

"A TRIP"

By: Sue Hanson

I'm going to run away,  
 I can't stand another day,  
 for I'm faced with all these problems  
 and I don't know how to solve 'em  
 So I left for the town  
 But I was still feeling down  
 So I hung around this gang  
 Who were always using slang.  
 Then one day they offered me dope,  
 and I started to slope,  
 Again I was faced with a problem  
 and I didn't know how to solve it.  
 So they said we dare  
 And started to call me a square  
 I didn't know what to do,  
 But I wanted to be new.  
 So I said alright  
 And died that night.  
 Now my life will never be true,  
 you see and there's no one to blame  
 but me, from problems you can not  
 run away, for they're with you,  
 wherever you go, everyday.

## CAPSULES OF FORENSIC SPEECHES

"ABORTION"

By: Kathy Brennan

My speech was on abortion. It dealt with the results of abortion (death of an innocent child) and what we as concerned Americans can do about it. It also suggests that abortion is a form of mercy killing, either to relieve the child, who may either be afflicted with an infirmity, of the burden of life, or the parents' offinancial burdens. One point that was exaggerated, but could in fact become a reality, was if we legalize abortion we can also legalize "mercy killing" of other people who suffer from retardation, blindness, chronic illnesses, old age, etc.

We can, as concerned Americans work together to fight and defeat abortion.

*God grant us  
 the serenity  
 to accept the things  
 I cannot  
 change  
 Courage  
 to change the things  
 I can  
 and wisdom  
 to know  
 the difference.*

By: Wilbur Henry

Keep your feet on the ground,  
 But always keep reaching for the stars  
 for soon we shall be together my love  
 when you look at the moon, I will  
 be looking at the same one and we  
 will pass over in just a minute or  
 second, and all will be forgotten.  
 Today is here, tomorrow is yet to  
 come and yesterday is gone forever.

"THE AMERICAN INDIAN"

By: Megan Cornely

The American Indians are not just a thing of the past put in history texts to liven up the adventure of the cowboy. They are a people that have been here for many centuries. They gave the white stranger that came to their land many things, such as knowledge of agriculture. What did the white man do for them in return? He took their land and he killed their people. In 1890 at Wounded Knee, South Dakota more than 300 men, women and children of the Sioux tribe died from the bullets of the white man. That was their thanks.

This past March leaders from the American Indian Movement took over the town of Wounded Knee and once again they strove for justice. Talks continued between the Indians and the government until a mutual agreement came about.

The redskins are a minority group. Poverty, sickness, unemployment and ignorance are the world these people live in on the tiny reservations of the western part of the United States. I am sure the Indians cry for equality will be answered in days ahead but what happens to these true Americans till then?

When organized crime is mentioned, your first thoughts are usually Mafia, drugs, and killing.

What exactly is organized crime?

There are many definitions. One might be control. But control of what? Governments? Cities?

Businesses? It affects all of these situations and more. When organized crime gets into any kind of business, from meat to bananas, it usually means disaster. The product is undoubtedly unfit to be sold to the consumer.

One of the most dreadful things about organized crime "goods" is that the sellers are more interested in profit than in goods. Quality is a minor concern.

When a leader of organized crime doesn't get what he wants, the result is usually disastrous.

An example of this is when a leader's detergent was refused by A&P, two of their managers were shot and six stores destroyed. This stopped when the "leader's" cousins were picked up for questioning.

If organized crime is not stopped, we will all suffer seriously - either by letting people like this destroy our economy or by not getting the satisfaction

we deserve as consumers. The only way to stop this invading type of crime is by thorough investigations of certain people and companies.

The way to get investigations rolling is with your pen. Write your state and local congressmen.

We are consumers. We are the ones who make the market sales go up or down, and we are the only ones who can stop organized crime.

Ellen Thornton

*In your journey  
God direct you  
In peril and Danger  
God protect you  
In care, anxiety  
God or trouble  
In your happiness  
God sustain you  
and pleasure  
God bless you*

THE PRAYER of the M.I.  
MANSON

LORD,  
I'm someone you  
NO ONE HAD A PLACE FOR HIM  
I DID!  
People sent him AWAY,  
NOT ME!  
MARY LAID HIM DOWN ON MY HAY,  
AND I COMFORTED HIM,  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

I'm finally something special  
I'm the manager,  
ON WHICH JESUS LAID UPON!  
I'm so proud!  
S. HANSEN

LOAD,  
Here I am,  
The last on my side,  
Just like always,  
when am I ever  
... EVER,  
Going to get promoted  
Last year my friend got  
... got... Shattered!  
I blinked all night.

