

From Jeanine Smyth Maier, CCA alumna, Class of 1991

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Mrs. White - I will be unable to attend the dinner this coming Friday night, but I did want to submit a few CCA memories.

Of all the good times at CCA over the 9 years that I attended, I have a few memories that stand out and make me smile:

~~I remember Dale Fillmore's dedication as he sacrificed his personal time for his students. On a few occasions he committed his Saturday to host our class at his home for an SAT review. It was a great time of socialization, of learning in a relaxed setting and, of course, ordering pizza!

~~Sometimes, when I use 25-cent words, someone will speak up with a "Hey - that's a great word!". And I reply, "Kate Franklin, 8th grade Vocabulary class". I added more great terms to my personal dictionary in that one year than I probably have my entire life. And which of us 8th graders could forget the day we dressed up as our favorite word? My word was "nuptial" and I wore my mom's wedding dress.

~~Oh the days of being young and free to act like it! I remember photographing Shannon (Insalaco) Durant in the high school hallway performing her tribute to Mikhail Baryshnikov by leaping and clicking her heels together. That photo actually made it into the yearbook. It is simply one of those moments in time that was imprinted on my brain, much like the imprinting of the photo itself. The friendships formed at CCA were good ones - close ones - friendships that were designed by God to last a lifetime. And, in case anyone is inclined to think that friendship is all smiles and hugs, let me point out a couple of times my friendship with Shannon was tested: We were on our way back from a missions trip to Ireland our freshman year of high school, I believe, taking a late-night bus from Toronto to The Chapel parking lot. I had a window seat and slept with my head against the glass. Shannon laid her head in my lap to sleep. When we arrived at church, we found that she'd drooled all over my dress. The biggest test of our friendship, however, was when Shannon got sick one high school day. She was in the restroom, heaving into the toilet, with her long hair hanging in her face. I stood behind her in the stall and, trying to suppress my own urge to gag, scooped up her hair as she finished vomiting. And that, Folks, in my opinion, is the mark of a truly solid friendship. :)

~~My cousin Heather (Lingenfelter) Ambrose attended CCA for a few years while she lived in Buffalo. For a time, we were both on the high school girls soccer team. I was NOT a great player and, in fact, my only real contribution to the game was the fact that I was a pretty fast runner. However, I was NOTHING in comparison to Heather. She was a bit shorter than me, yet faster. Boy oh boy, could that girl run like the wind... She was SO fast, in fact, that Mr. John Dayton used to refer to her as "Wheels".

~~My first year at CCA (4th grade) was my only year in attendance that didn't include my mother as a CCA employee. Essentially, my entire CCA experience included her daily presence on the first floor. This was both a blessing and a curse as I could go to her if I needed something, and yet she was well-informed by Mrs. Ruth Adams if I made a mis-step. Which, of course, I didn't. Ever. Right, Mom? Mom?

Thank you, Mrs. White!