

Response for the Class of 2019

“Don’t lose your keys”

By Karl Stein, Class of 2019 President

Good morning everyone.

I have been given the unique opportunity to address not only the community, but also my peers in the Sayville High School Class of 2019. I would first like to congratulate the class for our dedication and the hard work that we have done for the school and the community. As we prepare for the next step in our lives, the future is unknown. However, from my experience with this class, every single person not only has the chance to succeed, but to excel. Drive, commitment, and responsibility are the keys to our success.

A key is defined as a small piece of metal to unlock an object. More importantly, the significance of “key” as an adjective is of paramount or crucial importance. As we go through our next step in life, we begin to take on more responsibilities. As you sat down here this morning, there was a lanyard for you on your seat that says “Sayville 2019.” A lanyard is most commonly used to hold a key. Perhaps our first responsibility that was put on a lanyard was a house key, which I’m sure many of us have failed at keeping safe. (Mom and Dad, I copied the spare key at Brinkmans when I lost mine). Then, we start asking our parents for the car keys, and soon after that we started to see all the guys lanyard swinging in the hallways as many of us started driving our own cars.

[Just don’t go 10 miles per hour over the speed limit, as you’ll have the Sayville SWAT team, also known as Sayville Moms, all over you. Shoutout to Sayville moms for knowing about a party before the students do.]

Our responsibilities in life continue to grow as we get older. Now, as many of us part ways this summer and leave our friends and family, we will be adding dorm keys or work keys to the lanyard depending on our plan. Our lanyards will remind us of our growing responsibilities, but not scare us away from success. As our responsibilities grow, our wisdom and maturity grows too. Don’t let the future intimidate you, let it inspire you.

From being vice president freshman and sophomore year, and class president senior year, I have had the pleasure of working with an amazing and kind group of students. I have seen this class do phenomenal things when we come together, and I will truly miss being with all of my peers. For the first time in eleven years, we won homecoming as a Freshman class. We never settled for anything less than second place, and won again senior year. Thank you Westins, especially Tom Clare, for pulling our float while the whole class kept trying to climb on it. I’ll miss Mrs. Flynn yelling at us to turn off our rap music during float building, or the times we would steal Mr. Shaw’s slingshot to shoot cupcakes and markers against the wall in the field. I’ll miss the time that Kelly Read and I got to roast everyone at senior banquet. It’s crazy to think about how many inside jokes and memories this class shares with each other, and how well we

all get along. Since I've been given the opportunity to speak last, I get the final word on an ongoing controversy. Lincoln Avenue is by far the superior elementary school.

Not only have I made numerous lifelong friends, I've created an enormous amount of memories here over the past four years that I'll remember for a lifetime. These friends and memories have shaped me into the person I am today, and I wouldn't want to have done it any other way. From the class picture in Boston to our senior picture, we have done it all. As a class we've hit our highs and lows. As Charles Dickens said, "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times." We came together to help those in need around Christmas time with *Every Child's Dream*. There was nothing better than watching the smile on Mr. Shaw's face when Santa came. We managed to climb up a mountain of snow in Frost Valley only to smash each other in the heads with pillows. Then, we've had our lows. Despite a lice outbreak, seniors decided to rub their heads together and joke about having lice and chase people around. For the second to last week of school we found ourselves eating lunch outside and in the underclassmen cafeteria because we decided to throw milk cartons at each other.

I would like to thank Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Flynn for being dedicated class advisors and going above and beyond to help us succeed. So many of the teachers here have impacts on our lives, and even change us into better students and people overall. I would like to thank all my teachers over the years for all your support and undeniable dedication to my peers and me. A special congratulations to Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Stoll, and Mrs. Scordamaglia on their retirements. It's not only the teachers that make the students here special, but more importantly the parents. Thank you, Mom, for being the beautiful and kindhearted mother I can always count on. And Dad, thank you for always pushing me to be a harder worker and making me the mature young man I am today. We are the products of our parents and I'd like to thank all of them for their dedicated support to the senior class.

Throughout middle school, we were taught that a key also provides a means of understanding something as used for symbols or an explanation on a map. Except the weather symbols, for those we had Max Gallo. The lanyards will hold all of the keys that will guide us through our responsibilities and help us understand our growing place in this world.

As we all sit here for the last time together, we wonder where all the time went. We will no longer laugh together, eat together, dance together, and be idiots together. On the first day of freshman year, four years seems like forever. In the last semester of senior year, four years felt like a second. No longer will we be navigating the halls past Freshmen walking on the wrong side, but navigating our pathways in the real world. We've got a long, beautiful life ahead of us, full of joy but also full of challenges. The end of high school marks the end of our childhood, whether we are ready to accept it or not. Congratulations, Class of 2019!