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What Does Rose City Reunion Mean to You?

Since March of 2020 the pandemic has caused an uproar of events such as restaurants shutting down, feeling drained, picking up new hobbies to cure boredom, going on walks in an attempt to make things feel more normal. During that time even the best of the best events were getting canceled like the Grand Floral Parade and the overall spirit of Portland had dropped significantly. Being back in the swing of things, for the most part, is really important for Portland and its community as a whole. Not only our sheer entertainment but for the people who are behind the scenes, planning out and building floats, performing, scheduling, and so much more. It means a lot to me because I know what it feels like to miss out on not being able to put on dances or assemblies for a whole community of people. Time and time again I hear students and friends at Franklin talk about “we need to have a prom” , "we need to do an assembly for this that or another” and as much as it pains me to say it, I have to explain that we can’t do that. Now don't get me wrong, I’d love to get out there and do an alternative assembly where students sit on the outdoor bleachers and have leadership kids talk about the activities we’re doing around this time of year. I can’t. As a senior, my **entire** high school life I’ve thought about “I wonder who I’m going to go to prom with?” “Is it going to be a friend or a significant other?” and now I have to ask myself “Am I going to have a prom at all?”, “Will it be some woefully unplanned one that parents created, or something completely different?”

All these questions keep coming up and that comes with the motions of reuniting, it’s like a high school reunion. You see a bunch of people you vaguely remember being in your classes but you never really see your closest friend that had your back all those years; or that teacher that you loved for their honesty, but alternatively hated for being *brutally* honest. You feel out of place, walking through the hallways with lived eyes and remembering everything and how it used to be. And looking in the present how things are now. It’s the exact same way now, in 2022. Walking through the hallways of Franklin with a mask on remembering how un-cautious we were about who we hung out with after school or how close we were sitting to one another. Of course as time goes on we’ll resort back to that mentality, but for now everybody in Portland is running with the drag that is COVID-19.