

Class Reunions

by Beverly Denver

Five years ago I went to my high school class reunion. That year, the walk down memory lane turned out to be an incredible experience — a trip of a lifetime. More of the classmates showed up at that event than at any of the previous such gatherings, and a good many of us came with the specific goals to reconnect and recapture a bit of something we'd lost.

The chairman of the event — Buzz — lived up to his name. He did a super job getting the word out early and creating high interest for the reunion. Through his dedicated efforts, momentum built and built and built.

Internet technology made it possible for Buzz to do what he did. First, he sent mailings often and en masse. He made us Bear Kats well aware of the details of the planned activities, which of the classmates had committed to being there, etc. Secondly, he encouraged each of us to “reply to all” and share memories (and long-kept secrets) of our years together.

It worked! By the time the Homecoming weekend arrived, we had become that class again — bonded in ways that only time, shared history and a ton of recent revelations could produce! We showed up in Bossier City, Louisiana that October in high spirits and with expectations high. We were not disappointed.

That weekend I re-connected with good friends I hadn't seen or talked to years. Those initial re-meetings were warm and welcoming, with plenty of big smiles and bear hugs to go around. Conversations were candid and effortless. Talk centered on our enduring friendships and plans to get together more often. Unlike at our 10-year reunion, when the focus was on budding careers and efforts to acquire, all of us seemed more interested in “the others.”

When I attended that reunion it was the first one I'd been to in 15 years. I'm not sure why I missed out on some of the reunions held during that period of time, but I did. And, even though my parents still live in my old hometown, I had never been one to seek out old friends when I went to visit there. I lost touch with many individuals I sincerely missed and cared about by simply not making the effort to keep in touch. Unfortunately, many of the others in my class were guilty of the same thing.

We talked about this at that reunion. We came to realize that the responsibilities that go along with being young wives and husbands (not to mention young mothers and fathers) had a lot to do with our drifting apart. In knowing that, we were able to look forward even more to the opportunities of middle age — more time for ourselves and for those who still mean so very much to us!

Since that reunion, I have seen my closest high school girlfriends many, many times. I've seen them in Louisiana when I go home, in Texas when they come down to see me, in Arizona where one of them lives, in Colorado when we all met there one summer. And very soon, I'll be seeing them all again, this time in Bossier City, at another high school class reunion. This upcoming reunion, without question, is the most anticipated one of all.

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