

# Learning from the Past Helps Students Adapt to Changing Times in the Future



~Tanisha Palvia~  
Student Body President

If you could use one word to define our graduating class of 2004, what would it be? Stumped? So was I. However, Tupac Shakur would have said "changes," and I cannot think of a better word to use. Our class has witnessed so many changes, both in relation to ourselves and to the world that surrounds us; it is astounding.

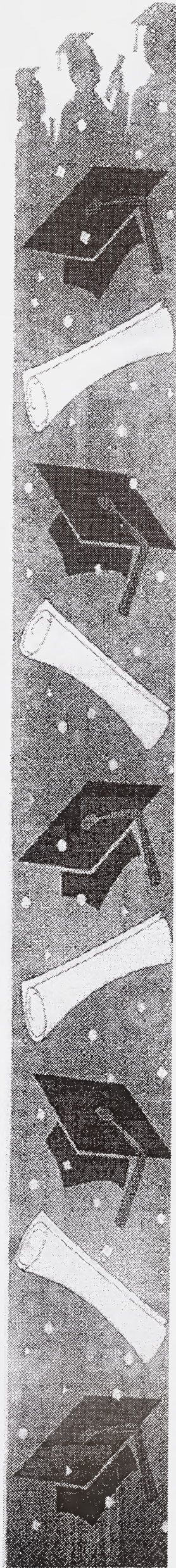
Within Grimsley, the seniors have encountered numerous teachers, counselors, and administrators. Where we once climbed the stairs in the different buildings to reach our classes, we now enjoy the double walkways, thanks to the seemingly never-ending construction. We gave up our prized lower lot and took over the upper blue lot with pride, even if underclassmen still park there. We will even be able to exempt an exam at the end of the year if we have a certain attendance rate. And we all have certainly felt the biggest changes...becoming seniors, realizing our goals, and understanding the responsibility that accompanies graduation. The many cliques that once dominated the grove have dwindled into one. Each member of the class of 2004 respects the opinions of his or her peers. I am reminded of a quote that describes our class to perfection: "Yesterday brought the beginning and tomorrow brings the end, but somewhere in the middle we became the best of friends." I am proud to be a part of this year's senior class because we are a group that has learned to accept differences and recognize our classmates as individuals.

Not only have Grimsley and the class of '04 changed, so too has

the world around us. Just step back and take a look at the major events we have witnessed in the past four years: America was attacked on September 11, 2001 by a terrorist group; George W. Bush lost the popular vote yet won the electoral vote and became our 43<sup>rd</sup> President; JLo continued relationships with her many men; teenage pop stars became sex symbols; the human genome was mapped; war was declared in Iraq; the explosion of the Columbia resulted in the deaths of seven astronauts; and Julius Peppers became the first person to play in the Super Bowl as well as the Final Four in basketball.

These four short years have flown by, and you probably feel the same way I do after recalling these changes. Where did all the time go? Has it really been that long? It seems that we have all been too caught up studying or partying to realize how fast life has changed and how quickly we are changing. It seems like only yesterday I was running for Freshman Class President, and now I am writing my farewell to the senior class as Student Body President. We are all thinking about our lives and about turning our latest dreams into realities. However, though it is important to plan and look forward to the future, it is also important to remember the past. Live your life to the fullest, but do not forget to remember. Like Tupac said, "Things will never be the same."

All my love,  
Tanisha



~Samet Gray~  
Senior Class President

Come clean. Let's all wash off, spread warm water over our bodies, create suds over our skin—wash off. Then let's get soapy again, rinse off, smell great, and feel fresh. We all started out this way, fresh and clean, but then we became dirty. We lived a little and got a taste of the dirt and grime. Our nails became brown, our pores clogged up, and our bodies were no longer at our best. So let's wash up. Let's get a clean start. No, let's just continue with ourselves the way we are, but more refreshed and rejuvenated. At least that's what I plan to do.

When I was fresh, it started with a bar of soap, not just any sudsy soap, but a bar, a solid block of expensive soap from two of my very best friends. The soap, our freshmen year, was solid, untouched and specially fit for me. The soap fit my description and was just what I needed. So this gift of soap was mine. This soap represents my four years here at GHS. It comes in a lime green box with a brand name stamped on it. I loved this soap. It was solid; it was there; it was special; it was mine; and slowly it became part of my everyday routine. Even after a year with the same soap, it still offered endurance. It had it all, but eventually, as all things do, it decreased in size. Our lives were tired; it grew weak, and it was apparent that this soap was wearing thin. Yet, I used it still, and both halves tried to remain connected; unfortunately, it was too difficult. The soap, after all of its use, wasting away unwanted blemishes, snapped, and here I was left with two halves of my once

sturdy, solid, amazing bar of soap. I picked one half and used it, neglecting the other. It broke off—why use it? I loved the surviving half; it made me happy and fresh. It kept enduring all grime and dirt, and I loved it. But it wasn't the whole bar. There was still another half, and it took me far too long to pick it up and use it again. The edge of it fit with the edge of the other half, but it refused to mold back together, and so it was useless. I realized that this other half was not just the forgotten block of soap; it contained vital parts, which must not be forgotten. Recently, I have been using the other side, and it works great. How could I have forgotten this whole side of my beautiful soap? Now I use both parts of my soap, and bubbles cover me and refresh my skin with every wash. It is perfect. Both sides! I can use both sides and love both sides of my soap with every wash.

I am ready. I am ready to jump back into the water, cold, hot, whatever comes out of the faucet, and to love it all. I hope we all are. I hope everyone has had a chance to play in the mud but also to appreciate the preparation for our next step in washing. Come out clean, rejuvenated, and prepared never to let thinning and weakness neglect what is important. Let's keep both sides, and enjoy the suds, even when soap gets in our eyes and burns. Cry about it; be angry about it; giggle about it; but always—always remember in the end to come clean.

Samet