

## Memories

Think back my friends to a simpler time,  
To the days of our youth, to a life so sublime,  
To a time of innocence, no pressure, no worry,  
We always ore a smile, we were never in a hurry.  
Life was much slower, the world was so small,  
Family and friends and school, that was all.

Today we share a piece of that glorious past,  
It seems like only yesterday, though it went by so fast.

Think back to a time without a single care,  
Try to picture it now, like we're actually there.  
Picture a neighborhood on the southwest side,  
Were a love and a security and warmth abide.

Picture a building made of bricks and glass,  
And chairs and desk, sometimes forty in a class,  
Chalkboards and books and posters on the walls,  
Pictures and essays hung up in the halls.

Teachers who molded and guided and lead,  
Not by their words, but by example instead.

McMillian and Murnane and Sister P.T. ,  
McLaughlin and Murjais, Sanchez and Rybicki,  
In the office lived Wanda and Sister Loretta Clare,  
Who was tough and strict, but always fair.

Mr. Mallon keep the building safe and sound,  
Though the smell of sawdust was always around.  
So many nuns and priest who showed us the clue  
To living our faith and restoring it too.

People who performed a thankless task,  
Who gave it their all, more than we could ask.

These people were special, angels if you will,  
They influenced our lives, and they're doing it still.  
We called it our school, but it was truly much more,  
A place to learn and to grow and to explore.

We thank God for our memories, we're abundantly blessed,  
This place has prepared us for life's every test.  
It's true we're the lucky ones, we can humbly say,  
It's evident in the faces we see here today.

So no matter where we are and wherever we roam,  
We can proudly declare, "St Nick's was our home"

By an Anonymous Alum