will never be part of your vocabulary.

by Josh Hochberg

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