

1976

Class Reunion

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Cover Page Footnote

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when he had listened to his father's laughter from below. He turned away from the corpse and rushed out of the room.

At the funeral procession Amadeo was one of the bearers of the simple casket. It carried through the town from the church to the cemetery. As was customary, the town's population fell into the procession behind the casket, the widow and the old ladies up front, shrieking and pulling their hair. Amadeo was disgusted. During the journey, he was troubled by the thought that the coffin lid might fly open, his father pop out, pointing at him, laughing so loudly

that he would infect the people around him, all of whom would also point at Amadeo and laugh. Amadeo shook his head and the vision dimmed.

The actual burial was a great relief to Amadeo. He was anxious to return to Rome as soon as he could. During the ceremony he noticed a stranger watching him. As Amadeo and his mother were leaving the gates of the cemetery, the stranger followed them, then walked beside them. Small, with a black beard, and a dark frock coat which covered nearly his entire body, the stranger introduced himself as the man of letters who had invited Amadeo to his home in the north.

Amadeo stood staring at the man unbelievably. Why, he asked the stranger, had he inconvenienced himself so?

The man smiled and put his arm around Amadeo's shoulders. He had heard of Amadeo's great loss. Though scheduled to leave Europe, he had cancelled all his plans and decided to stay with Amadeo during this difficult period. He knew how emotionally upset Amadeo must be. After all, a father is always a father, and a son's first education. Such a loss cannot be taken lightly!

Yes, answered Amadeo, that is certainly true.

Class Reunion

By David J. Crerand

Eight years of separation caused my classmates
 To look uglier than I had ever remembered.
 Laughter and hugging could not disguise
 What once again had drawn us together.
 We spoke kindly of those who had died
 Though each of us knew that during their lifetimes
 Few of us had even liked them.
 The girl I had once worshipped from afar
 Was made up not unlike a whore,
 And the class president had been left behind.
 The teachers whom we had hated
 Because we were expected to
 Remained targets, when their backs were turned.
 We exchanged our expectations, our dreams,
 Smiling all the while.
 We looked at all the losers and hoped
 We would never have to face them again.