

Greatest Days of Your Life...(so far)

By Mark Scharenbroich

Good morning! This is my absolute favorite part of the entire program, really. Why? Because I get to come up here and look at you, you sit out there, and look at me. And you're kind of thinking, "What, what is this? Is this gonna be about like drugs and alcohol and stuff? Cause if it is...it's too late, ok?" It wasn't meant to be rallying point, ok? Is this going to be about like motivation and inspiration? Do you live in a van by the river or something? Why yes, yes I do! My name is Mark, I'm a fellow Minnesotan, it's wonderful to be here. World famous, Wayzata High School, home of the fighting Trojans. Juniors turning into seniors, this is a huge moment. We will talk today about that event of moving from one stage of life to another. We will talk about stepping up as a senior and leading those behind you. And, we'll talk about the fine correlation between high school romance and the overall high school experience itself. Thank you.

To understand the high school experience, and make the most out of it, and why it's like high school romance, you've got to go back to the early days of romance. And that would be grade school recess time on the playgrounds throughout North America. I grew up in St. Cloud, Minnesota. A very catholic community. Even the Lutherans are catholic in St. Cloud. So I went to a catholic grade school. Public, private, Wayzata, St. Cloud, Minnesota. Same experience at recess time on the playgrounds. You always had little groups of boys over here, and little groups of girls over there. And a representative of the boys group was carefully chosen by his peers to approach the girl group to begin the mating process. The little boy comes sneaking over. Boys germs, girls would freak out. "Oh no, stop it!" Except the catholic girls. They'd hold up a cross; "Oh no!!"

Sixth grade. The notes. The ones that girls would fold like ducks and ships and arrows. Sixth grade girls are so cute they'd take the notes and fold them up into the appropriate shape. They approach the boys desk. Note in hand, boy in desk. Friends on corner, watching every move. "You guys, shut up! You guys, shut up!!" The little girl turns into the exorcist, "Shut up!" here, sixth grade boys open up notes the same way everywhere, "Hmm. I can't get it open." And even then the little girls knew how lame the little boys were. Because you hand printed instructions. Pull.

And those very first phone calls, remember how nervous you were? Back, what? Eight grade, ninth grade. Senior year, you know. I shouldn't do this next part. Why is it inappropriate? No, it's just a guy thing. As my guys of Wayzata high school know, we men, we tend to bond, on a very deep, spiritual, emotional level. We call it, a guy thing. But the young women of Wayzata are so amazing I'm going to do this anyway. The young women of Wayzata, you do not know this, nor do you do this, but guys know this, they deny it, but they do it. They practice their voice before they call you. Look at you, do not. Do too! You can see the guys, sophomore year, sitting back, thinking of you, on the phone going, "Let's see, um. Hi! No. Hello! No. (*sigh*)" Late at night, you've heard this voice before. "Hey how you doin? Wassup buttercup? It's me, Doctor Love." And the girl goes, "Seriously, who is this?" "Oh it's me Todd! From AP Biology! Hi!" "Hello, Todd."

But I love high school romance. I think it's amazing. I miss it! I mean I am madly in love with my wife, Susan. She's honestly more beautiful to me today than the day we got married 29 years ago. But, oh thanks. But I miss the amazing emotions of high school romance. Because they're just so intense and just so packed together and I know when you break up, it's hard to break up, but you put your head up and you go, "Oh look! There's more!" But it's just this amazing intense emotions packed in a short period of time to really capture the essence of the high school experience. High school romance: a rollercoaster of emotions, short period of time. Four years of Wayzata High School, an incredible time of growth and change, incredibly short period of time. I mean do you remember when you walked on the campus of Wayzata as a freshman that first day? Remember how nervous you were? Remember the seniors, when you walked in as a freshman? Remember their names? Remember how old they looked to you? Twenty seven, twenty eight? Old people had their own minivans. Nice voyager! And yet, as soon as you turn into a junior, or a senior, a senior, you'll look at the incoming freshman next year and you'll go, "Hi honey, can I get you a tellatubby or something?" (*sigh*) Oh look, a puppet!

At what other time, at what other window in our lives do we see so much change and growth in such an incredibly short period of time? And sometimes, students in my classes say, "I disagree speaker guy. I think there's some change now, I think there's more change when you're little, cause we have this class called Family Living Consumer Sciences. It's pretty good. We made a cake. Shut up, Todd. And our teacher, she's nice. She was

talking about the very first two years of life that there's huge change then cause like when you're little, think about it man. You learn more your first two years than you ever do two years later cause when you're little, you learn how to sit up and roll over, which is still hard sometimes. You learn a language, it's cool . You, you learn how to use sophisticated kitchen utensils."

