“Hey y’all”, as we say here in the South. Or as my dad would say when speaking to a group, “I stand here before you because I am not standing behind you.” But alas, I am not in front of you in person because of unavoidable and unforeseen circumstances but a wonderful person is reading this to you for which I am thankful.

As a species we seem to mark various milestones, passages of rite and time. Usually these occasions are marked with the eating of cake. And of course, the sharing of memories and those things that are a part of who we are and are still becoming. And so here we are this day – marking a passage of time.

First off I want to give a shout out to some of those who have put in much time, effort, and monies – Neal Wiley and his hard working wife -, Janet. Mitch, and Wilda. **Thank you** – give them a hand of applause. . . !

50 years is a long time in most ways, but as we all know it flies by faster as we grow older. I have had a few life-times it seems. For 10 years in the restaurant business (because I loved the Pink Poodle in Mayville). Then nearly 10 years in the Halloween retail business and the last 20 plus years as bookkeeper/tax preparer.

I married my best friend and have two terrific boys. One is married and we have a grand-daughter (age 2 ½). In all this time I have not forgotten my roots – Fostoria and Mayville - nor the people who were part of my life and the forging of who I am even today. I must say – Facebook – for all its evils – has been a godsend in providing a way to keep in touch. And thanks to Facebook we may have a chance after dinner to do a face-to-face. Check with Janet for details.

My brother told me when I was a freshman in college that I would most likely move on from the past and that the friendships I made in college would last my life-time. In some ways that is true but not entirely. I am glad to say it has been good to be and stay in touch with several of you over the years. Thank you.

As I wrap this up and deny my wont to write a couple chapters and blither on and thus vex your patience as well as those of the Reader - I want to give a couple memories:

According to my Memory Book gas was $.54 cents a gallon and the music of the early 70’s was great.

I clearly remember graduation - sitting in the (warm) gym waiting on our diplomas and thinking – **THIS IS IT**. The carefree fun days are over. It was a sad thought.

John Lagraff wrote in my memory book, “Remember your years at MHS as you probably won’t be able to lead that kind of ‘care-free’ existence again.” No kidding. He also wished me best wishes on my future because he knew I would - “need it.” [ snarky fellow] But life plods ahead.

In these years passed we have lost a few school mates. But not their memory. We have all learned in one way or another that times do indeed change but it is *never too late* for us to change as well. Shoot – I eat cous-cous and fresh peas now. I have many fond memories and attachments to y’all and to Mayville for which I am grateful.

It is *never too late* to say thanks to someone. It is *never too late* to hug a family member (grandchild). It is *never too late* to stop a moment and actually smell a flower, pause and give thanks to its Creator. It is *never too late* to grow as a person (even at our age) and to plan for tomorrow and eternity. It is *never too late* to live.

Thanks for attending. Thanks for being a part of my life.

“Don’t walk in front of me, I may not follow. Don’t walk behind me, I may not lead.
Walk beside me and just be my friend.”

God bless and be well

Your only Senior Class President and formerly known as “Andy” lol

Andrew

"Come further up, come further in!" said the Lion. It is *never too late* to - Press ON.