

Forward and Back

Expressions of a Senior Class



Class of 2009

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Thirteen Years

*It seems like a long time
When your walking down the
Halls of the elementary
School.*

*Thirteen
Years until you graduate
High school. It seems
Like it's never going
To come.*

*Six
Only six more years
To go, once Junior high
Has started.
Still seems like a
Lifetime.*

Four.

*Four more short years until
That one day everybody
Hopes will eventually
Come,
That one day kids hope
To see, regardless of
Referrals, detentions,
Classes failed.*

*9 months. Only
9 months of school
before that warm, Sunny
day in June.
9 months until we
walk the stage as a
class. Onto
bigger, better lives.*

*31 days.
Only 31 days until
Graduation.
Can it be? Is it really
That close? The one
Day we've been waiting for
All our lives...and it's
Only 31 days away?*

*Tomorrow.
Tomorrow, our lives change
As a whole, as an individual.*

*Graduation.
Seemed so far away..
Where did the time go?*

- Anonymous

Commencement Speech

Good afternoon fellow students and congratulations on making it! We did it, now we get to struggle in the real world. Yeah! Well, it was a long but fun road to success. There was never really a boring moment with the class of 2009, whether it was just going to class or hanging out at the local beaches on the weekends, we always found a way to have fun.

Unfortunately, this is the day you leave everything behind and start a new beginning. As depressing as that sounds, think about it optimistically and you will see that a new beginning is a good and new, fun experience. Whether you plan to go to college, go into the military, or go straight to work in a trade, you are going to make new friends.

However no matter what happens in your future, you must never forget your past and where you started your life out. Here in Bayport-Blue Point, where the population is what 400? But seriously, as much as you all want to get out of this small town where everyone knows each other you will soon see that the real world is not that attractive and you will miss the small town feeling of Bayport Blue Point. I'm not saying that everyone is going to be homesick, however. Please, if you completely hated our town just remember your good friends and always try to stay in touch with them. You will never find friends as honest and true as your classmates since kindergarten.

Remember your first girlfriend/boyfriend? Remember your first kiss? Well, chances are they were happy times and you probably spent them in the small town of Bayport-Blue Point. Don't ever forget the aimless nights that you spent driving up and down every road of Patchogue, Sayville, Bayport, and Blue Point. Although that was boring, you were still spending time with your best friends who stuck it through both the hard times and the fun times. Although you will no longer have the ability to be around all of these people at the same time again until our 40-year reunion, always remember who you are and remember how you got to where you are now.

Okay so what I have to say to you class of 2009 is remember that this is a happy time. We spent all this time trying so hard to get out of school but now that it is time to depart from our high school years it is very hard to leave it all behind. But we did it so to everyone good luck in the future and remember – what's the point of life without fun? Never let anything get in the way of you enjoying your life to the fullest! Thank you all and congratulations we did it!!!!

-William McKeon

Untitled

If you were to leave tomorrow, what would you remember?

12 summers and school in September.

Snack time, naps, and show and tell

The class just started 40 minutes till bell.

First grade was fun we learned how to read

Colors, numbers, and taught to do good deeds.

Second grade was multiplication,

Writing pen pals was good communication.

Third grade was writing, writing in script,

Starting baseball and hitting foul tips.

Fourth grade was reading, reading was fun,

Field day and relays out in the sun.

Fifth grade was cool, played gym basketball,

I always was good because I was tall.

Elementary is over I thought it went well,

Class goes slow 30 minutes till bell.

Sixth grade just started with poems and rhymes,

And ended real cool, with medieval times.

7th grade started with middle school sports,

Midterms and finals and test of all sorts.

8th grade we had our trip to Frost Valley,

Voting for pictures, count up the tally.

Middle schools over, good stories to tell,

Class halfway done 20 minutes till bell.

In a new school, 9th grade catholic school kid,

Geographic maps and learning math grids.

10th grade football I was on the varsity team,

Throwing touchdowns living the dream.

11th grade wasn't good, a QB job to sell,

Went to new school, 10 minutes till bell.