Hey, point well taken. You learn a lot the first couple of years. Key word, you learn it. We mums and dads. We taught you. Even the basics. Here's a fork honey. How bout middle school, Marky the speaker boy? Don't you think there's more change and transformation then? Cause this face, the body. The body I walked into sixth grade with, it changes something different by the end of eighth grade.

Point well taken. There was a lot of change, amazing change, remarkable change you had nothing to do with. That was a serious hormone ride at Disney where you bought an all day pass or not. "I'm changing! I'm changing! I changed."

High school time. Why is this a significant time in your life? Why should this be a time to embrace life, instead of just put time in throughout life? The reason I love the high school years is not because these are the greatest days of your life. Cause let's face it, a lot of you in this room, if this is as good as life is ever going to get, it's a long road home. Trust me. Life does get better for those who choose life over mere existence. Life does get better for those people who contribute to the world. Not just take it away. When people say this is a significant time it's because there is no other time where there's as much growth and change. And the person that walks in here as a freshman, to the one that walks across the stage in their cap and gown. Your look, your music, your friends. What you're good at, what you've given up on. Whether respect people different from you, or only those who look and think just like you. Whether they have lunch at the same cafeteria table for the same people for the same four years in a row, or have you reached out to people who are just a little bit different to discover the world around you. I love this time because for the very first time you define yourself, and especially juniors moving into seniors, that's significant. And I know what some of you are thinking, that if I was seventeen sitting out there listening to me today, I'd be thinking the same thing.

So Mr. Speaker Guy is this the part of your program where you give us your little motivational speaker routine about Be all you can be...and have a good attitude...and work hard...and write down your goals and persevere. Because, like Michael Jordan got cut from his own high school basketball team or Edison had a million light bulbs before he found one that worked or Lincoln never won an election until he got to be President and then they shot him after that...or some guy with no arms and no legs climbed Mt. Everest just with his teeth and a good attitude? And if we have a good attitude then we, too can climb Mt. Everest in a metaphorical sort of way, cause I've heard you motivational speaker guys before. Oh my Gosh, my mom bought this cassette series on an infomercial from a motivational speaker guy. She makes us listen to it when we drive up to Fergus Falls to visit my grandmother. Is that what's next?

Nope.

Why?

Because I'm not really a motivational speaker. I know it says that on my brochure...but that's just to get the gigs. And it works.

So you're not here to motivate us?

Nope.

So...what are you?

I'm just one more coffee-drinking substitute teacher that's filling in for the hour. While my fellow colleagues are out there doing a class observation of how I teach this class versus how they teach the class. It's a professional courtesy we give to each other. And I'm honored to have my fellow teachers in the room.

Besides that...let's face facts...if you don't want to motivate yourself...what in the world makes you think that I can? If you can't find any joy at all in today...I don't know if I can show it to you. Motivation's a choice you make in how you want to live your life. Not some speaker on a stage.

So if we take class time right now for juniors turning into seniors. Let's ask two questions...Nah, let's just ask one.... How can I (junior turning into senior) How can I live my life in a way that will have a positive impact on

those lives that I walk the hallways of Wisetta high school with. The answer...Two things. Number one...to live freely. Number two...to love a lot.

Hey Ma! I'm home.

Hi, Honey. How was school today?

It was alright.

Did you do anything special?

Well, we had an assembly with a speaker guy.

Well that's nice. What did he talk about?

I don't know. To live and to love.

Well that's nice. Was he any good?

Uh...he was kinda lame. But at least he knew he was lame. Cause most of those guys are lame but they don't know they're lame. But he knew he was lame, so I think that's kinda healthy.

I like you guys. You laugh at things I throw in the show just to entertain myself.

What's the live one all about? Live freely means this. Stop worrying so much about how you're perceived. And rekindle just a tiny bit of that spark you had back in first grade. Go back to the days of My Little Pony and Rainbow Bright. Go back to the days of Care Bears and Cabbage Patch Dolls and Power Rangers and Spice Girls and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Go back to the days when high adventure was camping out in a little tent in the backyard. Everybody had a flashlight and at midnight all four girls reached in together, "The four of us best friends forever."

