

# Echoes of VC

By Felix Frederick

Often I reflect on my V. C. days,  
Oh! How they influenced me in many ways.  
As I walk once more through these hallowed halls,  
I hear echoes of so many footfalls  
Running to class--just making it on time.  
Echoes of voices urging me to be "on time."  
Echoes of teachers' voices urging me  
"Do your best and the best you will be.  
"As a teenager, I just couldn't quite see  
At that time what V. C. would mean to me.  
I was involved with the dances and such.  
The games and activities meant so much.  
It was not until I walked down the aisle  
in my cap and gown with my head held high  
that reality hit---school was no more.  
V. C. would not be my home anymore.  
What would I do? I paused for a while.  
Reality hit--I started to smile.  
Vermilion Catholic had its stamp on me  
It helped mold me in what I would be.  
As I amble through life day by day,  
I find V. C. 's influence in every way.  
My education was solid and true,  
But it's the spiritual that saw me through.  
Mary and St. John's patronage I hold dear  
I know that they will forever be near.  
Reverently, I look back upon the past  
V. C. gave me principles that would last.  
The ups and downs of life I will endure  
Echoes of V. C. will keep me secure.