

Look at us now...

On September 1, 1995, our last days at St. Paul High School finally began to come to a close. It seemed like only yesterday we were learning our A, B, C's and 1, 2, 3's. Despite losing many of our classmates we were fortunate to gain some new ones. We made friendships and were faced with many troubles, but through it all we stayed together as a class.

While making our way through elementary school our class seemed to be making a name for itself, "The Class of Innocence!" Teachers thought of us as the class of the future. Perfection was a second nature to us, thanks to having Mrs. Grommet twice, in second and then again in fourth grade.

We entered Junior High as sixth graders, but we would not be able to participate in any sports or activities until the following year. Everything was finally starting to come together when we entered eighth grade. We all accepted the role as leaders of the Junior High and Elementary Schools.

The tough years finally hit us when we entered High School. It was a whole new world to us and suddenly we didn't feel so big anymore. Some of us began driving to school while

others of us were still forced to ride the bus. Our after school activities consisted of playing sports, working, and for a few of us, even just cruising around. Regardless of what we had to do, we were always busy. Many class competitions developed through the years and our class was considered the one with the "most class". We began raising money for our Junior Prom, and needless to say we decided to try something new with it. Our theme was "Bed of Roses," and we decided not to have a banquet, but a social hour instead. While getting a week to decorate, we all felt we had plenty of time and plenty of money to start with. After just three days of decorating we all decided to

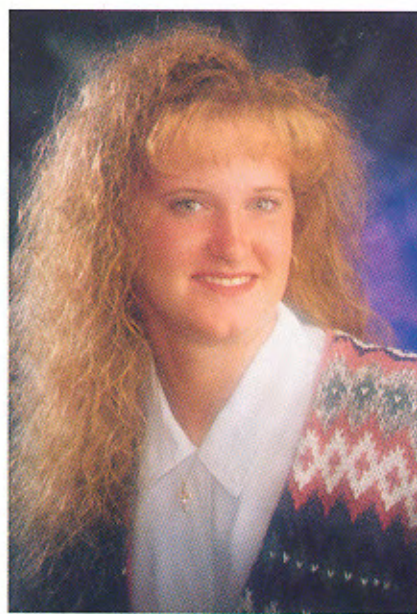
tear our ceiling down. This left us with two days until the big night. With the help of our parents we finished at about midnight the night before. We came to school the next day only to discover that our fountain had leaked, the floor was ruined. After many hours of hard work we finished our repairs. Prom night soon came and was the best ever. It is senior year, who would have ever dreamt of graduating? As some prepare for the future, others just concentrate on each day. Some of us will go on to college while others of us plan to enter the work force. Whether our weekends consist of driving around, partying, or even just hanging out together, we all still try to keep our focus on school. As we all go our separate ways, let us never forget that there was never a class better than the Class of 96!

Class Colors: Black, Red, Gold, Teal

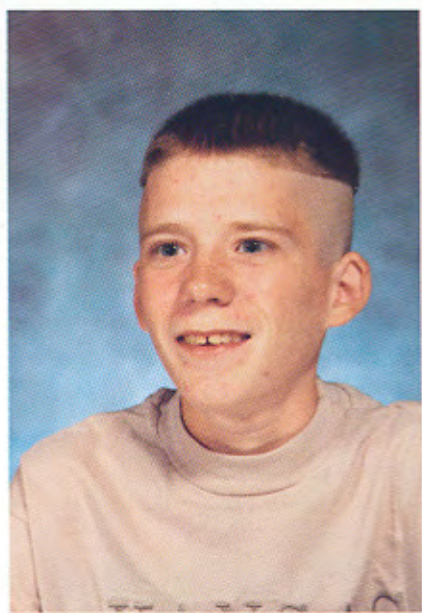
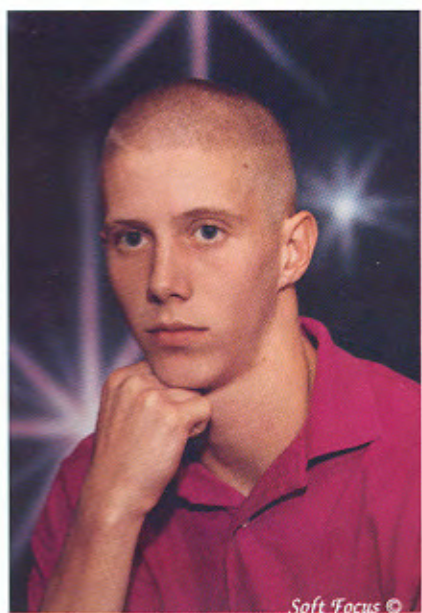
Class Flower: Red Rose

Class Motto: "How we live each day creates the
bridge from yesterday to our tomorrows."

Class Animal: Armadillo



Janel
Rislin



Jason Frabbi

John Kelly



*Amanda
Kirkpatrick*

*Brett
Sanderson*



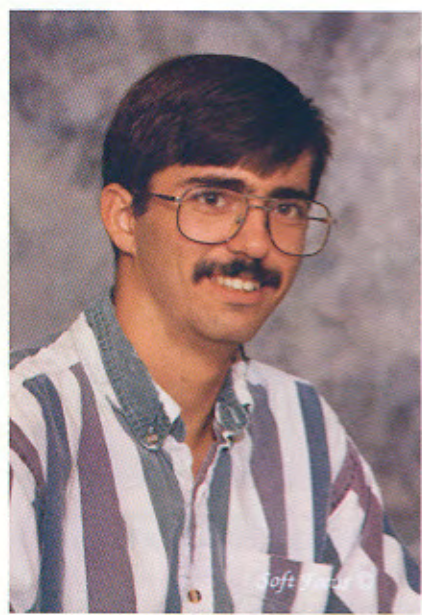
Tracy Schoenhof



Natalie Treiber



Brenda Wagner



Craig Warbler



Cristal Westhoff



Paula Wiatrak



Kris Winter



Tina Wood



ninety



(1.5 miles east of Erie
Field farmed by Joe Stich)

Six