

Ever since I can remember, I had worn my grandfather's old baseball hat. After many years, it became worn, tattered, faded, but I still loved it. Not too long ago, I was forced to retire my old hat to my closet shelf. It was not that I wanted to set it aside; it was that I needed to. So I went to the store and picked out a new hat. This hat gleamed fresh with brilliant colors. It does not replace my old hat; it simply follows it. When I open up my closet and I see my old hat sitting there, I think of the great memories I had with it. And even though I hated to stop wearing my old hat, I kind of like this new one.

Ever since we can remember, we have been the "Indians." After many years, our jerseys became worn, tattered, faded, but we still loved them. Not too long ago, we were forced to retire the "Indians" to the banners high above our gymnasium floor. It was not that we wanted to set them aside; it was that we needed to. So we went to the voting booths and picked out a new name. This logo gleamed fresh with brilliant colors. It does not replace the "Indians"; it simply follows it. When we look up at the banners and see the Indian championship teams of years past, we think of the great memories we had with them. And even though I hated to stop being the Indians, I accept the Eagles.

~Jim Hawver