Today we woke to a different set of circumstances than we have for the past four years. Today, instead of waking up with high school in front of us, we woke up with it behind us. The story of our high school experience has already been written: but what did those chapters entail?

I don’t think I’m exaggerating to say our time at Central Catholic was historic. We will be the class to forever redefine the term “CC”: WE are the Corona Class, 2020. WE came in from different counties, different cities, and different schools and became one conglomerate. I would have never known that word if it weren’t for Membean, and for those of you that don’t, you missed too many sessions.

To my fellow classmates, congratulations. The men and women we are today are not the same boys and girls who got dropped off at the front of the school four years ago. What route did you take to get to this destination? What sports practices did you work tirelessly at, what classes did you complete homework and study for, and what friends did you make along the way? Whether it was a pencil or a pen, a book or a ball, an FFA blue jacket, or an ASB polo, we logged our hours. WE did it, but WE didn’t do it alone.

We were guided by Mrs. Garret and have been at CC the same number of years as Mr. Sawyer. Although We were only given 3 ¾ years on campus we all made connections with teachers from the World languages, science, English, math, history, religion, and ag departments as well as in the athletic arena or on the dance floor. These were connections with a teacher, advisor, or coach who nurtured us; thank you. Thank you to the amazing Mrs. Duran who understands that 25 minutes is not enough time to get a bite to eat off-campus and return
safely. Also, freeway traffic does make you late in the morning. When you had a rough day, you could always rely on a kind smile from Mrs. Garke and Ms. Hubert in the library.

We graduate rich with academic knowledge, but while we have been here at Central, the character we have gained has enriched our spiritual wealth. Throughout the years we have been faced with rules, some we disliked and some we didn’t understand, but because we respected those who guided us we will be remembered as the ones in uniform, clean-shaven, modestly dressed, respectful, and having good sportsmanship. We can thank all the people who guided us and especially give thanks to God.

For us, there are no more Friday night lights, family days, nor Wednesday morning late starts. These things have moved from our calendars to our hearts: The story of our high school experience has already been written, but our next chapter is about to begin.