

Saying farewell to high school

Ever since kindergarten, I have always gone to different schools.

St. Joe is the first school that I have gone to for this long.

I remember my freshman year of high school just like it was yesterday. I was so excited to finally be in high school. I knew it was going to be a harder year with more challenges than middle school.

But I was ready.

Freshman year seemed to be the easiest year academically; my challenges fell more in the social area. I slowly thought I was finding my way around as well as finding my friends.

When sophomore year came along, it seemed to me to be the hardest year because I had to take geometry and chemistry at the same time – my two least favorite subjects in high school.

Distracted by the challenges with academics, I was no longer in need to focus totally on my social world. It was not as hard to have friends as it was during my freshman year.

I started to believe that the friends I had then were supposed to be my set friends. My best friend status started to fluctuate from one girl to another.

The end of my sophomore year came, and my best friend status changed once again. My junior year approached, and I start to look forward to my senior year a little more than I probably should have.

Junior year was definitely one of my favorite years at St. Joe. It was so much fun and a joyful year.

I was no longer the baby of the school, but I also was not the oldest. My best friend status was different at this time once again.

I no longer had the same friends I started with during my freshman year. Friends no longer mattered at this point as much as they did the years before. I started to realize how close I was to walking across the gym floor and sitting in the very spot where the seniors sat during morning assembly.

By the end of my junior year, I still couldn't admit to my mother that she was right in her theory about how my friends will change, how I will grow away from most of my friends and how they will grow away from me.

When my senior year finally came around, I began to think about graduation, college and majors.

From the beginning, my senior year seemed to fly by. My friends changed, my perspective on life changed and everything my mom has ever said that will happen in high school happened.

I had limited myself to basically one or two good



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friends. It almost seemed routine for anyone who goes through high school to do the same. It seemed like it was supposed to happen my whole high school career, like it was meant to be.

Everyone that I thought I would be friends with forever slowly drifted away from me and became just associates of whom I will have memories.

Don’t get me wrong; this is not a bad thing. It just simply happens. My mom reassured me of this when I would come home with tears on my face and feeling like I didn’t have any friends or anyone consistently being there for me.

My mom told me how sometimes you have those lucky people who find their best friend the first day of school, who they are friends with through high school and sometimes beyond.

“That’s great for them,” she said smiling. “Then you have special people like you that God is holding your best friend to

come at the perfect time.”

Who is better with time than God?

Life goes on further from high school. When you are in high school, it’s a transition time for your life ahead. It all makes sense as I head toward the end of my senior year. I’m supposed to change. My friends will change. My school work will change.

This was a time to learn about myself and the things for which I stand.

My life has been consumed with high school these last four years – as if I would never leave high school and my day of being a senior would never come.

Now my high school career is about to end, and I couldn’t be more excited to embark on new challenges and meet new people.

Maybe I’ll even get to find my new “best friend” status.

In ninth grade, I could barely imagine the day I would walk across the gym to the other side and sit in the senior section for morning assembly.

Yet again, with God’s help, I will walk across the stage on May 21 to encounter another exciting side – this time being a St. Joe graduate of 2014.

Goodbye, St. Joe.

I enjoyed my high school experience here. But, just like any other senior, it’s time I look to new adventures.

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