Oh yes, Lord...  
I just wanted to ask you,  
... PLEASE...  
IF you could... Kind of  
Keep me from getting "Ripped off"  
Please  
Amen!

I'm  
But you hear a small  
I feel I have only one purpose  
to guide all men to Jesus

IF THIS IS MY DESTINY...  
AMEN!

D. SLESKY

STAR

1992

Lord, STRAW

I'm only a lowly GRASS.

You created me,

To serve as food for the animals,

To be used as bedding,

To keep them warm,

on cold winter days,

Thank you for choosing me,

As the place where Jesus rested

on Christmas ~

the day of his birth.

Amen

O. Ahrens

Lord, Holly

I'm so grateful ...

I have the name of a wight

So Holy!

My berries show

the blood of Christ...

which was shed for me

Lord

I'm Proud

THANK YOU.

Amen

Lord, Snowflakes

I WAS born in the clouds

Unique in every way

Journeying,

From the sky to earth,

then I die, Lord

From the warmth of your heart.

Lord, Christmas Tree

I am a Christmas Tree,

Every Christmas...

I am decorated in the holiday spirit,

But,

Come January...

I die!

The fun ends till next year

All I ask Lord

is that you keep me growing

m. Cannon

Amen

e. Mike

Amen

Lord,

As I stand here

Tall and proud,

with a light shining over me

I, a candle,

think of the beautiful things

I've seen

My time is growing short

Lord, as my light above me

Amen

B. Sweeney

The air had cooled since morning, a sign that spring, though near in date, was still a long way off.

The fire had extinguished itself and was now a pile of ashes being scattered about by the brothers Wind, North dominating South and South accepting it.

Here in the village, things were unusually quiet. A sense of tense-ness still lay throughout the hollow, from this afternoon's disturbing spectacle.

Our village, a small one, named Killenny. In it lived the brothers Dreams and Reality.

This morning had begun as all mornings do. Dawn broke and Light knocked on the doors of all the townspeople.

I aroused my sons knowing what their reactions would be.

Reality awoke scowling angrily and cursed the sun for this untimely

interruption of his sleep. Dreams, the pleasanter of the two, awoke smiling.

"Good morning, mother," he said to me. "Indeed it is," I said.

"Come, Reality, breakfast is ready."

At that, Reality promptly jumped out of bed. Reality was a strong boy. Dreams was feeble. Each had an intense hate for one another, and I their mother knew this best of all.

They were opposites, Dreams being fun-loving and lazy, Reality impatient and hard working. There were many family arguments in our house, but none as serious as this one.

Reality had gone into the fields directly after breakfast this morning.

Dreams had also gone to the fields, but not to think. He went not to work or do any kind of physical or mental labor. He just went to be alone. Towards mid-day, Reality came upon Dreams just sitting in the field where, Reality was usually working.

At lunch, I could see the anger in Reality's face. "Mother," he roared,

"I find it impossible to live with my brother, and I am tired of supporting him. Him and his friend Mystery are living off of honest hard-working men like me!" "Modest, too," I heard Dreams mumble.

"Oh if only your father were here," I said mournfully. My husband had been taken by death a year ago.

"But he's not." It was Dreams who now spoke.

Rarely made angry, I could see that his brother's remark had disturbed him. Hate clouded his face. "I too find it impossible to live with my brother. His idea of life is merely working from dawn till dusk. He sees life as merely a stone about the worker's neck. I, however, know how precious life is and how much better it could be with a little imagination. Life is not work, nor is work life. It is Hope and Love Dreams. Can you not accept this brother?" Without giving Reality a chance to reply he turned to me and said "Mother, I have decided to take my fiancée, Happiness and move to the town of Shannon."

This announcement startled me but for Reality, it just gave him cause to strike out against his brother.

"So my brother runs away from me," he said. "And how would you support this Happiness who is foolish enough to take you as a husband?"

One remark led to another and soon they were both shouting at each other. Their voices drifted into the street.

Death, hearing the noise, stood looking over the house and cast a dark shadow over it.

Peace, also hearing the commotion also hurried to the scene.

She quickly quieted the two down. But the damage had been done. Dreams, badly hurt took up his cloak and went to the home of the West Wind. Happiness followed him. They, and Mystery and his wife Charity, also accompanied them. From there they went to Shannon.

"Peace, leave Hope and I alone." I turned on hearing the

voice. "Peace gave me a frightened look, then left. I saw that it was death who spoke. He is not as evil-looking as men say. "I shall not take Dream's from you, for the world would surely die if he were taken AWAY."

(cont .)

It would die as sure as this vil-  
lage will die. Leave now, Hope. Fol-  
low your son."

