

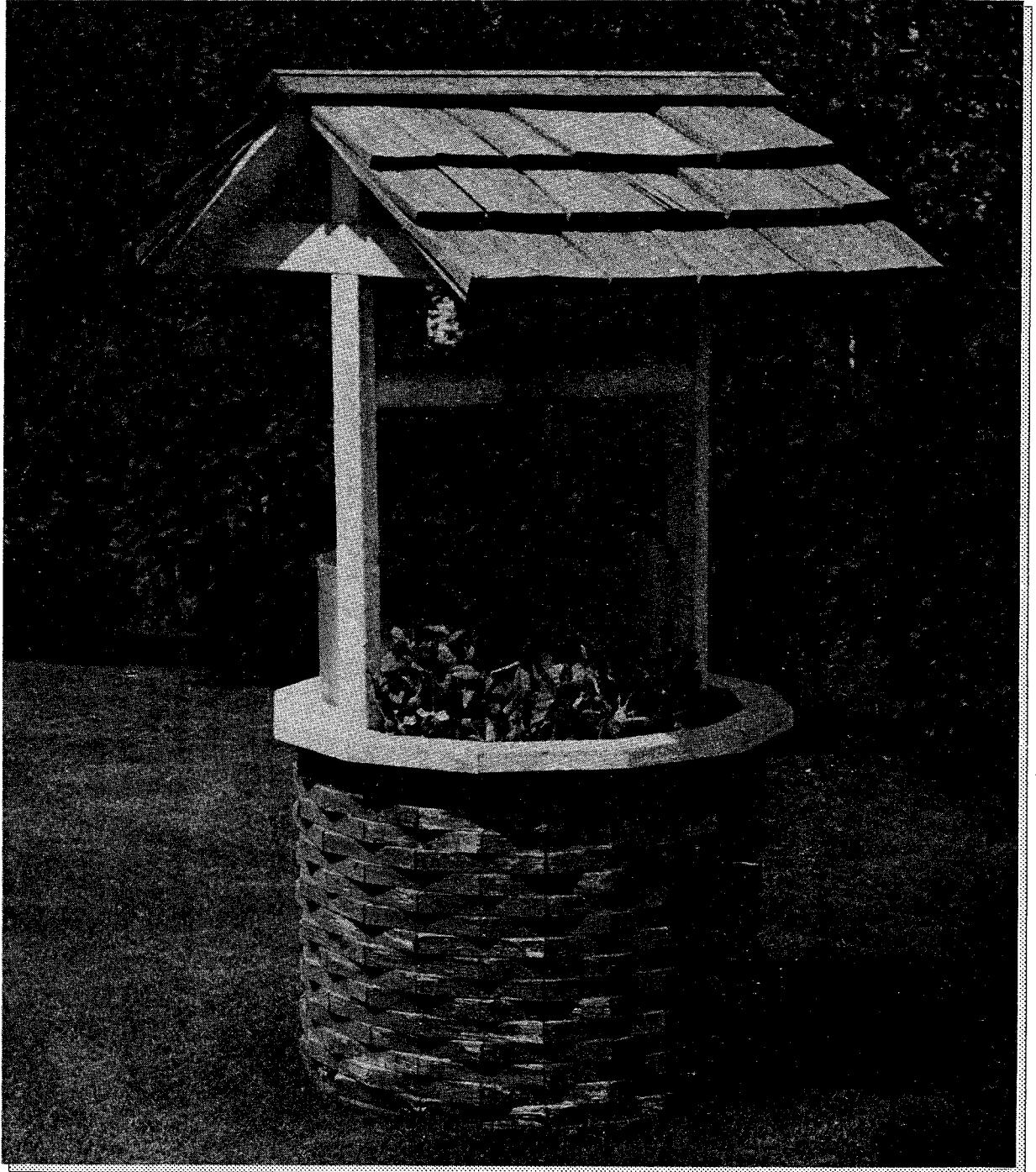
# RETROSPECT

VOLUME SIXTEEN  
ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL  
ELLENSBURG WASHINGTON

# 1990

ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

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# WISHING WELL

RETROSPECT

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WISHING WELL

**RETROSPECT IS A  
COLLECTION OF SOME OF  
THE FINEST ART,  
PHOTOGRAPHY, POETRY,  
AND SHORT STORIES  
PRODUCED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF  
ELLENSBURG HIGH  
SCHOOL.**