When 12th grade started it was really weird,

Last year left and Jackett's beard.

All in all high school was fun,

Sports, parties, friends now all done.

As these few minutes remain I recollect,

Memorable times and more to suspect.

The bell just rung high school is over,

I walk across the football field a four leaf clover,

Must be good luck for the near future

High school was fun, now I start my new adventure.

- Billy Ray

Graduation Speech

When you go to sleep tonight, and finally realize that you graduated, what will you think about? Will it be the 13 or so years spent trying at education, or will it be the athletic achievements that you have accomplished, or possibly all the friends you made along the way and how you will miss them when you go off to college. Those are just some of the many things I'll be thinking about when I go to sleep tonight.

Since most of us were five years old we've been waiting for this day to come, to finally get out of school and go away to college. But now that we're out, I bet most of you don't even want to leave. To most, Bayport is a place where everybody feels comfortable; they feel safe. In Bayport you can never miss a bill or payment on something, never have to worry about waking up for class because you're on the brink of flunking out of school. No, Bayport is a place where you wake up, go to school, and really don't have to worry about anything. If you miss a class, the teachers will offer extra help just for you to get you straightened out and keep you on track. In Bayport, everyday you know what you are doing; class starts at 7:45, ends at 2:26 and practice starts at 2:45. Another thing that the town of Bayport offers that I know I will miss was a great town spirit. I've been here in Bayport for a year and a half and have loved every moment. Each playoff game for basketball we had the best crowd whether it was home or away. In baseball, the home county championship we had, the place was packed. It felt as if all the fans were on top of us screaming and routing us on. Football season was my favorite season. Being a football player and watching shows like Friday Night Lights and seeing how the town treats the football players; I could have only dreamed that that would happen to me, and it did. After every game whether it was a win or a loss, the team went to Cav's and the entire town was there to greet us treating us like those players from the T.V. shows and movies. Playing football this year with the Phantoms was a pleasure and is something no one will forget. I know I never will.

So class of '09, when you leave here today and are celebrating your graduation from high school, take the time to stop and remember all the things you've done, all the good times you've had, all the things you've done for your friends then all the things they've done for you, all the things your parents have done for you, and then all the things you've done for yourself. Remember this moment because it will be one of your most precious moments of your life.

- Billy Ray

Commencement Poem

*What can I say?
We made it today
One step closer to the world
Doesn't it make you want to hurl*

*Remember the time when we drove around
We must have been through 20 towns
Even when we went for a walk
We still did not get stalked*

*Bayport-Blue Point is a great place
It is where I had my first ace
Where I had my first was kiss
We nearly missed*

*Growing up here was a lot of fun
Most of the time spent in the sun
When times got bad
We all helped preventing feeling sad*

*Now we are done
There is no more sun
But with every ending
There is a new beginning*

- William McKeon

Commencement Speech

To my friends, family, teachers and anyone who has guided me along the way, I stand before you all today with pride and reassurance of a great life ahead of me. It is you that I have to thank for everything. My accomplishments and strengths are all due to hard work and encouragement. I can honestly start by saying that I am one of the proudest persons to stand before you.

I am not going to lie to by saying that the road ahead of us will be easy. We all know that life throws you curveballs when you least expect it. But if it wasn't for my teachers, family, and friends, I would never be ready.

It feels like yesterday where I was just 5 feet tall and a little porker standing behind the Blue Point Elementary School on line with my class. There's no doubt in my mind that I will miss the games of wall ball at lunch or the cozy corner in Mrs. Metz's room, or even doing the announcements on a video feed that went throughout the whole school. I remember feeling tough, bigger, and better than anyone when I was in the fifth grade. Every younger class was afraid of the fifth graders. We walked around thinking that we were better than everyone.

One memory of elementary school that will be forever imprinted into my head would be September 11th. 2001. I can remember my librarian coming down and pulling my teacher out of the classroom. I was young and didn't think anything of it until she came back into the room in tears. It was then when everyone started being taken out of class. Slowly and steadily the number of students was diminishing and then it was my turn to leave. I remember going home and asking, "What's going on?" It was hard for anyone to really comprehend the situation that occurred on the television but we all know where we were that day. My school had an assembly where each grade

dressed up as a certain color of the flag and sang patriotic songs in the gym. It's these moments that bring me back to my youth and what it was really like.