Watch first graders. First week of school – Last week of school...it doesn't change. They're all engaged. They're all excited. All just like this. Their hands up in the air. Every kid. Every question. Every day. Do you remember? Do you remember how much your arms used to hurt back then? How you had to hold them up like this? Do you know what the kick is with these kids? They don't know the answers. They're not even sure what the questions are. All they know is that they're kinda excited about life. And why observe life when you can experience it. Why look at life when you can

embrace it. When you were little...you didn't want to miss anything. We try to put you down for a nap. "You go to sleep now." "NOOOO!!!" High school students—"Can we just sleep for a couple of hours? Is that a problem with you? Cause I just woke up. And jeez...I'm tired."

First grade, there's too much living to do...not enough time to do it in. I'll sleep when I'm old. That's what it's for. Every day was a game-show and you were the player.

"Please. Please. Please."

And the teachers were wired. "Yes, Mark? What's the answer?"

"Dinosaurs? Yup, Dinosaurs. Big huge dinosaurs. And there are a lot of 'em, you know. There are a lot of 'em you know. Then all—Then all—Then all the dinosaurs died. 'Cause they smoked. Cause there was way too much tar a nicotine in the cigarettes. 'Cause the cigarette executives put stuff inside cigarettes to get people addicted, so they can line their pockets full of money on an annual basis. And they put so much tar in that it spilled out and it formed tar pits. There were tar pits all over. And big dinosaurs, like a stegosaurus, that's my favorite from Jurassic Park, they're walking around saying, "Hi, I'm Mr. Stegosaurus. What's your name? What's that? I'm stuck in a tar pit!" And they died!

And the teacher...the teacher back in first grade looked at us and said, "Oh, honey. Oh cripes, Yah. Oh jeez, we're talking about numbers today. But the Good Lord in Heaven bless your little heart for trying. Here. Here. Here's a star."

"Thank you so much." I won the star. And it was so...what's the word?...Fun?

Was it a place? Was it a choice? Is it an age? Is it a choice? Is happiness something you have to buy, wear, drive, or use someone else to get? Or can it be purely a choice of heart? It was back then. Until you sat down. Because as soon as you sat down, that's when the boys in the back row would go to work.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. Mark is dumb."

That one got up. Direct hit. Right to the heart. Cause all of a sudden kids are laughing at us just for being us. Kids will laugh at us because we're

excited about life and not embarrassed to show it yet. Pardon me. Kids are laughing at us because we're different. In how we look. In how we think. In how we live. And the sad thing isn't the laughter. We've all heard that. I think the sad thing is when little kids go, "Time. Yeah, okay I get it. How other people see me is how I should see myself. What other people think about me should be what I think about myself."

It's one thing to be aware of how you are perceived. It's a completely different issue to let how you are seen control how you see. 'Cause if you do...you compromise, change your values, let go of the spark. You play small.

Watch us. Third grade. Seventh grade. Sophomore year. Junior year. You turn into a spring-time senior it's... "No way am I putting my hand up in the air...I been playing this game for a while and I haven't seen a star in a long time."

You know how many times just this week when a teacher asked a question in the classroom? First thing we do is look at the top of our desk. Because we know if we maintain eye contact with the teacher...we might get called on. And I don't believe this is the time in your life when you look at the top of one more desk. I don't believe this is the time in your life when you look over your shoulder...to see what everybody else thinks before you act. But this is the time to define yourself. Who are you? What do you stand for? And how can you make this place a better place by everybody by how you live your life each day?

I think the best moment of any graduation I've ever witnessed...when the last diploma's been passed out...the last speech is delivered...the choir finished their last song...the last hat is tossed...and you see people marching out. At every graduation I've ever been at you see an amazing amount of hugging. You see classmates hugging other classmates that for whatever reason they stopped saying, "hello" to in the hallway. Because finally the music you listen to, the car you drive, the sports you're in, the play you're in. Finally it's just that last class together. Don't wait for your last thirty seconds to connect with the people in this room. Don't wait until the last week of your senior year to look beyond your own little clique and discover the amazing people around you. High school's about making memories...not regrets.

Lesson #1...live freely.

Lesson #2 – To love a lot. What's that mean?

If you go up the boundary water canoe area in northern Minnesota which a lot of you have been at, the campsites up there today, are as beautiful as the day the Ojibwa first walked there. What the French fur traders called the voyagers are us. Because there's a simple rule: when you leave the campsite, leave it just a little better than how you found it. Maybe somebody dropped some trash, and instead of complaining about it, you'll pick it up and pack it out with you. Maybe cut up some firewood for people you'll never meet. But it'll be there waiting for them when they get there. Wouldn't it be amazing if you lived your senior year like that? That your campsite, Wayzata High school...Is a better place in how you treat each other and how you take care of everybody here and leave this campsite a better place than how you found it.

