

## Reflections of the Class of 1982

**By Mary Cahalane**

Thirty years ago, computers were large, mysterious machines kept in the basement of Pfeiffer that only the initiated could reverently approach.

This year, thanks to the wonders of the internet, the class of '82 started our reunion months ago on Facebook. One thing we quickly discovered was that music was, and continues to be, our common language.

So let's play a little game. Let's throw a few lyrics in our reflection. See if you can play along.

Where do we start? [Do I have to tell the story of a thousand rainy days since we first met?](#)

It felt like that, anyway, as we trudged through freshly seeded mud on the way to the cafeteria that first year. When we arrived we found plenty of food -- none of it edible except the Turkey Hill ice cream.

We adapted, learned about Famous and House of Pie, and threw ourselves into the life of the college. We might have been a little loud about it..

[Do you remember the 21st night of September?](#)

We danced. To everything from the Grateful Dead to Michael Jackson to the Rolling Stones and of course, Bruce. And we played our music -- loud. That's why dorm windows face the quad, right?

We also worked -- some of us even worked hard. All of us learned lessons, in and out of the classroom, that shape who we are today. We'll always be tied to one another through the experiences we shared during those four short years:

The Rock Island Express.

A [nuclear error, but we had no fear..](#) we got a second spring break.

The 76ers in the gym, Bruce in Lititz, and the brothers of famous guys performing for us, or looking for votes.

Now [you may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one](#) who thinks we got on pretty well.

We listened to the same radio station -- I'll pause here for the younger classes to absorb that -- and waited for the cool kids to bring back new music to share.

The college center was our living room, the television downstairs drew a crowd, and the green was

our backyard.

There wasn't much to do in Lancaster, so we made our own fun: turned the showers into pools, packed the gym for concerts or basketball games, and the Green Room for theater.

But maybe we [should know better than to think that we can return to the past.](#)

Maybe [now you're a pillar of society and you don't worry about the things that you used to be.](#)

Maybe.

But if you want to reminisce, just [call me, anytime.](#) Or better yet, find me on Facebook.

Ok, sorry. I can hear the folks from '87: "[Thank you, goodnight, now it's time to go home.](#)"

Still, it's fun to remember [people laughing and having a good time.](#)

And you know what?

[Someday we'll look back on this and it will all seem funny.](#)