

I have written about 4 drafts of this talk all about different memories or ideas. If I'm being completely honest I even tried to write a new talk at 4 pm today. I wish I could say it was out of hard work and dedication, but that just simply isn't the truth. Rather I had been telling myself that this was my final chance to say goodbye. In my head I had the idea that if I wrote the perfect talk that saying goodbye would be easier but if anything, the more I wrote about St. Andrew's and my love for this community, the harder it was to think about leaving.

For our class, this is an undeniably different kind of goodbye. At graduation they won't have to announce that we must be packed and off campus by 2 pm, because we are already gone. Physically, I have left St. Andrew's. Most of my stuff has been packed up and sent to me leaving my room on M back in its generic form without a trace that I once lived there.

My mind, however, has yet to leave St. Andrew's. It has constantly brought me back to the places on campus that have held memories close to my heart.

I thought of my memories on M dorm; brush and wash dance parties on upper, pushing dress code boundaries with little Duprey in the common room, and going through Ms. Gahagan's impressive costume bin.

I thought of the girl's lacrosse field. A place where I ran away from the ball freshman year but under the love and support of all my coaches, I learned to find confidence as an athlete and compassion as a teammate. Under the night sky, the same field holds memories of chanting on the last night of junior year with the Class of 2020 women.

When I think of the front lawn I remember that time last spring when so many people in our class played foursquare that the line wrapped around almost the whole court. The arts center holds countless games of sardines, long talks with my amazing advisor Ms. Roz and also a stage where I danced and acted for my first and only time during intro to the arts freshman year.

The garth is where I remember when last year, Mr. Speers, my junior year english teacher, spoke at commencement. While the audience sat in their seats dripping with sweat, Mr. Speers talked of the word palimpsest, a word that had been brought up in our english class many times that year.

He defined it as "Palimpsest is when you physically write on top of a piece of writing, so we see multiple narratives, usually from different time periods, together." Mr. Speers talked of how the wood carvings are a palimpsest in our school, the different names and times carved in, all showing the people that kept the spirit of St. Andrew's alive before us. Our class can't carve our names into the wall just yet, but regardless we will leave our mark on St. Andrew's for years to come. I know this because every person in this class has already left their mark on me.

This is what makes the goodbyes so hard. I have come to realize that the only way to make a goodbye easy is to not care about the place or people you are saying it to. So, although this will be one of the hardest goodbyes, I know that our class will return to campus again and find that there will be new students playing foursquare on the front lawn or a new band on Engelhard stage placing their own memories on our campus but also keeping the memories we

have there alive. For we are not saying goodbye to St. Andrew's but saying goodbye to being a high school student.

So to the underclassman, I hope you use your time left at St. Andrew's to make the memories that will help you through the hardest times. Look past small everyday trifles and give each each other grace because when St. Andrew's comes to an end for you, the memories are what will keep you connected.

And to the Class of 2020, thank you for surrounding me with so much love over these past four years and thank you for making this goodbye so hard. See you soon.