How do you do that?

Just make sure you're giving people value...instead of taking it away.

Watch babies. Bambinos, bebes, Ninos, Kinders, jutzkos, mias, babies. Watch when they look in mirrors. All babies look in mirrors. When you were a baby, you looked in the mirror...all the time. The funny thing was, you didn't know it was you. You thought it was a screensaver or a plant or something. But you were drawn to the image in the mirror. Then 6 months along, it happened: you realized that was you. And when you did, it was an amazing vision. Here's the mirror. Here's you at 6 months. Here's what it looked like: ...woah. Is that you? Is you, me? Am I? Are We? Is She? Is this...WOAH!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A PLANT, MAN! Eyes got big. Smile appeared on face. Heart warmed up. You loved what you saw. Unconditional love. Unconditional acceptance. Look at you, you're perfect. Don't change a thing. Everyday was a good hair day. Your hips were fine. No part of your body had to be tucked, twisted, or turned to be accepted by other people around you. You...liked life. And you know what you did that was amazing? You leaned forward, touched the mirror, and you gave your reflection a big kiss, because all babies kiss mirrors. And a lot of us who woke up on this Friday morning, walked into the bathroom, turned on the light, looked in the

mirror and went... "Whoa... you better go back to bed. You're not done cooking yet."

What happened to that little kid who used to look in that mirror and really liked what they saw? And the one who looks in the mirror now and only sees what they're missing? Question-What happened to the kid that was so excited for life and the one now who just shows up for it? What happened to the kid who saw possibilities and the one who just sees dead ends? What happened to the kid who was so nice to someone who was different? And the one now who will tie a young man named Matthew Shepard to a post and slowly beat him to his death because he's gay like they did in Wyoming? Question. What happened? The answer—I don't know.

I walked the hallways of Columbine with a father who retraced the steps of his son as his son ran to that library in fear. It's a walk I'll never forget and an incident I'll never understand.

For our 25th wedding anniversary my wife Susie and I went to New York City to see the last of some really big trucks take away the remains of 2800 people and two big buildings in the form of dust. That's something that I'll never understand. There's some things in this world that we can't control. But there are some things we can. And how we treat each other with respect and dignity...And enhance other people's lives instead of take away from them....That's one thing we can do.

The best thing about high school? It's a huge school filled with very talented people.

The worst thing about high school? Is that it's a huge school. And there are people surrounded by people, and yet they feel absolutely isolated because no one else reaches out to them. What's the best thing you can do? Let go. Let go of the little clique. Let go of the safety and security. Connect the dots in this school. And create a school community, a senior class that's absolutely amazing.

How do you do that?

Do what you know how to do: Share versus compare. What's that? Share? Share means find the campsite better than how you found it. Pick up a

piece of paper you didn't throw down. Why? Because it's your school. It's your house.

When you turn into a senior, say Hi to freshmen. Why? Because when you were a freshman, a senior said, "hi" to you and it meant something.

Learn something about people from different cultures. Why? Because this is our world and we can make it a better place.

And share your talents, because when you do amazing things have happened. Share.

Compare. Compare means walking into a big school, sitting in the cafeteria, looking around at the different cliques and going, "Well...maybe I'm not as good as that...but at least I'm better than that." Because the moment you wake up and pull out a scale on a Friday morning and try to determine your value by what you have, don't have, look like, don't look like....you're playing a game of not enough. When you play a game of not enough, you start to pull back and make the wrong choices for the wrong reasons.

I'll give you an example:

First grade, Holy Spirit School, I'm in my desk. Sister's up front, and she says to us: "Children, children, it's time to color."

"I love to color, wait till you see me color, I'm kinda good at coloring, I bet I'll end up in the A.P. levels of coloring." I reached inside my school supply baggie that mom sent me to school with in 1st grade. I pulled out a box of 5 crayons: big ones, jumbos, never been used. Lined them up on the desk in front of me...thinking to myself, "Come on sister...let's color." Little girl sitting next to me was really nice. We were line leaders on the way down to lunch together. Thought she was cute. There were possibilities. She reached inside her little Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, Kate Spade, Prada, Echo, FUBU, Hollister, Gap, Abercrombie & Fitch attaché case...Crayola...super-duper-deluxe. She had 9,000 crayons! She had a sharpener in the back of the box. A real sharpener. Solar-powered-600-series. This thing had a hemi...it was loaded, okay? She was excited about her crayons...and she should have been. Come on, if something good happens to someone in your class...be happy for them. Wow, you got an A on that test? Oh man, that's great... I was missing in action. Wow, your parents got you a beemer for getting your drivers license? Let's go for a ride. Wow, you got the lead in