Who could forget the James Wilson Young Middle School years? There was introduction to the new languages of Spanish and French, the meaningless young relationships with girls, but especially the rumors being spread around. "Did you hear that they kissed?" "Did you hear they held hands?" Who could forget going outside in the back and playing Frisbee? At the end we would see who could throw it the hardest and farthest. This eventually ended with the Frisbee being thrown up on top of the roof. I still never understood why I always managed to hit kids and hurt them.

The high school life has been one of the most interesting experiences a single person can endure. It's here where I first learned the real importance of baseball and the true seriousness of it. The true effort that went in to the school plays and pep rallies. We can certainly all remember Mr. Gilroy getting on the P.A. and speaking for what seemed like hours.

It was sad to say that this was the first year that I actually sat back and said to myself, "I am never going to see some of these people again." I sat in 2nd period Pre calc and realized this and at lunch I mentioned to my friend Greg, "this is going to be it."

*But is this really going to be it? There is no doubt that memories will come and go. We just need to take the time sometimes to realize the people who have helped us to get to where we are. So I end my commencement with a quote from the famous movie, *The Godfather*. "Keep your friends close but keep your enemies closer." Who knows what the road has ahead for us. But if we all keep a clean head and follow our hearts, our dreams will almost certainly be achieved.*

-Craig Medeck

Untitled

*We are growing older.
More mature.
Time to live.
And time to soar.
The world is watching.
Arms out stretched.
You're nervous and eager.
You better bet.
Be aware of mistakes you make.
Don't be scared of chances you'll take.
So when you start this brand new life.
Never get down and fight the strife.*

- Tory Badamo

Graduation

*Remember back to past years,
There were always teachers to guide us,
Someone there to show us the way.*

*Today is the first of many,
Where we will lead ourselves.*

*Taking a new path,
Branching out from friends and family.*

*Hold on to those memories,
They will get you through this new path.*

*We are finally graduating,
Who knew this day would come so quickly.*

- Colleen Hill

*Here we are
The end of our high school career
What is to come now?
We have no idea*

*We know that nothing is going to
be the same
And that everything is going to
change
We know our friendship and love
will continue to grow*

Untitled

*Leaving here and growing older
Scares us
What are we to do out there?
What do we need?
We haven't prepared much for this
But here we are
The doors wide open
The wind blowing
Its like our first breathe all over again*

*We know what we need to know
We love the people we met along
our way
We have the knowledge and respect
needed
We need to start our own lives.*

*Good Luck out there.
Be your own person and you'll suc-
ceed
Be who you want to be and you can't
fail.*

- Courtney Thyberg

Commencement Essay

Every year I think to myself, "I can't wait to graduate! Three more years, two more years, one more year!" Now the time is near and my attitude has changed. Even though I have been waiting to leave the High School and begin my new journey in the "real world", I am hesitant and afraid to leave this protected world that I've been living in, where teachers are your leaders and show you which way to go, where things are easy and just come to you.

When I say the "real world"...what is the "real world"? I think it's the world where everything depends on you, where you go in life, how you succeed, where you live. It all depends on you. It sounds scary but it's so independent and free. It's everything you ever wanted. You can do anything in the world that you want to do.

I think of how nervous I am to talk about this new and exciting life. But I also can know that I will bring my incredible past into my future. The memories I will bring are unforgettable, like going to Frost Valley and falling in the lake, or the Middle School BBZ's in June, or the pep rally's and spirit days and prom during junior year. I know I can say I have lived my High School days to the fullest and have learned a lot about myself. If I had the chance to go back, I wouldn't change a thing...okay maybe I would have studied a little more but other than that it was a great adventure. Yes, there were definitely those days I thought could never get worse and it would never end; but hey that's life, and those days will come for the rest of your life. You just have to hang tight and know everything will be okay in the end.

