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Bishop 1

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LA 1, Period 2

Narrative Essay 2nd Draft

My Graduation Assembly

My graduation assembly, on June 6, 2002, was one of the saddest moments of my life and a huge step also. It took place in our (St. Matthew) church. During this assembly, on graduation day, all of the classes give each individual a gift of appreciation and good luck. My eighth grade class sat on the front steps with all the girls on one side and the boys on the other. We were all in our uniforms, with tears running down them, for the last time ever.

During this assembly all my girlfriends and I sat on the steps saying to ourselves, "I'm not going to cry, I'm not going to cry" when truth be told we knew we would. As each teacher stepped up to present their classes gifts it was hard to say goodbye to them because half of the teachers we had grown up with for our many years at St. Matthew. Many of the women teachers cried as well as our mothers sitting in the pews. None of the boys cried, which was to be expected, but they would always look down the row of steps at us girls and say, "Wow, the girls are really crying".

As the kindergarten class stepped up to present it was extremely hard because we had spent a lot of time that year with the kindergartners and it was difficult to part with those adorable, young faces. As for the teacher, Ms. Prepotente, it was more difficult since we grew up with her every step of grade school. Most of us had a feeling of loss of childhood by leaving this kindergarten class. We weren't close this way with any of the

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other classes, but when second grade came up it was tough because it wasn't the students, but the song they sang. Each year Ms. McClosky has her students sing the same song to the graduating class about being friends forever. None of us thought we'd cry during the song since we have heard it so many times, but wouldn't you know it, we did. The other teacher it was most difficult to say goodbye to was the fourth grade teacher, Ms. Herber, who we had for sixth grade her very first year at St. Matthew. She cried as she presented her class as so did we. We all had so much fun in her classroom no matter what we did, so we felt like the entertainment would never be the same as it was in that sixth grade classroom.

As each class passed out their gifts we girls were all crying and saying, "I'm not leaving this class, its too hard and it hurts too much, I'm not leaving". It hurt so much to leave a class like ours, so tied together and everyone got along wonderfully. In those split moments it seemed like it was only a few days ago we were in kindergarten saying goodbye to mommy. Then here we were starting a new journey of being a teenager in a different place with new people we didn't know. In that short period of time, so much flashed before our eyes that we didn't want to leave. By the end of the assembly all the boys came over and gave us all hugs saying, "It's going to be alright, everything will be fine." When in that moment nothing was fine. We were leaving our friends we had had for nine years. At that point all of us were so scared to move onto high school, but we knew we'd be alright as long as we had our friends supporting us.

This assembly really showed our class how close we were and how important friendships really are. It showed us how much we cared for one another and how we were

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all supporting one another through this change of schools and of life. We knew we were growing up fast and nothing could change that. I don't think the assembly could've turned out any better or worse. The assembly was a great time for goodbyes and I enjoyed it a lot.