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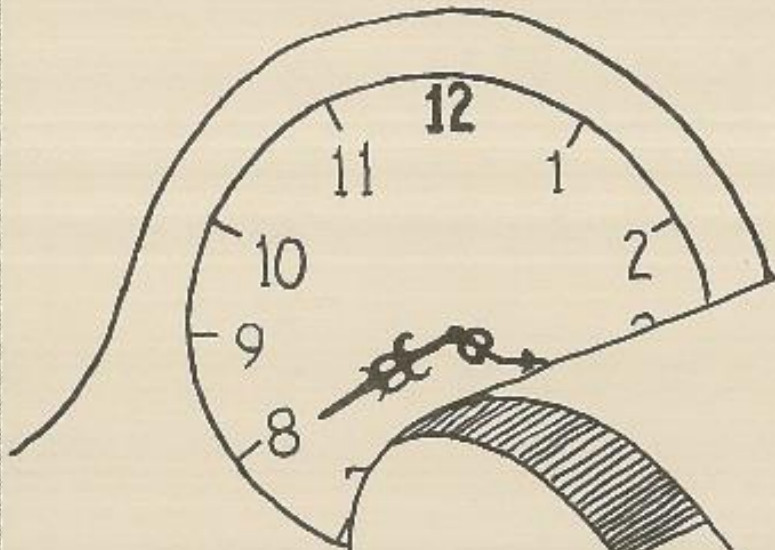
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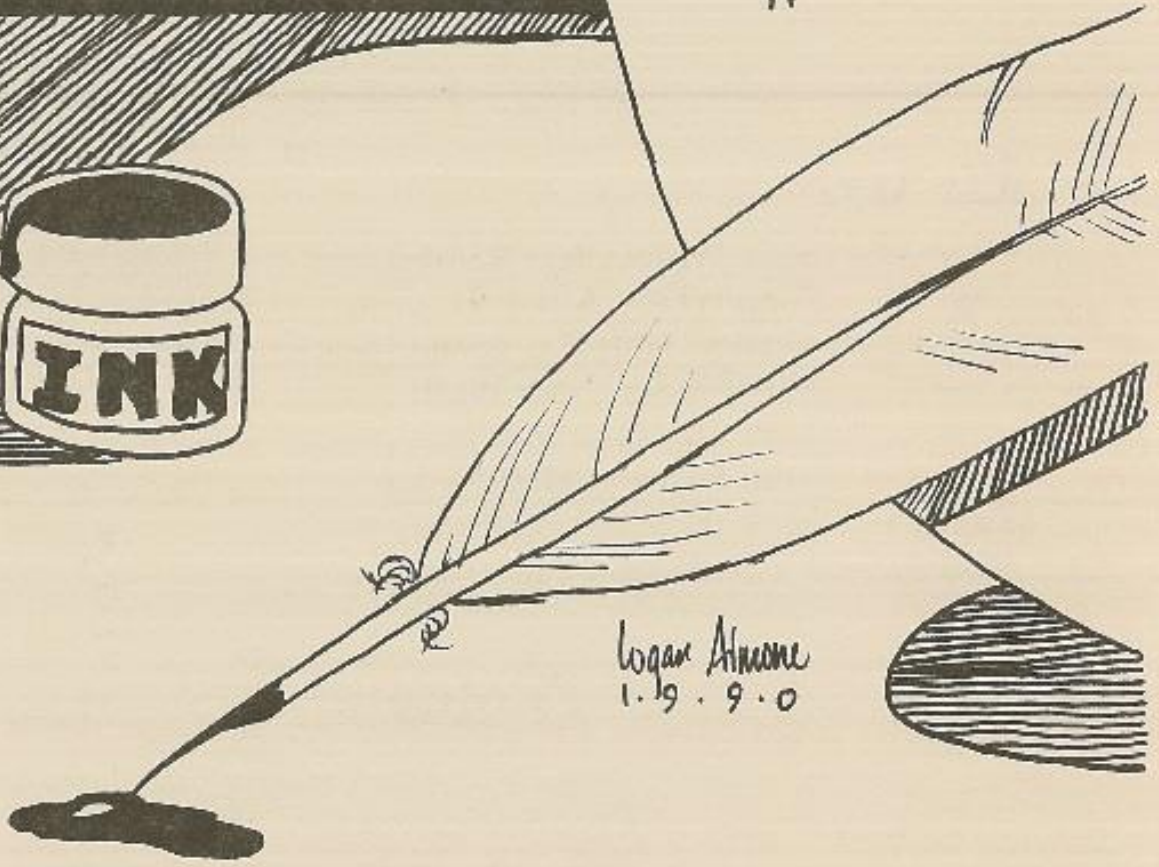
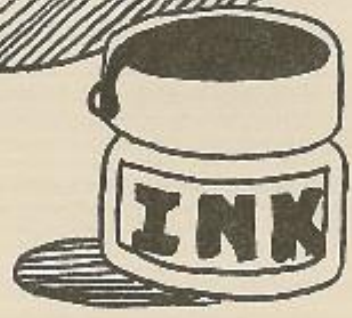
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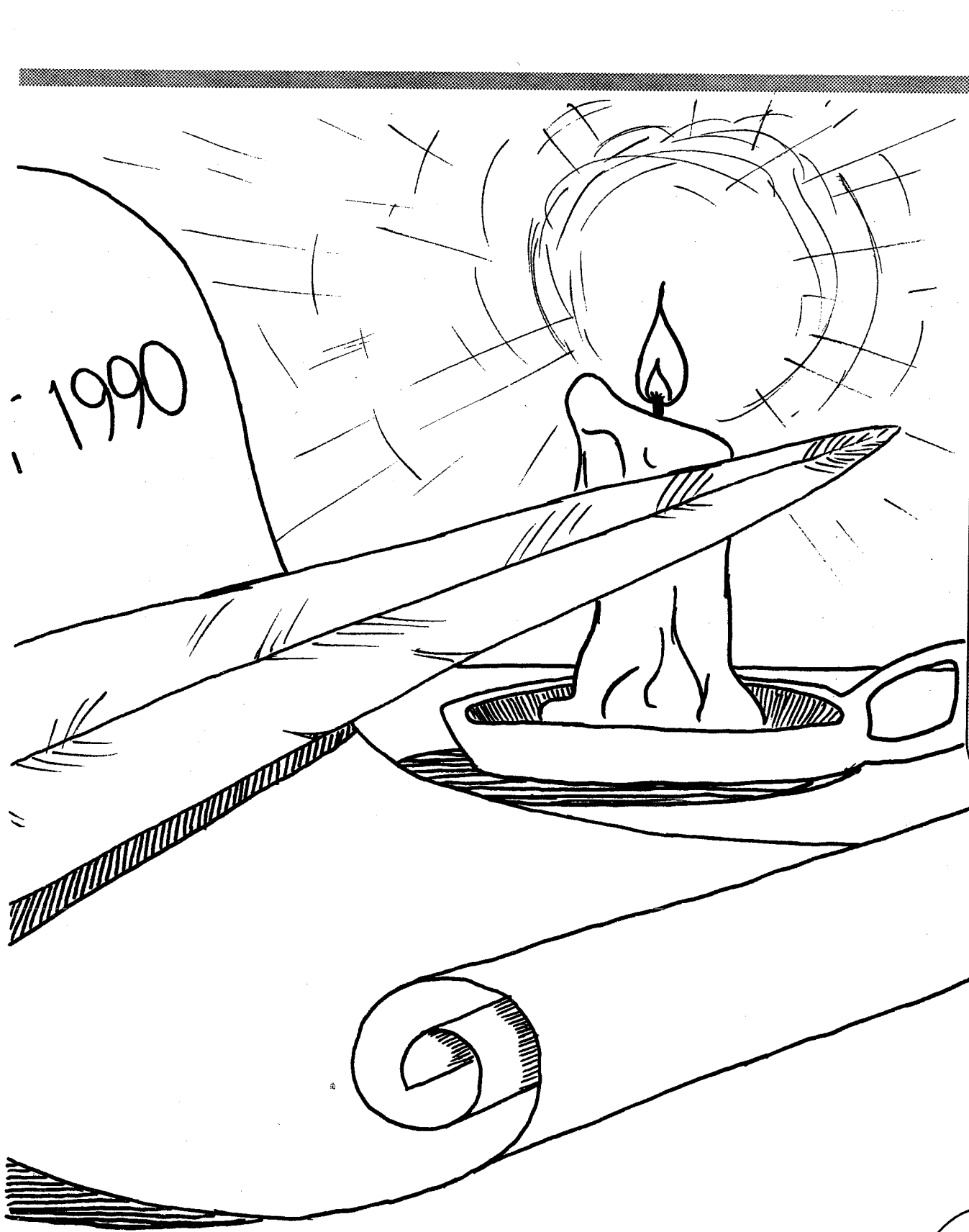


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# A Portrait of Myrna

by Sean White

"Well, Charles, another beautiful day," Myrna remarked.

"Yes, Dear," she heard him reply.

"You know Charles, I am glad we stayed here. It's so beautiful in the country," Myrna chirped.

She looked down to the squares of material she was quilting and sighed deeply.

"Such a beautiful day," she said once more.

"Not as beautiful as you, dear," he said softly.

A warm flush spread through her face. Even now he could make her blush like a child.

"Oh, Charles. You're too good to me," she whispered.

Myrna felt his dry lips on her withered cheek. She lifted her head slightly to welcome his caress.

"I love you, Myrna."

"And I love you, Charles."

He sat back in the wicker rocker. She could hear the soft moan of the chair as he settled down. She glanced up and over the porch railing. Myrna looked at the blue, cloudless sky. She looked to the hills. She listened to the robins flying high above her. The roses along the porch set free their heavenly scent. Myrna closed her eyes to savor the sweet air.

"Perhaps I'll pick some flowers for the table," Myrna said, eyes still closed.

"You do that, love. It would be fine," he replied gently.

"I believe I will, but maybe a little later," she said wearily opening her eyes.

"Myrna heard the rustle of Charles opening the evening paper. She relaxed and just listened to him breath.

The late summer breeze was warm on her face. She watched as a golden leaf slowly wafted to the ground. Some-

thing sparked deep within her as her eyes lit up.

"It will be cold soon and with the cold comes the snow, and oh, Charles, do you know what the snow brings?" she challenged.

"Christmas, snow brings Christmas dear," he replied, knowing what came next.

"And with Christmas comes the children. Oh, what a joy," she cried.

"Oh, dear Charles, life is perfection," Myrna sighed softly.

"Utter perfection," she mumbled to herself.

"Myrna looked down to the diamond on her left hand. It winked brightly in the sun.

"Oh, Charles," she whispered to the wind.

"I love you Myrna," she heard his

gentle voice reply.

She turned lovingly to his chair...still empty. Very disappointed and frustrated with herself for imagining again, Myrna laid the quilted blocks in her lap. Myrna looked once more to the hillside and breathed deeply, the fresh air. Breathing heavily she absently spun the band on her finger. A tear glistened in the corner of her eye and slowly carved its way down through the deep lines of her face. Two more autumn leaves found their way to the earth as Myrna sat alone. And then, once again, the warm fall breeze gently whispered,

"I love you, Myrna."

Shoulders shaking, she wearily closed her eyes.

"And I miss you."

## A Day in the Life of

by Brian Nesselroad

*My pace quickens as I approach the front door. I dig through my pocket for my key, leaving a trail of pens, pencils, hall passes, and change strewn along the front walk. I shove open the front door and cringe as the doorknob encounters the walk, enhancing the crater at their rendezvous point. I soon forget the unspectacular tragedy as my mind jumps back onto its main track: - that which leads to my drums.*

*I hurl my backpack onto my bed and sort frantically through the drum books and dirty clothes on the floor, hoping to find anything resembling a pair of sticks. Once a suitable pair have been located, I seat myself on the throne and prepare to thrash away.*

*I drive the sticks down onto the drums as if to drive them clear through, not a conscious thought in my mind regarding the technique I have developed over the last 18 months. My only thoughts are toward playing as loud and fast as I can. It is usually at this point that "it" happens. The one thing that every drummer does periodically while practicing (but prays it will not happen in a live performance): The stick rebounds off the snare drum and hits me right in the eye. "#@\*%&&@!!!" I exclaim while in a good deal of discomfort.*

*With this inevitability out of the way, I thrash away aimlessly for a few more minutes, displaying about as much musicality as a New York bum banging on a cafe window hoping for a free meal. This is the time*



# Never to Stand Again

by Erica Kelly

The ceiling, I'm so sick of it. The sight of it makes me want to throw-up. I've been looking at it too long. I want to get up and run around and jump and just stand at a window and look outside, but I can't. I never will. If only I hadn't gone with my friends. If only I'd stayed at home like my Mom asked. It was all because I was stupid and wanted to be popular.

