

Class of 2002 History

RA's and OA's took us swing dancing and pj parading through the dorms, all around campus, and into our first brush with Lancaster nightlife – the chameleon! Next stop, college classes 101: just as we began to settle into college life, we soon lamented the long gone days of easy A's . . . we began to understand where F & M got its reputation and rumors spread of grade deflation. But no matter, we didn't worry, why? Because we relied on Dave Binder's worldly orientation advice: "I'm sorry, I didn't know, I'm a freshman!!" A large majority of us began to ponder our visceral need to go pre-med and through our Freshman seminars and Foundation classes, we learned where else our liberal arts education at F & M could lead us. Soon we began to balance our new lives filled with classes, new friends, sports practice, and the theatre. Together we learned the ropes of the dining hall and when it was better to visit the Common Ground. We learned how to cope with friends and loved ones left at home and how to begin our journey as a "fummer." As soon as Winter Break came, it went, and now we were left to ponder the question of to rush or not to rush, and then to go greek or not to go greek. We also learned that F & M never closed for snow, not even when there was two feet on the ground and class was, gasp! over 200 meters away. We saw friends adorned with ribbons and pins and heard others proclaim their status as GDI. We watched still others play games on Baker, Williamson, and Mayser and watched others race in our state of the art pool. Mostly, we will never forget dodging the cricket games on Hartman Green, playing endless games of Snood, purple mothers at Skull, the song Ghetto Superstar, the ever so long walk across Harrisburg Pike to the ASFC, pretzel sandwiches at Isaacs, and the alternating smells of manure and twizzlers. As our freshman year drew to a close, we dutifully turned over "borrowed" glasses, silverware, and cups to the D-hall; we hugged our new friends good-bye, and wondered what the next year would bring.

Our sophomore year began as we traipsed back into the dorms; this time without the help of those overly energetic RA's and OA's. At least we were finally allowed to bring cars to campus . . . even though we had to park across Harrisburg Pike. We settled back onto our fummer routines, which this year included deciding a major, snacking on spaghetti pizza, walking to turkey hill, and even watching imac computers and plastic bottles sail through the sky. Flapjack festival got us through exams. We also began to learn other things about our campus and that our health center would accidentally diagnose female, and sometimes even male, patients with pregnancy. Our sophomore year, some classes cancelled for snow, but labs still went on. We cheered on our men's basketball team as they made it to the final four.

In our Junior year, a majority of us moved off campus into townhouses, apartments, and lofts. Some of us even journeyed outside of Lancaster via a study abroad program to D.C., Australia, England, Italy, Spain, and endless other destinations. Those of us that lived on St. James or West Frederick quickly learned the woes of street cleaning and the best ways to vie for a choice parking spot. We benefited from the genesis of the College Hill apartments and quickly learned the difference between the old and new "lofts." Some of us helped others seek political asylum, while others participated in the creativity project, took part in

Take Back the Night, gained an editorial spot on the College Reporter or the Dispatch, built a house of Habitat for Humanity, and even broadcasted their own radio show.

In the last year of our time at F & M, we faced common hardships, most notably September Eleventh. We gathered together in our classes, apartments, houses, eyes glued to the news. Together, we struggled to find meaning in the tragedy in front of us, and once again turned to our peers for understanding, compassion, and even growth. We thanked our Franklin & Marshall education for our ability to listen, discern, and cope with the horrible tragedy that unfolded before our eyes. We thanked F & M admission for creating diversity within our class so that instead of criticizing difference, we learned to love and incorporate it into our everyday lives. We also learned that life had to go on. As the rest of the year unfolded, many of us received letters of acceptance into graduate school. Some of us who had traveled overseas to attend F & M began to plan their journey home; some of us decided to remain in Pennsylvania, and still others spread all around the country. And of course we still had fun: many of us discovered 2 for 1 Wednesday nights at Blue Star, our last Spring Arts, on-campus movies, last minute trips to the outlets, and Myrtle. Our last official day at F & M ended in the exact same place where our first day began, the ASFC. While we were not blessed with ideal weather that day, we gathered together and learned that our future was so bright, that all would need sunglasses to bear it. Our class had met that standard. Today, we are comprised of teachers, doctors, lawyers, writers, scientists . . . the list goes on and on and we will forever thank our time at F & M for where we are today and for the growth we will continue to experience.