To upcoming seniors, have fun and enjoy every second of your life, for it comes fast and before you know it you'll be packing your bags and headed to college. Do your schoolwork but also find the time to relax and hangout. Life may put you down but never let that make you give up. Something I always say is "If it's meant to be, then it's meant to be." If something doesn't work out, don't worry; other things will come to you.

As I end this speech, I would just like to say thank you to my family for never giving up on me and pushing me to be my best, to my teachers for making sure I stayed on track and did my work, and to my friends for always being there and giving me some of the greatest times of my life. Let's do this already!

- Tory Badamo

Graduation

*Sunday morning I wake
Look out my window and see the sun blazing through
I'm graduating today
Goodbye High School, Hello College filled with a sea of new people
I go downstairs to find something to eat
The excitement of the day still on my mind
I later begin to get ready
On goes the golden colored gown followed by the matching cap
I take my first glance in the mirror
Wow, I'm really graduating
Pictures are taken
Tears are pouring from my mother's eyes
Then I hear my name
I walk towards the stage to receive my diploma
Millions of memories start flooding my brain
I grab the diploma
Everything seems to fade away
I just graduated*

- Anonymous

Untitled

*You want my thoughts on how I've been,
To be honest, I've been terrible and my life has been corrupted with
sin.*

*I just feel like my life is held together with a safety pin,
But if you look at me it's always concealed with a grin.
So after all this, I think now is where I will begin,
I analyzed my whole life, and what I didn't need I put in a trash
bin.*

*I don't ever want to fall over easy like a bowling pin,
So I'll just rely on my strength within,
To be able to guide me from all my old mortal sins.
I'm glad I woke up and decided to start over again,
I have always learned you have to be able to take one on the chin,
If you ever expect to have a chance to win.
You can gain a lot more respect if you don't use a firing pin.
This is a lot of my life just with a little spin.
Throughout my life I have created so much chaos you'd think I was
a twin,
In this part, no matter what, I would have gone all in.
Now I'm a little smarter and learned not to go straight in,
'Cause sometimes they have the nuts and you have to pick yourself
up and try again.
So truly listen to what I write down with my pen,
And you will slowly find out I'm not like any of the other men.
I should have been in the Bible as the three wise men,
But I can't because he looks down upon me while I'm in the gam-
bling den.
For a reason I don't know, He seems to always help me win.*

*When I think about today,
My mind goes in about a million different ways.
We all dream of the fortunes and fame, just like Jay and Kanye,
I feel like I'm always going in blind, just like Ray.
I have so much to say that I could start my own play.
But if you compared me to you I would be considered a stray,
Because everything you do I'll go at it another way.
All I have to say,
Is a clock's even right twice a day.
Be careful who you trust 'cause almost all will betray,
That's the reason why I always chose to stay away.
I realized that my life was in decay,
So I could no longer delay.
My life is changing in a mysterious way,
So it helps me when I put my life here on display.
I'm always saying I'm having a good day,
But if you know me, my face is always a dead give away.
I haven't told you a thing and I'm already halfway,
Everyone wishes life had an instant replay.
This way we would all have a grip on yesterday.*

Realize you need to look through everyone just like an x-ray.
I feel like I am Tom Hanks from Cast Away.
About now if you are reading this you might say,
All he is doing to do is delay.
The truth is my writing is not a dead give away.
Another lesson you need to know is learn the right time to obey.
You might now be thinking yea, yea, ok,
I will eventually have a ridiculous word play,
And no matter what I do I will go in all the way.
If you disagree with what they are doing just slowly start to back
away.
If you have a fake life it slowly eat you away.
I wish I could change something about each and every day,
Because you all must know these are our last years of child's play.

You want to know what tomorrow will hold?
A prestigious college I would never make it in even if enrolled.
There will be winters that are cold,
A stock market that just might fold,
Our chains will no longer be gold.