On Friday, at school, when Renea came and asked me if I was going to Peter's party, I was so excited! I said I hadn't been invited yet, but then she said she was inviting me and she could pick me up at eight o'clock. This was too good to be true! I

couldn't believe I was going to a party with the popular people! It was too cool. My best friend Melissa, she got invited too, came over and we spent hours at my house picking out clothes and doing our hair and make-up and stuff. Right at eight, Renea showed up in this really cool red car and Mom begged me not to go. She didn't want her baby going to a party. I wish I'd listened, but I went anyway.

When we got to the party, all these guys on the football team were there and some even said "Hello," to Melissa and me. It was really cool. The party was fun. We danced and listened to music and talked and stuff. I was sure not to drink anything, but Renea wasn't. She could hardly walk, and Melissa and I were scared to ride with her, but we did anyway. It was the dumbest thing I've ever done. She drove super fast and I was afraid she would kill us. When we went onto this old road, I asked Renea to please take us home, but she didn't hear me. She was too busy snuggling with some guy she brought from the party. She wasn't watching where she was going. Then, all of a sudden there was this big semi-truck right in front of us and we slammed into it head-on. I heard Melissa screaming beside me and I grabbed her hand and held it. Then I don't remember anymore.

The next thing I know, I'm in some weird room lying face up, but I don't feel anything. Then I realize I'm in the hospital.

My mom was in the room and when I opened my eyes, she was so happy she started crying. She told me the doctors didn't think I was gonna live. Then she told me all the horrible news.

Renea and the boy were thrown through the windshield and killed instantly. When Mom said Melissa had died too, my insides turned to jelly and I thought I was gonna get sick. I couldn't believe she was gone. I guess we were going ninety-eight when we hit the semi and the engine had gotten squished into the front seat of the car. Mom said a part of the engine had flown off and hit Melissa in the head. That's why she had died. Mom also said she had only died fifteen minutes ago. I started yelling.

"I hate Renea! I'm glad she died! She killed my best friend! Why did we go with her? It's all my fault! I could've called home for a ride, then Melissa would still be alive! But, I insisted that we go with her so we wouldn't make her mad at us! I hate myself for not refusing that ride! I'm so stupid!"

Mom said she had more to tell me. She said I had broken my neck and I was paralyzed. I didn't believe her.

"NO! NO!" I screamed, "You're wrong! How alive can I be if I can't move? Melissa might be dead, but I can still walk!"

"No, honey," Mom cried, "I'm afraid you can't sweetie."

I couldn't believe it. I wanted to get up and smash windows and throw chairs, but I couldn't move anything. I couldn't even feel. Now, I had caused my own injuries too, along with Melissa's death. I will never walk again, never play soccer again, never run again, or play basketball again. Because of my dumbness, I won't ever, ever stand again.

## A Drummer

*when I pound out my aggression towards Mr. Weitz for whatever he has done to piss me off today. Only after five or ten minutes of this meaningless bashing, I can begin to sort through the books on the floor and locate the one that contains my drum lesson for the week.*

*I manage to keep my mind on my lessons for forty-five minutes or so before drifting back into more soloing, but I have began to mix music into the assault. I won't be ready to get up until another half hour passes or a priceless item falls off a shelf, whichever comes first. At that time, I will most likely go practice the guitar or piano or listen to music, but I will, in all likelihood, return to the drums at least once more in the course of the day and repeat the routine again.*





# The Jello Lady

by Sarah Rydman

My name is Bertha Myrtle Sabin, I am 87- years old and I'm in a nursing home. My name is Bertha Myrtle Sabin, I am 87-years old and I'm in a nursing home. My name is Bertha Myrtle Sabin, I am 87-years old and I'm in a nursing home.

They say they put me here because I'm going crazy, I know they are all crazy. I'm not crazy at all.

I want my jello today. Today is Thursday, my day for jello. I want strawberry, not cherry jello today because it's Thursday.

Why hasn't my nurse come for my bedpan? She was supposed to be here years ago.

My son Fritz never believes me, but when I was seven years old I used to have to walk uphill both ways to school in snow waist deep. I never had shoes when I was younger so I had to go barefoot.

I want jello today. Today is Thursday, my day for jello. I want strawberry, not cherry jello today because it's Thursday.

Tonight after I eat my jello and my nephew Tony comes to visit, I'm going to put on my white lace nightgown that I wore on my wedding night.

I want to be young again; I want to learn karate so I can chop the lady in the next room who screams all night.

The more I think about it the more I want to be younger. Maybe one of the nurses will come and put my hair in rollers. Maybe she can stay and show me some of the clothing, styles too. I want primp like I did when I was younger.

I want jello today. Today is Thursday, my day for jello. I want strawberry, not cherry jello today because it is Thursday.

Today there was a handsome man that came down the hall; I've seen him here before going through the halls in his wheelchair. Maybe we can get together sometime.

Hope the nurse comes in soon, I want the channel changed so I can watch "Price is Right". The people get so excited when they come down the aisles.

Hope the nurse comes in soon, I want to listen to my tape of Mozart.

Hope the nurse comes in soon, I am not very comfortable. I need more pillows.

I know the other patients need the nurses care, but so do I. I want some attention.

I want jello today. Today is Thursday, my day for jello. I want strawberry, not cherry jello today because it's Thursday.

Someone down the hall is calling for Ms. Joshephine. I forgive the nurses for not coming to help me. The lady down the hall needs their help, she's crazy. I'm not, I don't cry out for Ms.

Joshephine. Ms. Joshephine is a fictional character the lady down the hall made up.

Hope the nurse comes in soon, I want to get comfortable. I need my bedpan emptied.

"Bertha, are you talking to yourself again? It's time to wash up. Your nephew, Tony, will be here soon."

The nurse just arrived and I have to take a bath.

Tony is here now, he is carrying some packages. My son, Fritz, is here also. I didn't expect him; he also brought some packages.

"Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday dear Bertha, Happy Birthday to you."

I forgot, it is my birthday. I'm 88 years old now. I get to open my presents.

The first present is a lace nightgown and a Mozart tape. The second is a magazine on the latest styles and a book on karate.

The handsome man from down the hall came for my party. We had fun. We're going to start watching the "Price is Right" and eating jello together because it's Thursday.

The nurse cleaned my bedpan and got me new pillows. The cook brought me soup, strawberry jello for my birthday; I also got vanilla pudding.

I'm not going crazy. I'm fine, it's the nurses who are crazy.

My name is Bertha Myrtle Sabin, I'm 88-years old and I'm in a nursing home.



# The Shoplifter

by Brandy Thacker

Getting caught shoplifting is a very scary thing to have happen to you. I know, because it happened to me when I was ten. I was terrified at the time.

I never had any money so I had been shoplifting in a convenience store on my way home almost every day. It started to become a bad habit. I kept getting away with it, so I kept stealing.

I walked in one day and went straight to the candy aisle as usual. There happened to be a different clerk working than who was usually there, but since the lady who normally worked at that time never noticed me stealing before, I just ignored her. I picked up two candy bars and put one back to make it look as if I was deciding whether or not to buy them. Then, I walked back behind the aisle, where the potato chips were, and put the candy bar in my book bag. I went back up the candy aisle and did it again. I also did the same with gum and bags of candy, until my bag was about half full.

When I was walking around the aisle, heading towards the ice cream, just to make it seem as if I was looking around, the store clerk walked up to me and told me to open my bag. With much argument and hesitation I did, but I only pulled out a bag of licorice.

She dragged me over to the counter while I was screaming for her not to call my parents. The clerk threatened she would call the cops if I didn't give her my phone number. Sometime while all this was happening, she had dumped

out the contents of my bag and discovered the rest of the candy, and by that time I was scared out of my mind. Knowing that nobody was home at the time, I gave her my phone number and she called. No one answered, so she sent me home and said she would call back later.

I ran all the way home as fast as I could and cried my eyes out for about an hour. I was afraid that my mom would find out some other way besides through me and I would get in deep trouble. I called her at work and told her what happened. She said we'd talk about it later. We never did because she sent me to bed as soon as she got home, which made me cry even more. That night, I cried myself to sleep.

I was fast asleep when my step-dad came in and woke me up wanting to know exactly what had happened. I told him between cries and sobs of fright. I didn't know what to expect. He told me that I would have to write an apology note to the manager and that I was grounded for a month from everything, including TV.

