



**THE MEMORY PIT: NOSTALGICALLY LEFT  
BEHIND, BUT HOPEFULLY NOT FORGOTTEN.**

*Written by* SCOTT L. HUTCHINSON  
HEAD OF SCHOOL

# FREDERICA ACADEMY CLASS OF 2022



William Jacob Aiken

Helen Catherine Arline

Merrill Heisey Been

Roy Jerome Boyd III

Josephine Elizabeth Brock

Annika Noelle Clark

Harry Ivor Driggers II

Hannah Marie Dunlap

Adam Ahmed Elsharkawi

Ashton Stewart Frankel

Jocelyne Edaly Galdamez

David Tyler Garcia

Olivia Marie Gosden

Jaxson Kenneth Grotz

Sophia Lauren Holloway

Ty'Rese Kenyon Nikino Horne

Thomas Eric Jackson

Greta Windolf Johnston

Carter Lynn Jules

Andrew Sheehan Kaminer

Benjamin Cole Lawrence

Mary Lillian LePree

Holly Annabelle Lewis

Zoe Emma Linert

EmmaClaire Andrea Mitchell

Evan Marshall Moitoso

Madison Abigail Morgan

Jacob Michael O'Connor

Grant Douglas Offner

Cameron Elise Pope

Bryce Anderson Reilly

Charles O'Brien Runyan

Eleanor Anne Runyan

Parker Abbott Schoenauer

Raymond Dennis Shingler

Chandler Tate Sitz

Katelyn Brooke Sitz

Charlotte Morgan Snyder

Jon Phillip Spiers

Spencer Edward Sullivan

Megan Marie Trowbridge

Juliana Paige Turner

Riley James Turner

Zachry Thomas Veal, Jr.

Marissa Paige Vivirito

Kathryn Nicole Walbridge

The seniors on the steps of Sea Island Green basking idly in the sun,  
Were reminiscing on their high school careers, and all that they had done.

"We have played some sports, we have tried some arts, and we have certainly studied our fair share,  
It's off to college now, then life beyond... Let's move on from here to there."

The years flew by that afternoon... Sharing dreams 'til it was late;  
They were through their thirties by 4:15; their forties and fifties by 8:00.  
Some talked of careers, moves to far off cities, and families yet to be.  
Past midnight they were bemoaning their retirement years, nursing homes by quarter to three.

"Wonder where we'll all be in fifty years?" "Probably lots of different places."  
"Think we'll even remember today?" There was uncertainty on everyone's faces.

"What can we do to preserve this moment, as we all can feel it slipping away?"  
"Let's make a plan...right here this minute...we'll make a plan today."

"Let's bury a time capsule," Spencer suggested. "We'll have everyone put something in."  
"Then we'll dig it up in fifty years. Think we can find this spot again?"

Adam and Andrew plotted site coordinates using a formula no one knew;  
Josie remarked that just for the night she would leave behind her soccer shoe.

The deal was done in a moment's notice, a plan to preserve what they knew;  
Then they all went home for a couple of hours of sleep, back tomorrow with a task to do.

The last two there were Bryce and Jacob, both looking a bit perplexed;  
When they first heard the idea, it didn't make sense, they had already exchanged a text.

"If everyone brought an item or two," Bryce thought, "How could it ever all fit?"  
"That simply won't work," Jacob replied. "Actually, we'll need to dig a pit."

The two got shovels from the maintenance shed and were digging knee deep by 3:30;  
They dug that pit nearly twelve feet deep; by the end they were dog-tired and dirty.

When the seniors returned with the rising sun, each clutching some precious prize;  
They witnessed the pit and the two sleeping classmates, and they scarcely believed their eyes.

Charlie, class prez, stepped forward to begin, in went his soccer shoe;  
"Let's all line up and get started," he barked, "or there's no chance we'll ever get through."

So the seniors lined up, without rhyme or reason, it was quite a sight that day;  
All 46, each with an object or two, there really was no other way.

First in line were Kate and Ellie, each brought a dog to the pit,  
Both pets were excited by the gathering crowd, with help, though, they managed to sit.

Ellie threw in her cross country shoes, Kate dropped in her broken-string racquet.  
Thomas tossed in the cast from his arm last fall and his favorite letterman's jacket.

Jon Phillip placed in some hunting gear; along with a rod and reel.  
Both dogs getting restless, took a look at Jon's lures, and decided to make them a meal.

Annika dropped in a sketch pad and a small swatch from Rosie's dress,  
Adam chipped in some T-Rex bones, fossils intact more or less.

Helen brought a mixed tape of songs and her worn out spinning shoes;  
Ramie deposited two dumbbells and a workout app he'd never use.

He threw in a kettle bell as well and a few old strength bands too;  
If he or Grant needed these in fifty years, they could always buy them new.

In this class of seniors, many competed in all kinds of games and sports;  
In fact the pit could probably be filled to the top with school uniform shorts.

Olivia, Parker, and Sophia, all galloped straight from the stable;  
Brought handfuls of stuff all intermixed, to be sorted out on top of a table.

Olivia threw in a thread-bare saddle; Parker's riding boots found in her room;  
Sophia, from in her garage, a card from dressage, and Donna Sheridan's' full costume.

