

Our names are Lori, Jill, Debby, and Christine, and we have a story to share. It's one of friendship...

Never did we envision the depth and commitment of our bond when we came together at Westminster College at Shaw Hall in the autumn of 1983. Two of us on 1st South; two of us on 2nd South. We were "hamburgers and cheeseburgers" as we went through the greeting games of orientation. Two of us were Alpha Gams, one an independent, one a Zeta. Two in sports, two not. Not one of us had the same major: we became a teacher, lawyer, business woman, and accountant. By the end of our four years together, we had an arsenal of memories miles long. Thirty five years later, we remain inseparable.

Our annual trips started simply. We went for a long weekend in Florida. There, we made the pact to take turns planning the next adventures. For some crazy reason, we thought every other year would suffice. That didn't last long, of course. It soon became evident that our trips would be yearly AND they needed to be much longer. Thank goodness we solved that dilemma! It's the week after Father's Day and it has inched up from four days to 6-7 days. Much better and much needed! We've celebrated births of children, healed broken hearts, suffered the loss of parents, rejoiced in new marriages, moved into different homes, faced health crises, and changed jobs. We now reside in Arizona, Florida, Georgia, and Pennsylvania. Miles apart, yet so very strongly together.

Traditions upon traditions have been established through the years. Foremost is our intense euchre tournament. Same partners year to year, which we trace all the way back to our nights in Browne Hall. We have a traveling score card coupled with a box of symbolic items from different trips---crushed sunglasses, ticket stubs, food wrappers, parking tickets...

Furthermore, if it's one friend's turn to pick, the rest need to know where we are destined to travel by Thanksgiving. The brainstorming, undoubtedly, begins when we're together, but if there's a "here or there" dilemma, Thanksgiving is the deadline. That friend is then responsible for securing the accommodations and a basic itinerary. Our goal is to visit places we may not visit otherwise: South Dakota, Maine, Hawaii, Rhode island, Oregon, Wyoming, Idaho, Kentucky, an RV trip through Colorado...the list goes on and memories are vast. This year it was Minnesota (so we could visit Paisley Park!) and next year we'll head to the Gulf Shores of Alabama (it's Lori's turn).

Friends and family alike ask, "So where are you girls heading this year?" They know our pattern and know everything else comes before or after our trip. We know how special this time is. We know how blessed our lives are. We know how cherished this friendship is. We're the kind of friends who hold hearts as well as hands. Our spirits are laced together as we journey down our individual paths of life. We listen, we laugh, we treasure, we respect. We know this friendship has grown finer.

However, what we grasp now, we didn't know that day we met on the lawn moving into Shaw Hall in 1983. Westminster was the foundation. We could not possibly have found a more magnificent place to start.

Jill Callahan Fidel (Delray Beach, FL)

Christine Martuccio (Mowrey) (Sharon, PA)

Debby Potter Carrig (John's Creek, GA)

Lori Siracuse (Grimaldi) (Peoria, AZ)

---Class of 1987---