"No!" I said. I shall not leave  
for if I, Hope stay, the village cannot  
die.

Death only laughed at my answer  
and backed away into his corner  
hissing, "It will die, it will die"

### Conclusion

The wind blew cool on their  
backs as they sped silently through  
the air. They were crossing the mts.  
of Lockdover, which led into Shannon.  
There was no sun. Dreams wore a hard,  
grim face. Happiness, who always had  
complete faith in Dreams, now showed  
the doubtful side of her mind. Her  
feelings for him were strong, but  
what of his feelings for her? Was he  
marring her to spite his brother and  
show him that he was not worthless  
after all? Dreams must have sensed her  
feelings, for when he finally spoke,  
it was in that soft tone of voice  
that she knew so well. "You must  
not be afraid of what is to come.  
I will always be here to protect  
you." At this her fears subsided.

They found lodging that night  
in a small tavern. Dreams did not  
sleep.

The next morning, Dreams and My-  
stery went to look for work. They  
found nothing. Their luck was no  
better the next day, but on the  
third day, they came across a shep-  
herd in need of help. He gave the  
job to Dreams and Mystery. They did  
not notice that the man already  
had several helpers. The man's name  
was Pity. Everyone was happy.

Reality had been miserable ever  
since his brother's departure. Death  
had taken everyone he could find,  
and at last he took Hope. Hope had  
been more than a mother to Reality. She had  
been his friend. His only friend. And now  
she too was gone, and he was alone.



A short while after Hope's  
death, Reality's cousin,  
Sense came to pay his re-  
spects. "You now what you  
must do?" he asked. "Yes,"  
replied Reality. "I must go  
to my brother and ask his  
forgiveness."

He went to Dreams, and  
Dreams welcomed him into his  
home. There was no arguing be-  
tween the two and when the  
two talked to each other,  
they spoke with respect of  
each other's way of life.

When Death finally came  
to Shannon, many years later,  
he took with him H appi-  
ness and Dreams. Reality  
was filled with sorrow, but  
this gave him an idea of  
how he could make his life  
more meaningful. He would  
help people to accept grief  
whenever something tragic  
in their lives happened.

In gratitude, the people  
gave Reality the gift of IM-  
mortality.

And so it came to pass that  
the world would always  
live with Reality.  
Some men heard the stories  
of the two, others did not.  
But all men knew that in  
the skies were Hope, Hap-  
piness and Dreams.

FACT SHEET

1. Megan Cornely was May Queen.
2. Bill Smart & Ellen Thornton won the American Legion award.
3. Our football team undefeated.
4. Elizabeth Raslavich placed first girl in the entire diocese of Philadelphia for Forensics.
5. Respect Life Week--success.
6. Feebie died!
7. Feebie has arisen!
8. Father Wood, a good salesman, came to St. John's.
9. Track team wins championship.
10. Godspell--spins room 18.
11. Volleyball--better luck next year.
12. Chess club --
13. Girl's basketball -- can't win them all!
14. The Gimmick -- premieres.
15. Eighth Grade gets up enough courage to go to our first dance--two more followed.
16. Tutors teach toddlers to top.
17. John Whelan won best actor award in competition play, "The Gimmick", held at St. Luke's.

*Congratulations!*

*Nice Work!*

*You're a good guy Charlie Brown!*

Our football practices, waiting for Mr. Moore?

Altar boys practices?

Sister Shaun from South America?

Our first dance?

Our History contracts in seventh grade?

Father Wood--the Trinity Mission priest?

The plays--"The Gimmick" and "The Oddfather"?

When Bob Welsh dropped the gun in the most important scene?

Steve Coffee's outlandish costume?

The "Gimmick" that would never fire?

Room 8 Boys

Francis Bandura

Lives at 1250 Boone Avenue. His nickname is Fran; he's 13 years old. Fran wants to have his own business. He was an altar boy and was on the baseball team.

John Bolger

Lives at 1412 Arline Road. He's 13 years old and wants to go to college. John was a reporter, an altar boy, a safety and he was in Chess Club.

Kevin Gavin

Lives at 2886 Joyce Road. His nickname is Kev; he's 14 years old. Kev wants to go to college. He participated in football, forensics, is an altar boy and a safety.

Wilbur Henry

Lives at 1701 Coolidge Ave. His nickname is Joe and he's 14. Joe wants to be a pro-basketball player. He participated in basketball, football, baseball, track and was a safety and an altar boy.

DO YOU REMEMBER.....?

Our seventh grade field trip to insect heaven....Humphrey's?

Our skating party this year?

Our classroom in the auditorium?

Being the first man teacher-- Mr. Holzer?

Cheering for our football and basketball teams?