Bryce and Jacob awakened now, had nothing to put in the pit;  
They hadn't had time to journey home; they had only been up for a bit.

In their trucks though, they each found balls of all kinds, cleats, and a lone shoulder pad.  
The two just dumped the whole mess into the pit; still drowsy, that's all they had.

Marissa brought coffee from her morning gig, she couldn't hang around all day;  
She had dance that afternoon soon after work; then an evening shift began right away.

William (read: Jacob) threw in nautical charts and a well-worn sea captain's cap;  
Ramie, watching sleepily off to the side, dozed off for his usual nap.

Merrill and David were both in a hurry, they had fancy of flight on their mind;  
Piloting aircraft that day, threw in oxygen masks; that's really all either could find.

Josie and Jax brought marine science texts; books they had long since read;  
Josie kicked in a ball and Jaxson lobed in a racquet; "Not a problem," each pleasantly said.

Madison brought her cello, surrendering it was more than she could bear;  
She walked away from the side of the pit and sat down in a nearby chair.

Then Evan sauntered up, threw in drum sticks, and calmly laid in his sax;  
"The music we make will live on," he consoled; and Madison was able to relax.

In went the cello, a long-time companion, gently laid down on top,  
Nestled next to Holly's lifeguard vest and Parker's worn black riding crop.

Now the hole was filling up quickly, and there were still more seniors in line;  
The pit was too shallow, that was now plain to see, at this point that was not a good sign.

T.J. dashed by, but just for a moment; he was finishing his half mile race;  
Mary was dancing, as only she could, a broad smile brightly lit up her face.

Zoe put in her pickle ball paddle; she had finished lifeguarding that day;  
Julie was foster parenting a puppy that morning and had a hard time slipping away.

But she came for a few moments and placed in a photo of her newest canine adoptee,  
The picture was of her dog asleep on her lap, and was inarguably as cute as could be;

Spencer decided to part with his trench coat, his signature fashion piece;  
With any money that he received from tutoring, for college he might buy a fleece.

Megan and Ashton were next in line, they both love working with kids;  
Hannah was dropping in a psychology text; she was tired of both egos and ids.

Megan actually brought a child to the pit; she was babysitting her all day;  
The child asked Mary for a tip on dancing; then the three girls skipped merrily away.

Carter and Andrew threw in high-tech software; cybersecurity was their thing.  
Greta, dressed as Tanya and carrying Delilah, simply lobbed in an old guitar string.

The pit was filling fast as one might imagine; there was second guessing if it all would fit;  
Of course there was room for Lottie's roller shoes and crafts, and Harry's old baseball mitt.

Jocelyn and Cammie pitched in stethoscopes, the devices both fell deep into the hole;  
Buried well underneath Emmy's pom poms and the collection of old movies from Cole.

Cammie remained with a microscope in hand; Jocelyn had one as well;  
Cammie decided she'd part with hers finally, it bothered her a bit, you could tell.

Cole also had some dinosaur bones and he wanted them in the pit;  
Ellie was still working with her service dog, they were now well past "fetch" and "sit."

Both Grant and Roy brought investment reports, Wall Street moguls still working for free;  
Grant dropped in a racquet and Roy his driver, one that saved him for years off the tee.

Ty'Rese and Riley placed in video games; intensely playing until they finally let go;  
In fact, they were sorry to have dropped them in, but retrieving them was an absolute "No."

Chandler and Katelyn traipse in exhausted, they had given community work their all;  
Still Chandler threw in his favorite tennis racquet; Katelyn shot in an old basketball.

One could peer down into the pit, now less than a foot from the top;  
The last of the seniors were gone from the line, the activity ground to a stop.

Ashton remained to fill the hole, there was no one left standing around;  
He cleaned up the area, kicked in his cleat, and finished by smoothing the ground.

Scattered on the grass surrounding the pit were items dropped while standing in line;  
Ashton decided to sweep them all in, "Everyone will think that is fine."

Captains arm bands and senior roses swept in with a Young Life shirt;  
An Eagle Scout badge and a lifeguard's whistle, both completely covered in dirt.

There was a brochure on livestock management and a cybersecurity plan;  
A megaphone and a food critic's notes, imagine that if you can.

There was UGA wares all over the place; bumper stickers and sweatshirts abound;  
There was video editing and graphic design pieces trampled now deep into the ground.

There were a few chess pieces strewn in the weeds, and a digital character design still intact,  
A couple of National Honor Society certificates and a Model UN award, that's a fact.

There were men's and women's competition swim suits, hunting and fishing gear galore;  
A volleyball uniform and a plastic toy plane, the pit simply couldn't accommodate more.

When Ashton departed and the pit disappeared, stood an empty and lonely Corn Hall;  
But beneath Sea Island Green and in the hearts of the seniors, were the memories and friendships of all.

This senior class has been a special collection of personalities, talents, and drive;  
These young adults will flourish in life; they'll do much more than survive.

Their idea of a pit to help them remember one chapter of their young lives,  
Might actually be fun to dig up in time with their husbands, their children, and wives.

That first question, though, on that May afternoon was still the right one to ask;  
When the seniors are really seniors and approaching their seventies, is finding the pit still a doable task?