I wrote a note to the manager saying I was sorry and that I was wrong. It wasn't as if I was grounded though, because I watched TV anyway since I got home two hours before my mom. For about three years afterwards, I didn't go into that store, for fear of seeing the clerk who caught me.





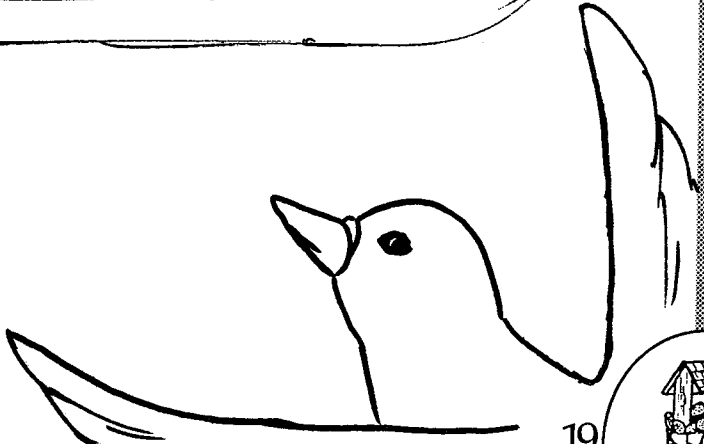


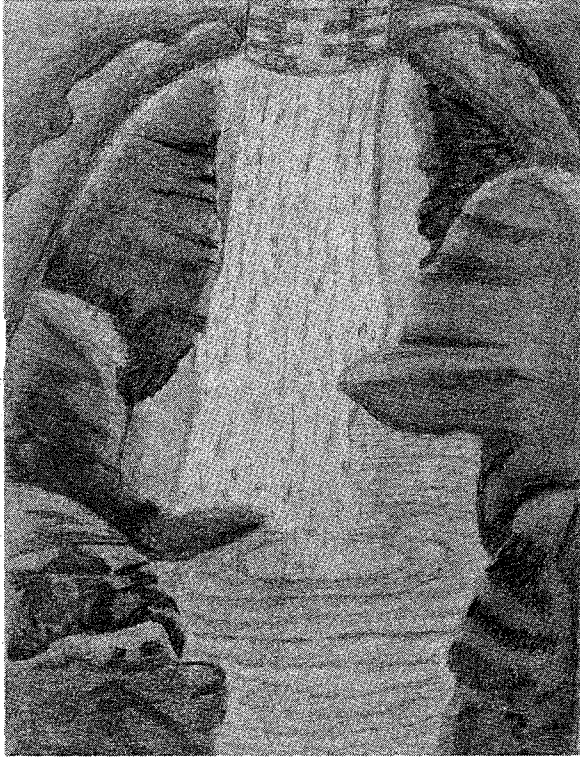
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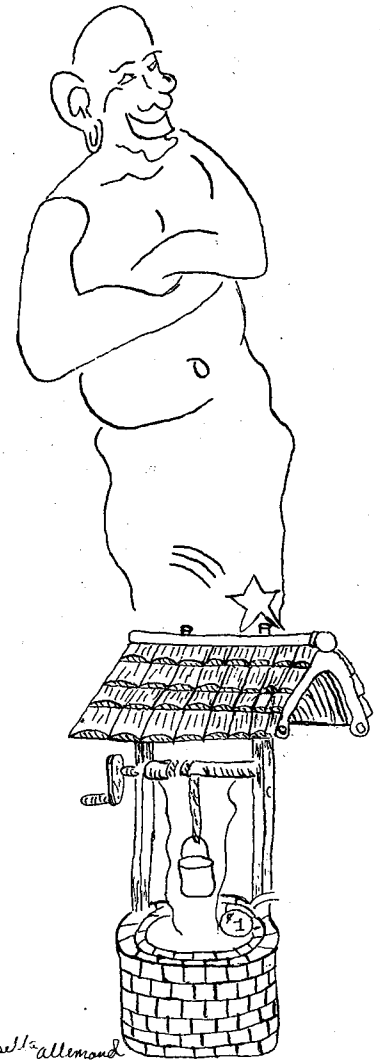
