

*Over the years, much talk has been made of old Eagle and new Eagle, a new regime, new educators and old educators. We talk about what happened “back in the days”, reset, how Eagle has changed and a whole bunch of, “I remember when” and “things are different now because...”*

*A few years ago, while sitting in an educator’s office, there was a question about respect and who is “Eagle” enough. There was a conversation about who missed out on this or who was not around for that. When you come to Eagle in the sixth grade, endure the good and bad and stay until graduation, **YOU ARE DAY ONE!** When you can contribute to conversations about coming to Eagle, reflect on those conversations, and remember what you were doing at that specific moment, **YOU ARE DAY ONE!***

As I entered the front doors of PS 271, completely ignorant to the culture and type of school Eagle Academy was, I had the expectation of a co-ed junior high school that would tolerate my childish behavior with little repercussion to give. The administration of Eagle set the tone early. They made sure everything they said was clear and needed to be followed with precise instructions. Almost all the staff carried on daily with a militant attitude. The next year I felt better socially. I developed better relationships with educators. We were actually becoming a family. We as housemates and classmates did almost everything together, which made it easier for us to relate and connect to one another. Our relationship with the educators got better the longer we stayed at Eagle because, like our classmates, we just became closer people overall. As we were preparing for high school, and wondering who was going to stay at Eagle or leave to another school, the educators pushed every scholar to study and get ready to take the Regents exams.

High school was brand new to all the scholars and all of the staff so no one knew what to expect. This was the year we all had to readjust and change focus because we didn’t have the same educators anymore and we were looking at things from a different perspective. 10<sup>th</sup> grade might have been the hardest year in high school for me for many reasons. The idea of getting out of high school started to set in and brought on a resentment and uncertainty. **This dilemma I was going through showed me what our principal meant when he speaks of family.** If an educator saw me falling off he/she would pull me to the side to speak with me and give great advice. These same educators are now individuals I consider great mentors and friends. 11th grade was a good year because I just joined the lacrosse team

while participating in 2 corporate internships. I started forming goals and creating plans on how to accomplish them. My last year of high school was the year of pure focus. I was still a bit silly, but I knew I had to get it right. The race for college acceptances, securing a job and creating resumes was definitely a priority. We had to balance preparing for the next step and trying to make our last few months of high school memorable. Relationships between educators and scholars were well-established and I was able to graduate and go off to college. Freshman year of college was the pilot year for me. I went in thinking I knew what I wanted but finished the school year with a completely different interest. As I entered my second year of college, I was able to figure out what subjects I was able to excel in and what would help me in my career choice. I am now a father to a beautiful child and working part-time at Eagle and looking forward to continuing my education.