

## **The Walls Came Down: Farewell to the Rippey School Building**

Dedicated to the students, parents, teachers and to those who had the vision to lay the corner stone in  
1920.

Drive by slowly,  
Once proud school,  
Now a stark brick shell,

As the building fell,  
Memories flood in.  
Days gone by,  
Young children venture forth  
Kindergartners head to the second floor,  
High School kids march on to the floor above.

Memories wander through the ghost of hallways  
Into the old gym.  
First day of school,  
End of the year picnic and games.  
Box socials,  
Families gathered for PTA meetings.  
Class with the most parents attending  
Won a prize.

My mother came to this place  
A young school teacher,  
Met a young banker at Epworth League,  
Watched his car glide past en route to lunch.  
A newcomer stayed 59 years.

Proud building stood tall,  
On the edge of town.  
Rising on the rich black soil.  
Bricks and mortar clung together  
Building a home for young learners.

Generations trod the uneven steps,  
To enter the hallowed halls,  
Children, teachers, parents.  
Music echoes from the vacant band room,  
Basketball players charge down the court,  
From 6<sup>th</sup> grade Lions Club Games to High School youth.  
My sister, Sharon, fast as a speeding bullet,  
More points than any others.

My heart breaks as the walls come down,  
Not just the building but a lifetime of memories,  
A place always there when we journeyed from distant places.  
Brick by brick and load upon load of refuse,  
Make the journey to places unknown,  
The cathedral of learning  
Reduced to a grass graveyard.

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Oct. 4, 2014