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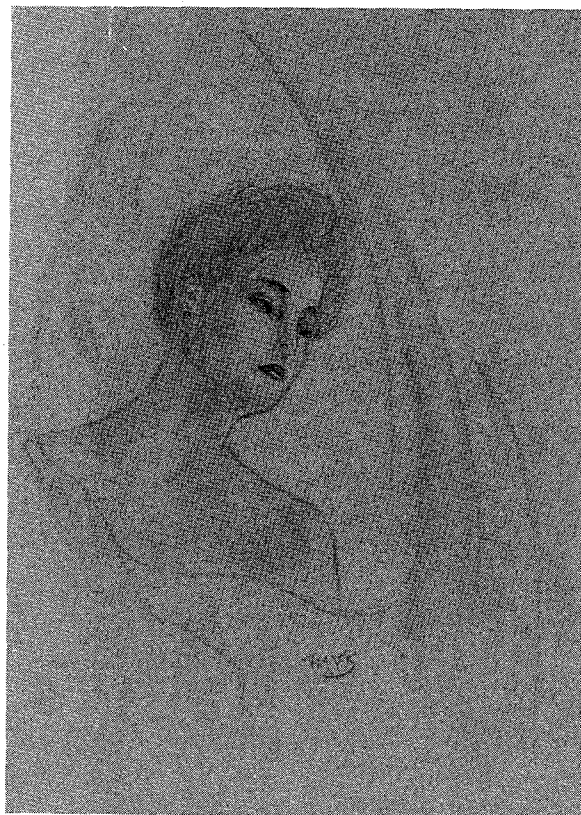
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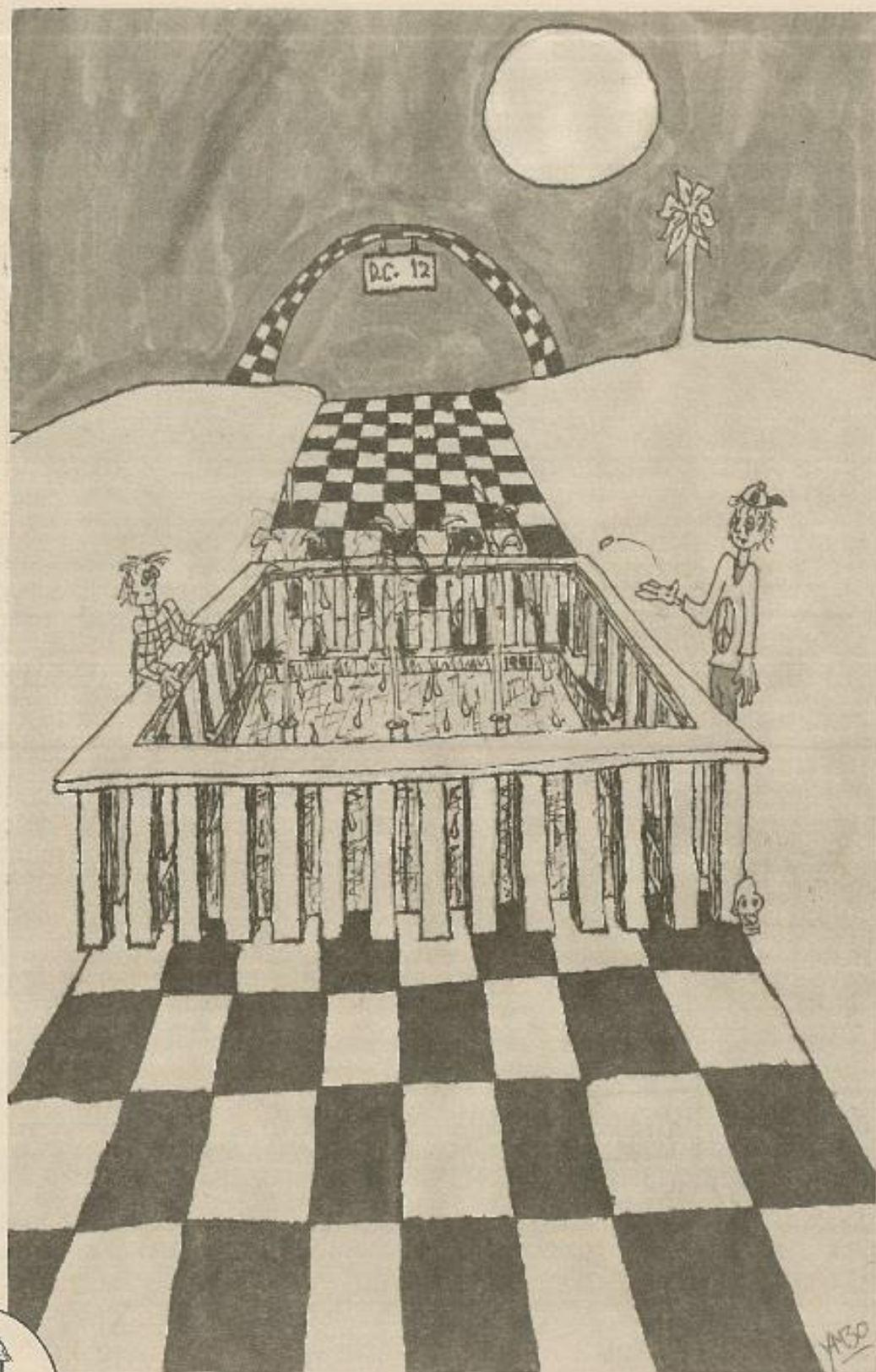
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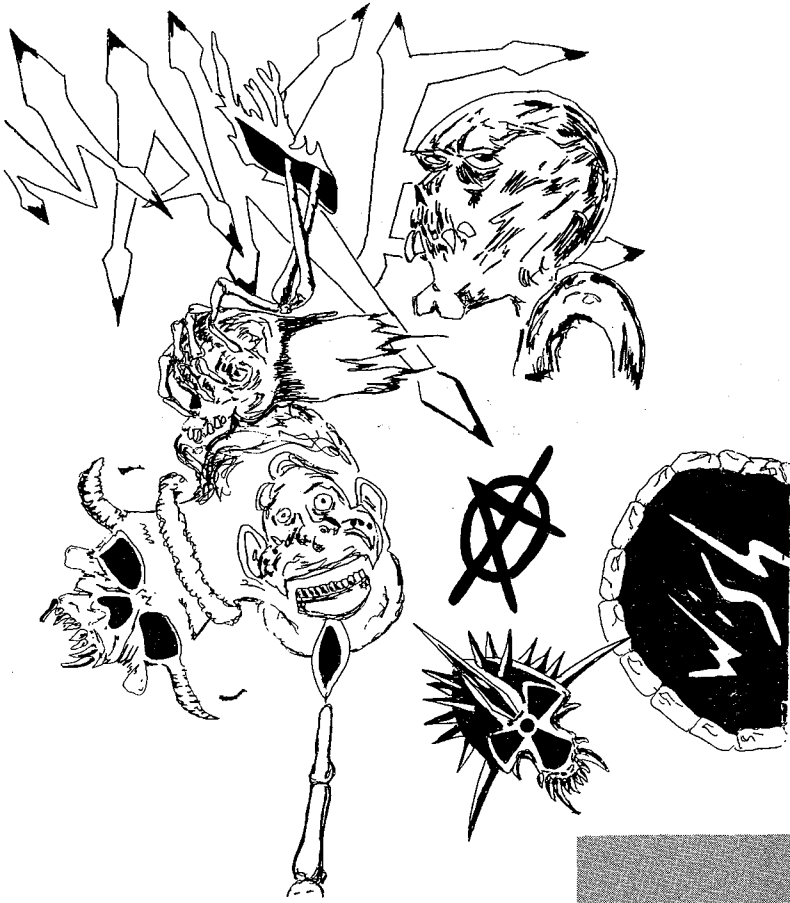
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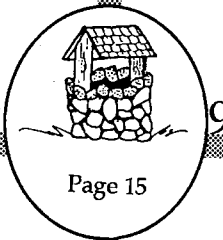
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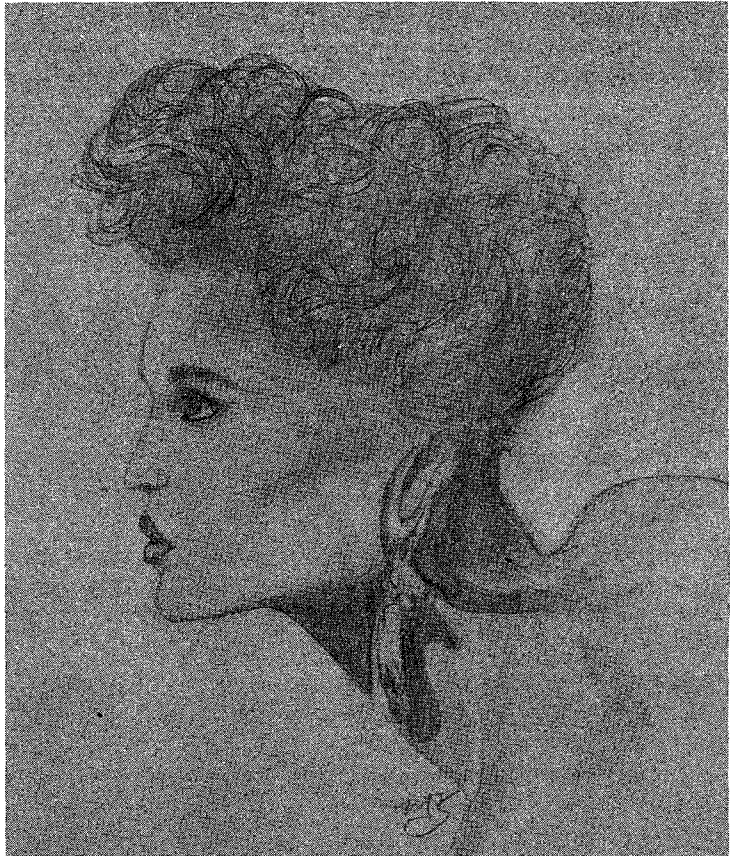
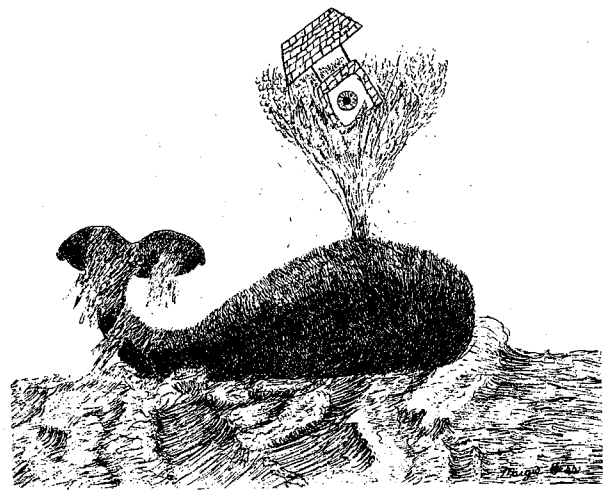


