

FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY (Column Number 2240)

"SEEING OLD FRIENDS AGAIN"

Regular readers of these ventures into columnistic mis-masterpieces will remember that I like to find column fodder anywhere I can and everywhere I can.

Such as our recent 63rd Reunion of "The Illustrious CCHS Class of '59"!

My! My! What valuable column fodder was flowing profusely through the air in our Church Gymnasium; and opinions about - well just 'pert near everything - were flowing freely.

I remember - well, I can't go into that because of - well, you know, liable suits and such as that! So, never mind!

But I did hear - well, I better back off that subject because I would have to change all the names to protect both the innocent and the guilty! So, never mind!

And what about the - well - well you know!

Our class was filled with old people - at least they are old people now; and me being so young and all - I don't know where all those old people came from!

But, pictures were on display; and that one of our Senior Class Trip to Washington, DC was a main stay of the water cooler conversation. Remember him? Remember her?

By the way, "him" and "her" were the only two sexes we had back then!

Back in the day when we used film in cameras, we had to be careful not to waste it; so we usually took one shot (or maybe two) of each scene; but now, with digital cameras on our cell phones; we can shoot and shoot and just keep firing away - and then print them all - eyes closed, mouths opened, scratching our head, waving our hands, etc, etc.

Then you put them all out on the tables and watch as classmates go through them to "get" or "hide" this one or that one. It's fun.

Have I told about all those old people that were in our class?

I mean, come on! We are the class that ran up the eight hundred ninety-eight steps and skipped over the fifty landings inside the Washington Monument! And missed all the history on the walls as we sped past it at break neck speed.

Try that today; and - call 911 quick!

Old people! I love 'em; because I are one.

One good thing about a class reunion - everybody knows how old everybody is; and we are all old; but, my; my; what experiences we have all had! It was wonderful just to sit and listen to my classmates tell their experiences in their eighty something year lifetimes.

After all, it was sixty-three years since we graduated; and around sixty-seven years since we entered the "hallowed halls" (that are now only in our memories) of "the hill" to become acquainted with some of

the best friends we could ever have - and still have. And, by the way, around seventy-five years since we started learning our "a-b-c's" and "1-2-3's"! Heavens! That's three quarters of a century!

Eighty-two of my classmates have passed away! That is sad for sure; but there is another thing for sure; I will be spending eternity together with many of those classmates.

What a wonderful thought that is!

(Tom Mooty was raised in Newport; and serves as Pastor of the West End Baptist Church. He can be reached at tommooty15@gmail.com. Please write or call The Newport Plain Talk with your comments about this column. Your comments are the only way the Newspaper can tell if this space is being well used or not).