

LEWIS AND CLARK HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1964
50 YEAR REUNION
MEMORIAL, PROGRAM, AND TOUR
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 2014

Welcome Home, LC Class of 1964!

What a great privilege and joy it is to be here together today after half a century! To see each other again, to renew our friendships, to tell old stories, and to relive, even for a short time, the memories of the 3 or 4 years we spent together in this building. I can't help but think of how Abraham Lincoln Parker told us over and over: "I love every brick and stone in this building!" We may not have fully agreed with him 50 years ago, but I would dare say that today, a lot more than then, we share some of that same feeling.

As I, like you, have followed, almost daily for the last year, the wonderful website created for our class, I have been impressed and moved to see the journeys our lives have taken. The diversity, the accomplishments, the joys and the sorrows--and just to remember--and to realize how much we meant to each other.

Were we ever a diverse 700!

--We came from the South Hill, the East End, and Downtown.

--We went to grade schools as far apart and different as Pratt and Edison and Adams and Irving, and a dozen more...Libby and Sac Jr. Hi's.

--We were athletes and nerds; musicians and journalists; "soshes" and greasers....

--We grew up in and played at parks like Underhill and Liberty; Comstock and Manito; and many others.

--We cruised Riverside and hung out at the old Top Hat and Triple XXX drive-ins on East Sprague.

--We cheered for our teams at Albi Stadium, the Coliseum, and Hart Field--and the Indians Ballpark at the Fairgrounds. Some of us even snuck into old Playfair Race Track.

--We rocked and danced to Elvis and The Beatles and The Beach Boys; we fell in love to Johnny Mathis, Connie Stevens, and Pat Boone; and our fledgling consciences were raised by the songs of Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and Peter Paul and Mary.

--We followed our innocent dreams of what was yet to come with youthful enthusiasm, and....

--We mourned to the depth of our souls, and lost a big part of that innocence when we heard--right in this building--on that awful November morning of our senior year--that President Kennedy had been assassinated.

--And yet, because of and in spite of all those circumstances, we were one.

And today, we especially take these precious moments to honor and celebrate the lives of more than 100 of our classmates who have gone from this earth before us. (I hope you have or will see the wonderful Memorial Display created for them in the hallway). Today, we remember them, we honor them, we cherish how each one touched our lives, and how each one, though we couldn't realize it at the time, helped us become who we are.

--I'd like to briefly mention three, whose memories have stayed with me all these years--maybe they'll be reflective of who you're thinking about today. I've decided to omit their names, to protect both the innocent and the guilty:

--I think of -----, who I sang with in the LC Choir, the Boys Quartet, and the original Tiger Tones, my friend. I'm not sure that I've ever seen him since the day we graduated, but I mourn his loss.

--I think of -----, somewhat older than most of us, and the first in "our gang" to get his driver's license -- and how he took 4 or 5 of us on a road trip, parked in the parking lot at our beloved old Bolero Bowling Alley on East Sprague, then said, "watch this!" and put it into reverse at the speed of light, crashed with a thunderous bang into a car opposite us, got out of the car and said "expletive, expletive," and "let's get the expletive out of here." And then he sped off on the icy winter streets, and home into his garage several miles away, where we all sat in the dark for more than an hour--just sure any moment we would hear sirens, see policemen with guns drawn, and then spend the rest of our lives in jail! He died far too young, and I miss him.

--And, I think of the beautiful girl, -----, who was the first great love of my teenage life, and of our momentary, but real, broken hearts, when we went our separate ways. I never forgot her, never saw her again after LC, but she always will have a special place in my heart.

--And, for all of them--and others--and for those whose memories

especially touch your hearts this morning, we remember, we smile, we ache, and we thank God that they were part of our lives. And, I would add, that in a moment like this, when life meets eternity, every one of us, whoever we are, wherever we are on life's journey, say each in our own way, Thanks Be To God for life itself!

--And--if you'll allow the old preacher in me to come out for a moment-- may we, through our remembering and thanking, recommit ourselves, for the days and years we have left, to cherishing and nurturing life, loving each other, our family, our classmates, our friends. And in our own little corners of the world we inhabit, may we promise to do what we can to work for the common good, the greater good, of life and the world -- for hope, for love, for justice, for peace.

--How true it is what the old anonymous poem says:

*Some people come into our lives and then go
But others stay for a while
Leaving their footprints in our hearts,
And we are never ever the same.*

PRAYER:

Gracious and loving God of all life and creation, we thank you today for these good friends from our past who are now in eternity. We pray that they are at peace and safe and at home in your Everlasting Arms. Renew in us our spirits of life and wonder, of the innocence we treasured so long ago. And help us who remain to comfort each other with your assurances of faith and hope and love -- until we all meet again. Amen.

And now it is my great pleasure to introduce the person who, as much or more than any other, has been the face and voice of Lewis & Clark for these past 50 years: BOB LOBDELL.