

Commencement Speech, May 28, 2006
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I haven't slept much these past couple of days. I have been running around all night with my classmates trying to spend every last minute with the people I have lived with for the past four years. Usually these warm sticky nights tend to drag on, but now they cannot go slow enough. My reasons for staying up all night can only be explained by a refrain from a song by Aerosmith. (One small disclaimer I would like to make is that I don't like this song; I think it is sappy and just ridiculous, but nevertheless an appropriate song to help you all understand how I feel.) The lyrics go like this: "Don't want to close my eyes, don't want to fall asleep 'cuz I'll miss you baby, and I don't want to miss a thing." That's exactly what I have been telling myself every night for the past couple of nights. "Don't fall asleep or you will miss something spectacular, a moment with the class of 2006 that you will never get back."

But what exactly do we do late at night? Mrs. Roach assured me last night after the awards ceremony she hears us outside her house at all hours of the night. I will share with you all what all this noise is about. (Please keep in mind that delirium sets in after about 48 hours of no sleep, and we have gone without more sleep than that. We are to the point that we are very comfortable with each other because we can't think straight and don't care to.) So, in the past five days: I have snuck in to the Arts Center for a night of movie-watching and slumber; I have watched some certain senior boys chug Red Bull after Red Bull in order to remain awake and ready for what the night may have to offer (for those of you who don't know, Red Bull is an energy drink that tastes much like cough syrup); I have had delirious discussions about senior parties and life beyond St. Andrew's; due to fatigue and desire to stay here forever I have cried secretly and endlessly; I believe there was a game of naked freeze tag at some point (which, I must say regretfully, I was not a part of); and last but definitely not least, while the sun came up one morning, I found myself cannonballing into Noxontown Pond to end a busy night. I am running low on energy, and yet at times I am the most hyper person imaginable. These past four years, and more importantly, these past couple of days, I have had a closer relationship with St. Andrew's than I have ever dreamed of having with anybody or anything.

I will admit that I do try to be tough and act like I'm pretty much emotionless and that nothing hurts me. But believe me when I say I cried like a baby last night at the awards ceremony when the lights were off. In fact, most of my class did. Why? Because we are in love with this School, all that it has to offer, and the wonderful relationships that have grown from it. I have not come to terms with the fact that I am graduating; I am scared to death, but so excited I can barely breathe. I can recall complaining about how sick I am of those annoying, restless bells. Now I hang on to every moment they ring, for they announce the hours I have until I must leave. I will no longer have these bells to run my life.

I will have to be the keeper of my own time from now on. I will miss the late night trips to Waffle House and Wawa, chips and salsa with my girls on dorm, slip-and-slide with laundry detergent, the sense of community at break while we wait for our bagels to come out of the toaster, and music blasting onto the Front Lawn from the dormitories above as students prepare to coordinate a game of Ultimate Frisbee. From here on out we will go beyond our comfort level to meet new people, get jobs, pay bills, go to bed whenever we want and do everything that is allowed and expected in the "real world." These are things that we as a class are more than prepared to do, but I'm not sure I am prepared to say goodbye.

Class of 2006, please take a good, long look around you because you will never be an enrolled St. Andrew's student again. While you will always love this School, from now on you have a new and different type of experience with St. Andrew's. Savor this moment; keep that feeling of immense love and gratitude you have for this beautiful scenery and this wonderful group of faculty and student body close to you.

I will forever remember the past five nights, and the past four years. Thank you for everything, and good luck.