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BY MARGIE HESS



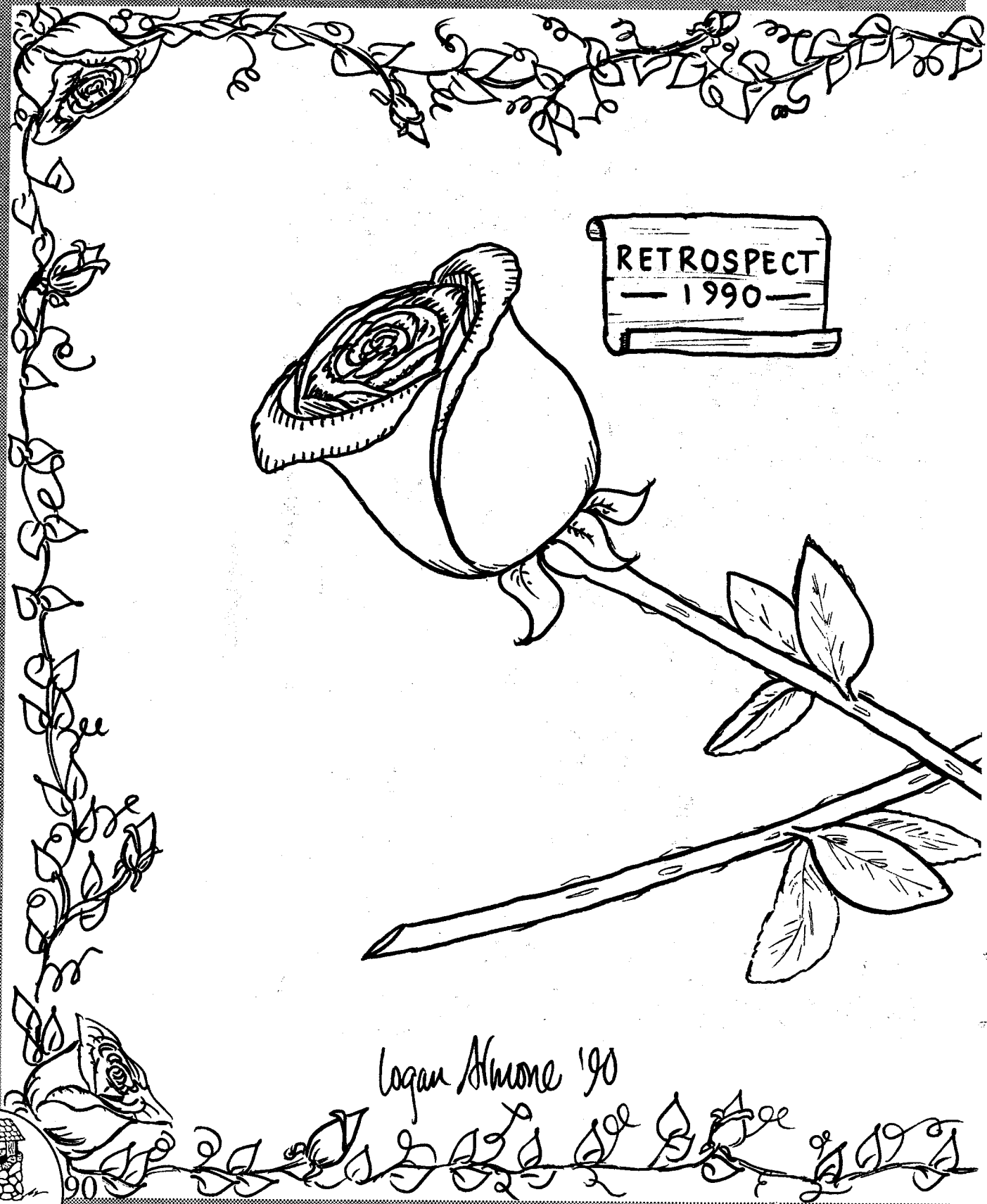
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BY ERICA KELLY

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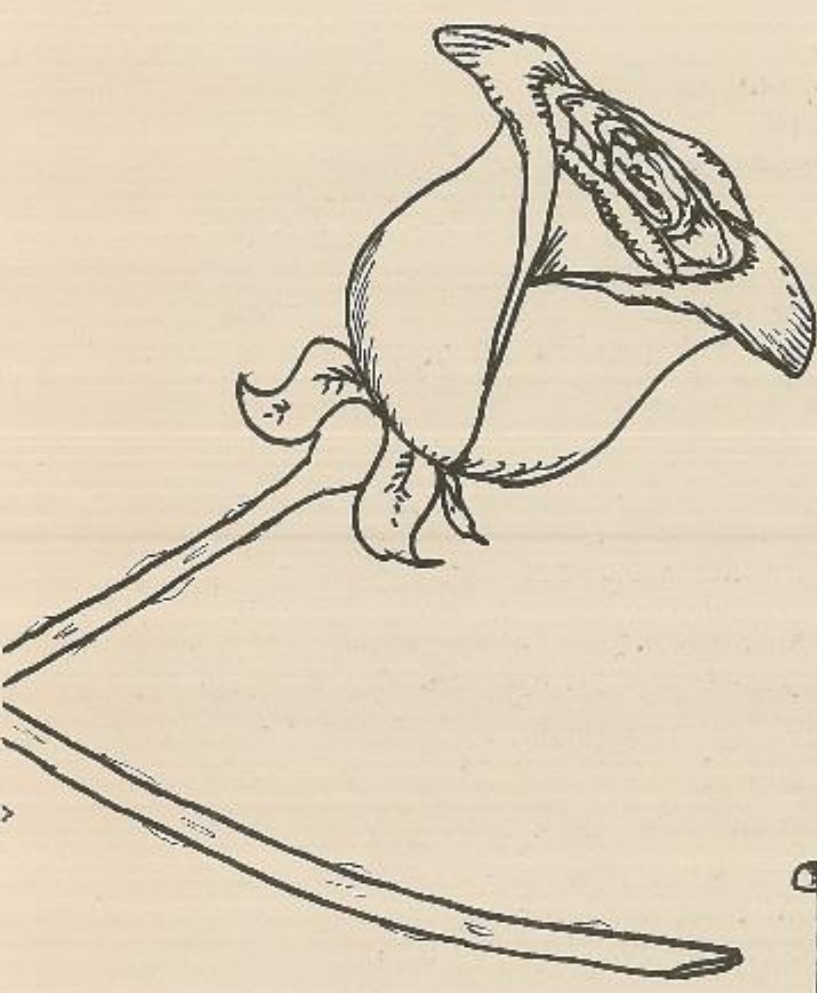
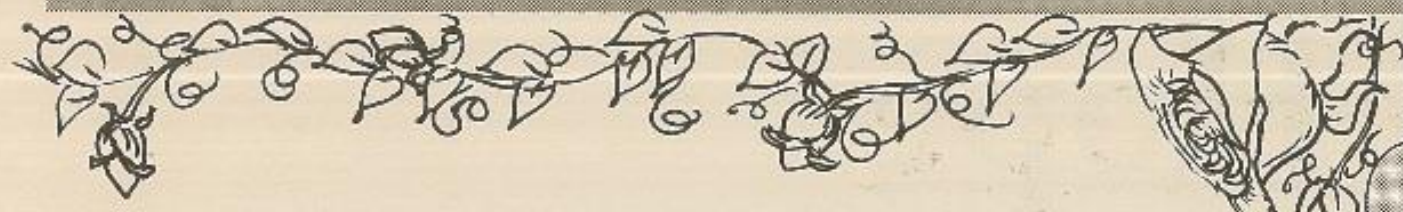




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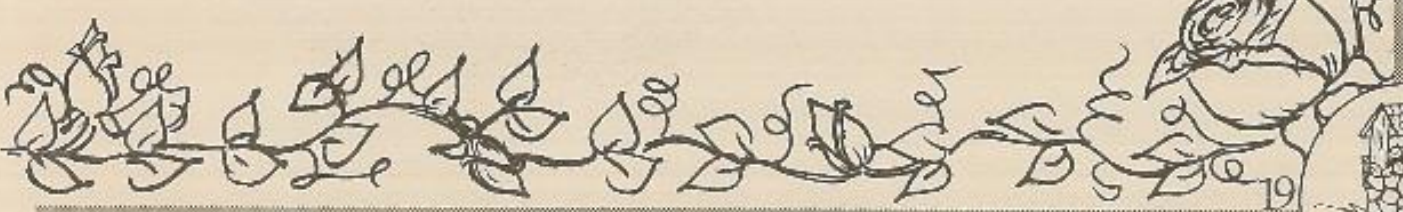
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WISHING WELL



# Hope

Are you alone in the garden of flame?  
You need love for your garden or flowers don't grow.  
You need endless desire, passion for life,  
zeal and romance are sun and moon.  
Smile, feel joy, flirt with a chance or...  
flowers will wither, dried by the snow.  
Your hatred is frost caught in jealousy, cold.  
Your heart must warm you set free the ice...  
feel again, live again, laugh and love again...

--Sean White

## *Dreams*

See the bleeding hearts pass by  
Throughout the years our hearts grow cold  
I hope someday we can realize  
The hopes and dreams of mortal men

Each dream has a different tune  
Some of which we can't understand  
But as we pass with our worn out hands,  
Our hopes and dreams go by

If only we knew what our plan was  
Maybe then we'd show a little more love  
We must dream and keep on going  
Into a bleeding fountain that is forever flowing

--Bece Kidder



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# FLEETING

Can the fleeting birds know?  
Can the sky read my soul?  
Do they know why the flowers dance and the bees sing for me?  
I walk on the wind and fly through the clouds,  
As the world spins around me.  
Does everyone see?  
Can everyone know?  
That I, I am in love?

--Sean White

# Tide

Tell me, love and you hear the falling snow?  
Does the wind brush your skin?

Do you waken to the evening stars or the morning sun?  
Can you hear me now?

Are you cold down there, beneath the waves?

Do you miss my touch as I do yours?  
Do you long to see my face?  
I truly do miss you.  
Please come back to me my love.  
Return to me with the tide.

