

Class of 2004 – Class Reflection

We arrived on campus almost exactly fourteen years ago. FOURTEEN. YEARS. AGO. Bill Clinton was president! We brought our clam shell Macbooks, our CD's (the iPod didn't even exist until sophomore year), our N'SYNC posters, not to mention our calling cards. That's right, calling cards. Remember when people had landlines? The big news when we arrived was that Hartman Green had wifi – to which most of us said “WTF is wifi?” (Wait, did we even say WTF yet?) We would have googled it, but that was before googling was a thing. Perhaps we could have asked Jeeves.

We hustled from Foundations class to Foundations class. While at class, we left away messages on IM – 50% of which were quotes from Pink Floyd songs. But, by senior year, we were texting our friends about our homework assignments (haha, I'm just kidding – we were texting our friends to meet us at Brendee's or Hildy's).

During our four years, we made friends, played sports, drank (cheap, cheap beer), danced, fell in love, pledged, laughed, acted, learned, played music, cried, studied, studied, studied (cried some more), took the LSAT, MCAT, GRE (cried and drank), applied for jobs, applied to grad school, thought about whether we could convince our parents to spring for a fifth year – we enjoyed ourselves, we enjoyed our professors, and we enjoyed our school.

Now, ten years after graduation, we return, with our jobs, spouses/significant others, careers, children (unless you were smart enough to leave them with their grandparents – in which case, kudos), our advanced degrees, our successes and failures, and our memories. We return to visit with those we miss (including Hildy's and Brendee's), but first and foremost, we return to say thank you to Franklin and Marshall and all of you who played such a vital role in our lives. We owe our success to everyone at this school that puts their heart and soul into this place and its students.

Thank you.

Michael Gally