

ANOTHER DANCE. ANOTHER CHANCE.

Abington High School, Class of 1968

Football Game, Friday, October 25, 2013

Reunion, Saturday, October 26, 2013

Five years ago when we were getting close to our 40th reunion, there had been a disappointing number of responses. At that time I wrote a piece entitled "The Last Dance." I believe it is on the website that Ed Mullen maintains but if you would like a copy of it simply contact me at my email at the end of this and I will share it with you. Our 45th reunion is scheduled for Saturday, October 26, 2013, to be preceded by attending an Abington High School football game at the new stadium on Friday night, October 25. Once again, the response in registrations is lacking.

Essentially, my point was that after speaking with professional actuaries about our class and our ages, I was told that our 40th reunion might be the last reunion where we would gather to see each other in life as we had previously known it. Illness and family illness would simply prevent too many people from attending future reunions. And, so I pointed out that one of the things our class had been known for from 7th grade on was that we loved to dance. Friday night dances with Mr. Garvin at Huntingdon Junior High School and North Campus and then Hullabaloo in Conshohocken in car trains heading over there. I loved football games and I loved to dance. Still do. So, at that time, I invited you to come dance with me in case, just in case, it was the last dance.

When the ad hoc committee on the reunion began to formally make plans for the reunion, as in all previous reunions, I took on the job of trying to find lost people. With the internet and "people finding services" I was able to easily locate so many more people than before. Actually a stunning number. But, as part of that inquiry I found so many of our classmates that have been lost to us; as the Irish say, they got away from us. I will confess it took a toll on me. The fact of the matter is that people do become ill and people do die. They cannot now be with us but we can be there to celebrate our reunion and we should.

I have pretty much stayed in the Abington area since graduation. I have always had an office in Abington and as part of that people we know who were administrators and teachers I have had a fair amount of close contact with over

these 45 years. One thing I have always enjoyed hearing about our class, about us, was that we were different. We were different in all the good ways really. We excelled in much, we were not afraid to take a stand, we responded when there was a need, we had a personality all of our own, we really did have a good time. This is what they thought of us and although I do not believe any of us saw ourselves that way, others did. We were a great Abington High School class and others knew it. And, by the way, many still believe that our mosaic tile class gift on the floor of the auditorium entrance is still, by far, the best class gift.

Those are the reasons I believe that we, each of us, should make a concerted effort to attend this reunion. It is our chance to remember those great days, to share how those days defined in so many ways who each of us have become. Each of us should remember, it could be our last chance.

On a very personal and selfish note, I want you to come. I told you five years ago that because of my family history (my mother died at 58, one brother at 55 and another at 64) I did not know what was in store for me at our 45th reunion and to come dance with me while we could. As time and age would have it, I had two episodes in a nine month period this past year where I was hospitalized suddenly and clearly told that I may not survive. I will be glad to share the details if you want to know but suffice it to say that being strong like bull that I am, I was discharged each time within three days and back to work and play.

All of this was related to nothing more than the number of birthdays I have had but time will march on to the 50th. Several classmates have told me they will make a special effort to be here for that reunion. Please don't do that. I have another chance. You have another chance. Come dance. Come dance with me.

Kevin Corcoran, AHS '68

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