

## From the Timmins High Grad Class of 1992



When King Arthur set out on his quest for the Holy Grail, he faced dark knights, French cows, killer rabbits, bed wetting cohorts and appetizing minstrels.

When we set out on our journey through high school, we faced similar obstacles: cafeteria lines, stairwells (keep to the right please), toilet paper (if you can call it that), dances, how to fit boots in your locker and establishing a place at the rail. We faced many questions: "Boxers or briefs?" "Is silk too much for school?" "Gravy?" "Who's driving?" "What's going on this weekend?" "Do you have any change?". Then we grew up: "Euchre?"

We survived the masses and grew to become individuals. We shed our lunch bags and inhibitions for MacDonald's and friendships. Ours is a class that has lived for the moment while looking to the future. Over the years we've come to realize our needs and directions. Although we all have different destinations, we'll look back to this time we've spent together and smile. Our Trivial Pursuits, May runs, welfare nights, cottage trips, Kids in the Halls, Saturday Night Lives, Buzz's pep talks and Adventures in Space have inspired us to move forward and determine our own futures. These destinations have yet to be reached, but wait on the horizon for us to venture forth from our northern roots and wake up the rest of the world.

Life's a good time, not a long time, so seize it while you can and remember always the people who got you there. They say it's a "me" generation. Let's prove them wrong.

*(Reprinted from the Quill, 1991-1992)*