

On the evening of July 17, 1996, Heaven cried. The French Club of Montoursville High was on the trip of a lifetime as the sixteen students and five adults who were aboard TWA Flight 800 brought the world's focus on Montoursville because of the tragedy of their deaths.

The community, state, nation and, indeed, the world, gave whatever concern, sympathy and help that could be offered to a place that had lost so much so quickly. The me-

dia descended on the high school and anywhere in the community where there was thought to be a story.

There was quite a story to be told. Sixteen of the best students that Montoursville could boast of were tragically gone. Some had just graduated and were treating themselves to Paris before heading off to college. Daniel Baszczewski, Rance Hettler, Jody Loudenslager and Jacquelin Watson had given Montoursville their

best and were moving on to college.

Jessica Aikey, Jordan Bower, Amanda Karschner, Kimberly Rogers, Monica Weaver and Wendy Wolfson were excited because they were to be the new seniors in school. The big year that they had been working for was suddenly taken from them and they from us.

Michelle Bohlin, Monica Cox, Cheryl Nibert and Larissa Uzupis were ready for the challenges that face juniors. They were embarking on

an adventure before taking on the tasks of college admissions testing, double math loads and the knowledge that this was the year for the big push so that they could get to their choice of schools.

Claire Gallagher and Julia Grimm were no longer freshmen. They were so anxious to be seasoned veterans of the high school experience who could now look forward to passing that test for that long-awaited driver's license.

In addition to

these outstanding youth, we suffered the loss of the young at heart Mrs. Deborah Dickey, a faculty favorite of students, was not only taking her beloved French Club with her to Paris, but she was also taking her beloved husband Douglas with her. Mrs. Judy Rupert, a high school secretary with more years of service than she would admit, was finally going to see the Eiffel Tower. Mrs. Eleanor Wolfson was sharing her daughter's excitement and was giving of herself



Jessica L. Aikey
Class of 1997



Daniel E. Baszczewski
Class of 1996



Michelle E. Bohlin
Class of 1998



Jordan M. Bower
Class of 1997



Monica E. Cox
Class of 1998



Claire A. Gallagher
Class of 1999



Julia D. Grimm
Class of 1999



Rance M. Hettler
Class of 1996



Deborah A. Dickey
French teacher

I'm Free (author unknown)

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard Him call.
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I found that place at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss.
Ah yes, these things, I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow.
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savored much:
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief.
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me.
God wanted me now, He set me free...

to make the trip possible. Mrs. Carol Fry was simply doing something that she loved best- traveling with outstanding company.

While the relatives suffered with the heartbreak of recovery and identification, the community experienced catharsis as the high school became a funeral home with the gym suddenly becoming a church and the lobby exhibiting cards, posters, flowers and other forms of support and sympathy from all over the world.

On the month's anniversary of the tragedy, a community-wide memorial service was held on the new football field. The service was televised live to many parts of the nation and many people offered their words of comfort. Governor Ridge and Mayor Giuliani of New York City joined the people of the community to express their sympathy. Members of the clergy joined faculty, students and administration in honoring the memory of the victims and the cour-

age and examples set by the bereaved families. Hardened police and fire officers of the New York Pipe and Drum Band openly wept; the New York City Boys' Choir opened their voices in tribute to those they hadn't known before but seemed to know very well now.

It was a time that no one will forget. July 17, 1996 will become, as faculty member Mr. Donald King said, a marker for a generation just as previous tragedies had been for those who are older.

There are no words that can comfort those who are only left with memories of these wonderful people. Montoursville has suffered unimaginable grief. We will sorely miss those who have left us. It is especially difficult when thinking of the loss of so many young lives. If they could give us any message to those of us who remain, it would probably be this: "Use my years."

There will be, there must be, more trips just as there must be

school again and laughter, sometime, again. We must, above all else, use their years to the fullest as they would have done. The French Club and their chaperones were living life to the fullest on the trip of a lifetime.

On July 17, 1996, Montoursville cried. Montoursville's loss was Heaven's gain.



Amanda M. Karschner
Class of 1997



Jody L. Loudenslager
Class of 1996



Cheryl L. Nibert
Class of 1998



Kimberly M. Rogers
Class of 1997



Larissa M. Uzupis
Class of 1998



Jacquelin A. Watson
Class of 1996



Monica M. Weaver
Class of 1997



Wendy J. Wolfson
Class of 1997



Carol A. Fry



Judith K. Rupert



Eleanor M. Wolfson

Douglas Dickey
photo unavailable