I believe I will grow to be very old,
And stand up, be strong, and always be bold.
None of my pride will ever be sold.
When I move out, I'll never have to listen to my parents scold.
There'll finally be a college that I got into and enrolled.
All of my life I have always felt like it was controlled,
I want to change it so I will know what tomorrow will hold.
These are all lessons everyone should be told.
Life is like a pair of pants you can never unfold,
Only God can predict what tomorrow will hold,
Never will everything and anything all be told,
But low an behold,
Everything has happened as I foretold.
I have been picking random topics as I was wearing a blind fold,
I know I will never date a centerfold.
Right now life has me by a choke hold,
But I will always come back in seven fold.
What I hold dear to me I have a safe hold.
All my eighteen years I wish I could remold.
This is my story so it will never be retold.
No matter what you have to do stay complex like a manifold.
Don't be as typical as the common cold,
And that's something you can control.
Pick what you want in life and take hold.
Pick what in life and take a hold,
Now you're gonna play like a donkey and be uncontrolled.
I could keep going 'till I'm gray and old,
But I don't need to think about you stacking the deck so I am going to
fold.

-Justin Albano

Art is a Beautiful Thing

This will be my first entry in a book that I plan to fill with random thoughts, feelings, stories, subtle and obscure observations, songs, and perhaps even drawings. My intentions: unclear. My inspiration: Jack Kerouac. "Why are you doing this?" you might ask. I don't particularly know to be perfectly honest. All I know is Kerouac never had any specific reason or motive to write in his early days, so why should I?

Today is my 18th birthday and I'm learning new things about myself each and every day. One thing that I've discovered recently is that reading is like therapy to me. Every time I open a book and begin to read it's almost like there's an enormous ray of sunshine bursting through this abundance of clouds that gradually clears in my mind over time. The only problem is sometimes these clouds accumulate and obscure my vision to the point where I can't even bear to look at a book.

So why pick up writing? As I said before, my answer is not definite. I've been contemplating the idea for a while now. I got a decent amount of money for my birthday today and I finally decided to buy a small notebook to carry with me day after day and write whatever I wish. Maybe I'm hoping writing will act a catalyst in my mind's natural clarification process and add to its metaphorical sunshine. I suppose several other possibilities could include alleviating stress, further developing my art skills, or simply finding a new hobby to enjoy. Now that I'm thinking about it, I'd prefer all of the above to happen sometime within the near future. Hell, I think I'm already beginning to enjoy myself (ha-ha, writing for fun, I never thought I'd live to see the day). I'm sure there will be many people who find this concept odd and maybe even hard to grasp in some way. Therefore, I'm writing to those who can actually appreciate art. After all, literature is a major form of art, and art is a beautiful thing.

You know what else is a beautiful thing? Individuality. As far as I'm concerned, individuality plays an exceptional role in art. This is why I anticipate finding more and more satisfaction in writing. Think about it, before I started writing on this piece of paper it was empty. Now there are several pages completely occupied with words, words that I wrote. This passage is mine – I own it, it is one hundred percent my original work thus far, and it wouldn't exist if it weren't for me. This is originality at its best, the essence of individuality. That's the beautiful thing about art: one second there's nothing there, and then BOOM...there's a masterpiece.

Whether or not any of this makes sense to you or anybody else doesn't concern me. No matter what single act I perform, people will always mistake me for something I'm not. It's my own understanding of what I am doing that's vital. Ultimately, "Art is a readjustment of perception, from physical actuality to a perception expressed by the artist." (Kerouac, 116).

- Kevin Price

Quote from: Kerouac Jack, Atop an Underwood: Early Stories and Other Writings. New York: Penguin Books, 2000.

The Eyes That See the Soul

*I love you is just a string of words you say,
When you're doubting the feelings inside.
But love is not a word,
It's a look of the eyes.
When you can see inside the soul,
You know you're in control.
Just look at the one you know,
And let the feelings flow.*

*Every time I look in your eyes,
It makes me wanna cry.
Because I know exactly,
What you're feeling deep inside.
I feel it too, rushing inside of me,
A feeling so true.
And I just thought that I should let you know,
It's all because of you.*

- Kayla Molzon