--Sean White

# At the Ocean

--Misty Richards

Whispering waves lapping softly at the sandy shore,  
Water whirling wildly in tidal pools,  
Frothy foam frantically chasing your feet as you walk by.  
Seagulls singing loudly, dancing in the sky.  
The yawning, warming sun rises high,  
It warms my weary body,  
Bringing life back into my bones.  
The salty smell of the air sends shivery sensations  
Up and down my spine.

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# Midnight Dreams

The mind's midnight fantasies  
are no more than that  
for tomorrow promises nothing.  
If the morning comes at all,  
it comes of its own will.  
If someone comes along,  
he arrives by chance,  
but if he stays  
he remains by choice.  
If he moves on,  
he goes of his own will.  
Reality comes like an early spring,  
melts winter snow  
and steals away my dreams.  
The midnight fantasies  
must be hastened  
by the reality of dawn.  
Morning sunlight,  
melting winter snow  
and waking up from midnight dreams.

--Shawna Holman

# An Eulogy For Myself

Fall is approaching me  
The chill that never lessens  
Feelings as nonexistent as you

Who shall take my soul?  
Will the pain ever end?

Unspoken questions...  
Dwindle, never to be answered

I have no fear  
only desire  
I have no regrets  
only desire

To travel beyond this insanity  
Now my only destination, is you

Fall is approaching me  
As it approached you

red  
yellow  
orange

The colors of your departure

Until we meet again  
Then it will be clear

Soon...  
Soon...

Then it will be clear

--Bonnie Bonell

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Life blows by me  
Like a tree in the wind  
Tap-tapping on glass,  
Scratching on window pane,  
A branch in the night,  
Banging on shutter  
Moaning, "Let me in, let me in."  
Like a tree in the storm,  
I seek shelter, protection  
In the heart of another.  
"Let me in, Let me in."  
Please throw the latch,  
In the night, I am cold,  
I am alone.

--Sean White



# Embrace

"I walk in a world of desolation,  
all the flowers are withered, everything is dead.  
In a world of blackness, I am alive."  
As I looked at my decrepit surroundings,  
tears coursed down my face.  
But then, (in the depths of sorrow),  
from a pile of smouldering ashes, comes through a stalk.  
From this is born; a perfect wine colored rose.  
By the light of the moon, its branches spread and leaves unfurled  
More blossoms burst forth and thorns came from its limb.  
The lovely rose looked down upon me with pity  
and bid me not to weep.  
I could not brush away my tears.  
The rose took me up in its arms and tried to soothe me.  
I returned the sweet embrace and held it close to my heart.  
But, I continued to cry.  
The rose once more began to grow,  
it climbed higher above my world, a void,  
and wrapped protective arms about me.  
My love the rose was sheltering me, trying to keep me safe  
from my own thoughts.  
It tried in vain to calm me, to make me forget.  
The rose continued to blossom and grow  
taking me through the clouds.  
I looked back upon the world of hatred,  
(I so desperately wanted to not remember) and shuddered.  
It would always be with me.  
I begged the rose for a kiss.  
It held me tighter to its breast and gently, so softly  
loved me.  
As the kiss of thorns pierced my flesh, salt joined with salt  
crimson and tears. I was not surprised.  
I calmly collapsed into the soul of a rose....

--Sean White

# subWay

On walls they are spattered,  
The calico paints,  
On billboards, in basements, on sliding  
glass doors--  
Every flat surface and vertical face.  
All becomes parchment for aerosol ad-  
libs  
Inside the hole.  
Turnstile tension created in cavernous  
Underground spaces;  
Suck in the flavor, the tile wall roar,  
Push, jostle, sidestep, step over, step  
in--  
Look through the fibrous faces  
Which peer back through you. Turn  
away  
At the sound of the train--a stark shard  
of light,  
So many backgrounds, and ages, and  
races.  
Arrow points down  
Rumble grows louder  
Here from all number of places...  
Spatter the hall with the clatter of  
motion;  
Screaming beast lurches, convulses,  
blows grey  
Ribbons of smoke at the waiting com-  
muters;  
Ticket-stub transport, gum-wrapper  
floors  
Under the streets of New York.

--Matt Treder

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# TV Dinner

Frozen life, prepackaged and plasticized,  
then regurgitated in easy-to-swallow four-minute  
bites on the six-o'clock news.

The miracle mesh of humanity meets  
modern metamorphosis--  
broken down into shooting streams of numbers  
that bounce off a spinning space satellite  
and explode onto a million cathode-ray  
photofluorescent tubes in a million homes,  
and a million world-weary eyeballs digest  
their evening meal.

When darkness spreads and settles  
on a million sleepy viewers,  
they burp in spoon-fed satisfaction.

--Matt Treder

# Loneliness

I am a shuttered room, forgotten by the light.  
I am a withered leaf, blown by the wind.  
I am death. I am birth.  
I am beginning and end.  
I am in what you want.  
I am what you fear.  
I am time, a chiming clock.  
I am energy, a blazing match.  
I am whatever I choose to be.  
I go unseen but I am always near.  
I am around you I am in you.  
I know you and you know me.  
I have known you before,  
now I shall meet you again.  
I am here.

--Sean White

# Sonnet

The poet's art has long ceased to be spiced  
With Flowering phrases, elegant but dead.  
And passion's flame, once long and so well-fed,  
Is now unceremoniously spliced.  
Old, honeyed words don't mean much anymore  
(The Elizabethans took care of that):  
Our lines are lean and blunt, bred free of fat --  
I wonder sometimes what a love song's for.  
There's something in the way we talk of love  
That reminds me of corporate enterprise,  
Objective being: just secure the loot.  
The thrill in the pursuit, or lack thereof  
Bypasses hearts to tempt our lustful eyes.  
Has love's belabored point been rendered moot?

-- Matt Treder



## Moonlight's End

There is a place where moonlight ends,  
Where the hot wind blows and tall grass bends,  
And you and I might still be friends  
There where the moonlight ends.

Her lunar light taught us to sing;  
Two searching hearts out wandering.  
But song, like light, is a fickle thing  
When the moon hides in a cloud.

The summer nights stretched into fall,  
And fall shrinks back at winter's call.  
The moon still hovers over all--  
A white face, pale and proud.

There is a place where moonlight ends--  
I went there once, and lost a friend.  
If you would come, I'd go back again  
To plant down....where the moonlight ends.

--Matt Treder

## The Color Mustard Yellow

Mustard is outgoing,  
Mustard is a marriage better off ending in divorce.  
Obviously obnoxious is Mustard,  
And an open lesion is Mustard, too.  
Mustard grew up in New Jersey,  
Mustard is America, but America won't claim Mustard.  
Toxic waste is Mustard,  
Industry is Mustard,  
Mustard is two things repeatedly redundant.  
Mustard is a deep pool of honey and blood.  
Rebellion is Mustard,  
Unforgettable is Mustard.  
Mustard is a slap in the face,  
Mustard is as lovely as spraying mace.

--Sean Genson



# THE KISS

I tread on clouds above this lovely day.  
The moon is gone the sun is here to stay.  
The sound of wind is in my mind and soul,  
And when you speak I'm at your beck and call.

My love, the sky; my earth, my universe,  
You sigh and in your eyes I am submerged.  
When you see, all else is cold and bleak,  
I need your touch so soft, your breath so sweet.

I give my life, my love to you alone,  
I give myself to you beneath the sun.  
Your lovely, shining hazel eyes that gleam,  
Please, my darling, give yourself to me.

So now you fall upon my feet, your kiss,  
sends me to heaven up above the mist.

