

Nothing Gold Can Stay

- Caroline Hooper

The famous poet Robert Frost wrote, "Nothing gold can stay." These four words strung together like bulbs on holiday lights can be interpreted in numerous ways, but the word that rings a bell with me is "gold." I interpret Frost's use of the word gold as meaning the precious things in life.

Several weeks ago the high school experienced their own version of losing their "gold." Spirit Week is a traditional three day event at the high school when students get to express the unity within their grades and dress up in ridiculously fun costumes. On the first day of Sprit Week this year, November 25th, halfway through the day students were asked to take down the decorations that adorned their respective class's hallways. Since many of the decorations did not comply with the fire regulations, students were asked to remove them. Hours of hard work and delicate effort were put into creating beautiful and eye-catching decorations. Every grade had a theme. The seniors in student government chose the colors for each class to work with during Spirit Week. Senior class colors are traditionally red and black and centered upon a theme of The Great Gatsby. Juniors were assigned purple and green. Sophomores worked with brown and yellow, and the freshmen class worked with blue and green. Each decorated hallway that morning was a blur of incredible artwork, bright colors, and decorations that made students stop and stare. To see a class bond together, simply over the fact that they united to decorate one hallway at their high school was amazing.

When each grade was called into the auditorium, we were told that, unfortunately, our decorations needed to be taken down as they were fire hazards. As seniors began walking back down the Foreign Language wing, I saw decorations already on the floor. They were ripped down, stepped on, and walked passed like some students didn't even take into consideration the hours others had slaved over these beautiful decorations.

Although it seemed unfair to many students, even to me at the time, I would like to remember the hallway as it was before the decorations were ripped to shreds. Our hallway was sparkling; the entire school was sparkling. The spirit in the high school that day was palpable. I choose to look at this blip as something that we will always remember. Many of those decorations were gold; they just couldn't stay.