

How did the old poem go?

“The stucco walls and tinted glass
Form a world that now is passed...”

Has it really been 55 years since I penned those words

And they were printed in the second annual of Royal High School?
And now we look towards Reunion...

So many have passed on?

What is it two or three generation?

And I wonder at the seeds each of us have sown
Throughout our lives.

The deeds we have done,

The projects we have completed,
The careers we have given ourselves to,
The dreams we have pursued,
The children and grandchildren we have...

We were the Children of the Sixties.

We were going to change the world
And the world has been changed
By us and by others
But the changes are not complete
Each generation adds their influence to the mix
And I wonder where it all will lead
When our influence is over.

I still find myself inspired

By our innocence
And our idealism
And our music
And our dreams

And I find my conclusion back then

Is still the same conclusion for today:
That we should cherish it all
“And let not a memory die
Of our days at Royal High.”

--Knotts--

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