--Sean White

## First Communion

*The air was still and dusty.  
Pipe-driven waves of worship surged over the pews  
And crashed at the stained-glass altar.  
There in genuflected silence  
I pretended that each bared head held a halo  
And the wise old predator before me  
Not a Father, but a circling vulture,  
Waited hungrily to pick at fetid souls.  
I raised my sinful head in pangs of perfidity  
And opened my mouth to receive the sacrament  
That scorched my tongue and hissed  
As it dissolved my throat, and the lump inside.  
Alive in the air, the warped light tore through thought:  
Spirit-drawn shards reflected off bright pods in my eyes.  
Leaving the altar that morning,  
I was changed.  
I knew I was forgiven...  
Or damned.*

-- Matt Treder



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# Snowdrifts

I waited in the snowdrifts  
Outside the empty park, where Mom had promised  
To pick me up when she got off work  
Dry lips pinched, I counted out loud  
The prints left in this day-old powder  
Wondering whose waffle-iron tracks had been here  
And where they are now

I waited in the snowdrifts  
Frightened and muffled in silence  
My thick breath clung inside my muffler  
My toes curled inside their padded prisons  
I searched the fog for signs of wavering  
Headlights in the distance  
And I waited

I sat in a snowbank  
And contemplated life in walnut shells  
The tiny protectors of the tender meat  
The blackest ridges, the bony brown ripples  
Fragile and rigid  
Like the rules we live by  
Like the fishbone skeletons, like my like mother

And I waited for my thoughts  
To numb, like my nose,  
Beyond pain

--Matt Treder

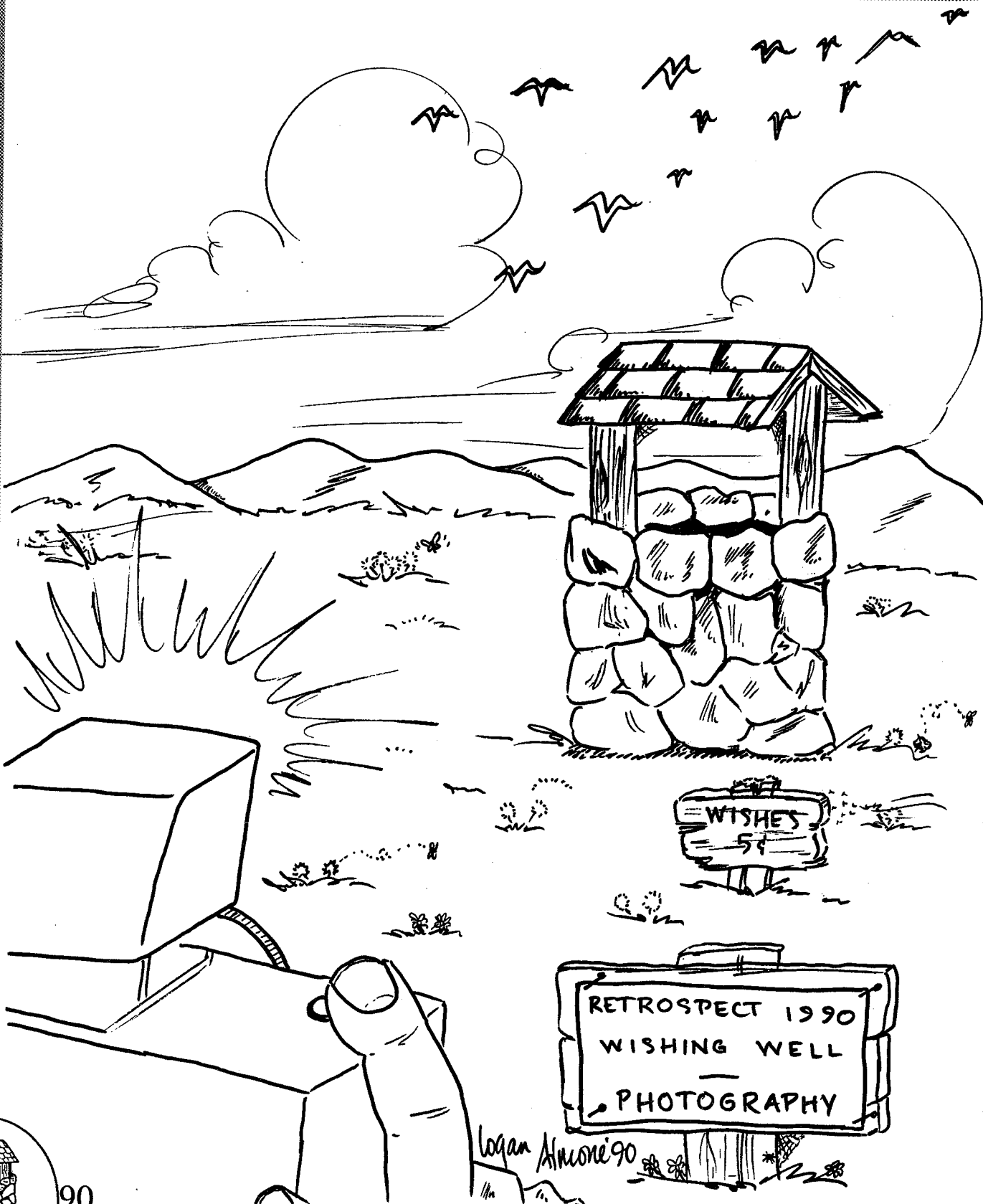
## THE WIND

The wind and I  
Have been together.  
Whispering softly  
We have made friends.  
Raging fiercely,  
We have made enemies.  
The wind and I  
Have run together.  
Sometimes crushing  
What gets in our way.  
Sometimes hurting too much.

--Misty Richards

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Logan Almoné '90



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BY BOB MCCLURE



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BY JUDIE ANDERSON

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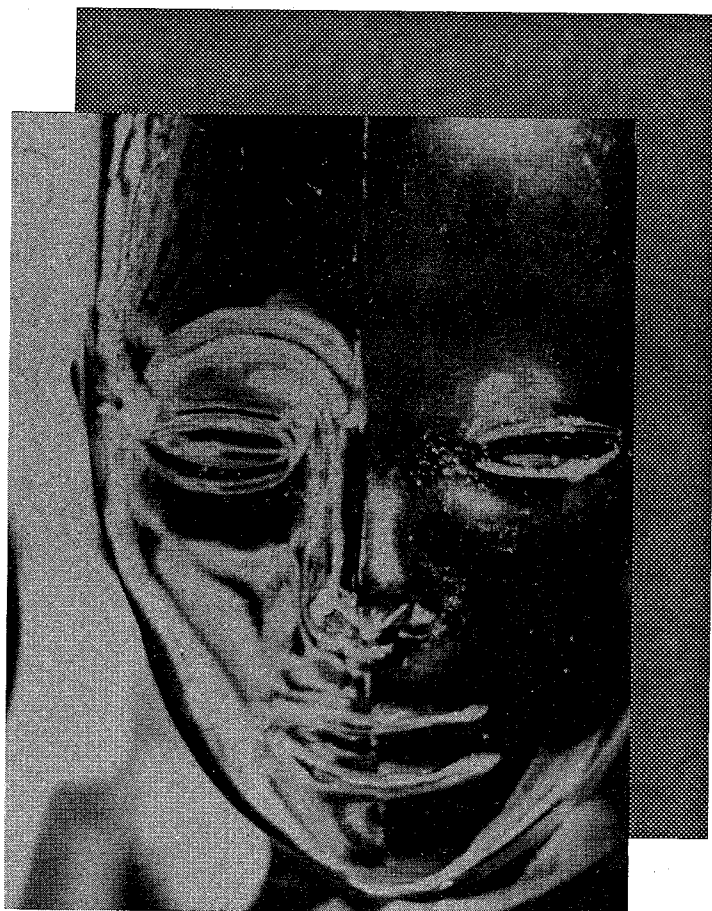
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BY WRENN CARR



BY DELAYNA ALLEN



BY WRENN CARR



BY WRENN CARR

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# PATRONS

Wishing Well...Well Wishers

## BUSINESS

Central Washington Flooring  
Downtown Pharmacy  
Ellensburg Floral  
Han's Gym  
Jana's Holmstead Storage  
Jerrol's Bookstore  
King Video Cable  
KQBE  
Mackner Scales  
Modern Optical  
Pautzke Bait Co.  
Taco Time  
Wright's Engine Sales

## Family

Joe & Myrna Antonich  
The Bovos Family  
Dale & Diana Dyk  
Michael & Carol Genson  
William & Marian Gerrits  
The Gilligan Family  
Duane Hall  
Ginger Harmon  
Greg & Alana Kummer  
Mary Owens  
John & Julie Pearson  
Lynn Weissenfels  
Chris & Barbara Williams

## Student

Angie Adams	Nicole Huppert	James R. Ryan
Logan Aimone	Kim Keller	Sarah Rydman
Doug Anderson	Erika Kelly	Christopher Morten Smith
Bonnie Bonell	Karen Kittelson	Jean Smith
Linda Bunce	Jenny Kummer	Anne Marie Sorenson
Wren Carr	Darren McKean	Maggie Stratton
Karissa Case	LaRonna Montgomery	Sarah Treder
Scott Cervine	Trish Oravits	Kerry Volland
Julie Cotton	Trista Patterson	Sean White
Linda Draney	Michelle Pearson	Elizabeth Williams
Jeana Frazzini	Robin Peterson	Cheryl Williamson
Anna Hogberg	Jacquie Reuble	Julie Wilson
Shawna Holman	Karen Reyes	Hillary Wright

