

Seton Memories

In the Fall of 1958

we became Setonians – we thought we were Great!

We learned all the rules, some easy, some hard
we didn't want demerits on our Honor Card
The faculty elevator was off limits to all.
And no word could be said in Chapel Hall

Uniforms must be worn with attention and care
Is your tie on straight? Did you comb your hair?
Is your collar buttoned? Did you roll up your sleeves?
Is your waist band rolled up, is your skirt 2 inches below your knees?

First came the paper drive, papers up to our chins
But we learned quickly, the Senior class always wins.
It didn't matter though, whether we lost or won.
We had lots of aching muscles and a whole lot of fun.

The Glee Club we loved and practiced each tune,
Poor Dr. O – we forgot the notes so soon.
But we sang our hearts out on Friday night
When the Panthers of Elder showed their football might.

In academic things, we became worldly and wise
But we did think about Elder and all of those guys
So many subjects, so much to do
Clubs, sports, and new friendships too.

Then the chocolate bar drive- it was fund raiser fun
We sold door to door, one by one
They were sold, like the mail, in rain, sleet or snow
And the pounds, because we ate them, did not want to go

Sometimes with all the strain and the stress
We felt tired and limp and really a mess
But down in the gym, we were brought back to form
Miss Kenninger made sure we were far past the norm

As Freshmen, the Prom was an “in the future thing”
But we still got to date our best guy in the Spring
The dad-daughter dance has memories galore,
The bunny hop, the twist, getting our dads on the floor.

Then in a flash, we were no longer new
We were Sophomores who knew exactly what to do
We knew how to avoid the wrong teacher in the hall
And there was no doubt in our minds that “Gracie” knew ALL

There was the pageant, where we all became stars.
Mother Seton came to life and fame became ours.
We were stagehands, Chinese, fountains, and wow!
“Old Sam” really worked us, - she really knew how!

Many things remained as they were the past year
Paper drives, chocolate bars, more demerits to fear.
There were studies and projects and meetings galore
And Elder and all those guys were still right next door.

Then we were Juniors, the school was almost ours,
We were really cool then; we even drove cars.
The food in the lunchroom was still pretty yucky
If we dated a panther, we thought ourselves lucky.

This year the paper drive was our biggest desire,
We worked all summer – we never did tire.
We were sure we would win, break tradition at last
But when results came out, same story as the past.

We still had honor cards for each and every chore
And “Annie Jo” was the one we had to look out for.
Miss Kenninger caught us down in the gym,
Made sure we took showers, kept uniforms trim

The Junior year was our year to go to the prom
Escorted by Joe or Harry or Tom
A stop at the school to show dresses and hair
Any neckline too low got a handkerchief there.

But “Hazard yet forward” and go to next year,
We were Seniors at last, no one to equal us here.
We were big shots we thought, and we proved it true,
By winning paper drive, chocolate bar and chance drive too.

Though things were the same, they were different for us,
As sophisticated Seniors, we saw no need for fuss.
We were great at everything – an unbeatable class
In all that we touched; we were hard to surpass.

The school next door was still standing there,
But somehow, we weren’t moved, we just didn’t care.
The **mere** Elder boys didn’t interest us then,
We were looking for older, more experienced men.

But around Seton’s halls, the man in our life,
Was Fr. Don Huebner – we put him through stress and much strife.
His office was ours for counsel – and yet,
It was also a good place for a quick cigarette.

In appearance he was gentle, his countenance fair.
No need for a comb, not a hair was there.
His manner was kind – a friend to us all
He’s a very fond memory in our memory hall.

The Senior Class Christmas Play – an original feat,
Broadway producers begged us to repeat.
But “Lost and Found Christmas” was a one-time show,
We had many things to do and places to go.

Before we knew it, the year was done,
Four years had passed and a diploma we’d won
As we looked back, we couldn’t believe it was true
And graduation - though happy - had a sad side too.

With caps on our heads and tears in our eyes
We gave our best wishes and said our good-byes
Different ways we’ve traveled since then,
Yet we remember Seton days again and again

So many things we could not foresee
Cell phones, ipads, - all that **Technology**
We send e-mail, and text messages into the air
And, of course, we now, all have Medicare

In 2019, we got a big surprise
Something called Covid began to arise
We had lock downs and quarantines
Lots of masks and new vaccines

Curb side pick-up became a star
We could order online, they put it in our car
Supply chain shortages began to sting
And hoarding toilet paper became a thing

We survived all that, now it's 2022
We've done lots of things we didn't know we could do

And Yet.....

There is much more to do as the years go by,
Places to see, new things to try
Lots of fun ahead; it's really kind of nifty
Because, as we all know, 77 is the new 50