the play? I'll be there opening night. Wow, you ran a cross-country race? You ran away and came back? Aww, that was so cool. Wow, you kinda colored your hair different....that's um....interesting. When something *good* happens to a friend of yours...and you feel bad...there's something missing. So this girl looked at me and she said, "Guess what? I have 17 different shades of orange." "I don't even have orange." Instead of being happy for her and sharing... "Aw, those are so cool, can I try one? Thanks." I compared. The moment you start counting crayons, you compare. And the moment you start counting crayons...sometimes you notice you have less. And you start to think you are less. And you take actions to become less....and you stop taking positive risks to help you grow.

And watch us...from early on... "You guys...See that little girl over there? She has 17 different shades of orange. Little rich girl. Mommy's a doctor. Daddy's a motivational speaker. We've been talking. No one like orange. It is so 3 months ago. And you don't even know it."

And don't you see kids who carry on counting crayons throughout the middle school and high school years? Or parents who always think the neighbor's grass is greener, their car is shinier, their house is bigger, their job title is more influential. The college they go to. The person they hang out with.

Don't get me wrong...I'm not anti-crayon. I'm not anti-success. My goodness...you've experienced it here by sharing your talents. All I'm saying is don't go through your senior year of high school years sitting back counting crayons. "I'm better than that, but not as good as that." Because if you play that game...you guys, you can't win. Because no matter how many crayons you think you might have....Bill Gates will always have more.

So what's the answer? I'm not sure, but let's try this one....let's fast forward to graduation night. You'll be in your caps and gowns. You're excited about the moment. If I was speaking at your graduation...instead of junior turning into a senior day...my graduation speech to you would last about 30 seconds. And it would go a little something like this. I'm sorry, I just love saying that.

"Graduating class...Wayzata High School...Class of '07. What an amazing group you are. You left the campsite better than how you found it. You're going to be okay. My advice to you if you want to enjoy life is simple, Stop counting crayons...Just draw pictures. Good luck."

What helped me stop counting crayons is the moment I witnessed the birth of my very first child. And from my heart, after witnessing the birth of a child, I gotta tell you, I'm so happy I'm a man, I'm so happy I'm a man, I'm so happy I'm a man. If men had to give birth instead of women there'd be no babies. You wouldn't need an abstinence program. Why? Because there would be no sex. Why? Because if men had to give birth it would be, "No means no, just keep walking. I'm saving myself for...EVER!" 11:26 we're in the delivery room. There's a couple more good contractions. Contractions. That's a pleasant word for severe, lower body, unmedicated pain. It's like a miracle. When you were born it's like a miracle. There's this little baby's head...and shoulders...and "It's a boy. I'm no doctor but that's a boy." They put the baby boy on Susie. His head was down, but his hand...I'd seen babies before, as you have, but I'd never seen a child's hand at the moment of birth. I...I've just never seen anything that beautiful. I touched his palm and his whole hand grabbed on. I said, "Susie, that's our son."

In time, the nurse took him away to weigh him. Walked over to us, with our son wrapped up in a blanket, looked me in the eye and said four significant words. "Here you go...Dad."

Got to give him his name. We talk about your name every single day for nine months in a row. It's our first gift to you. "Little boy, I love you so much. I don't even know who you are yet. I'm new at this. I've never been a Dad before. I've never had a dog before. I had fish...but they kept dying. I'll make two promises to you, son. And I promise you I'll keep them. Promise #1--I'll be there. Just look behind you son. I'll be there. Promise #2--You never have to earn my love. You have that every day. You're name is Matthew Joseph Scha-ren-broich. Which is kinda like Shake-and-bake. That's us." Susan's parents walked in. Jerry and Julie. As she walked in, my mother-in-law, she popped a mother-in-law question. Same question all mother-in-laws ask...they can't help it. "Can I hold him?"

"Grandma Julie...meet your grandson, Matt. Matt, that's your Grandma. Abuela. She took Matt in her arms, she started doing that Grandmother waltz. You give a grandma the grandbaby, they move those hips around the room like they have not for a long time. She's doing the Grandmother waltz, I did the son-in-law strut. "Hey, Julie. Who...who you think he looks like?"

She said, "Aww...look at those eyes. He looks just like...Matt. Doesn't he? Doesn't he look just like Matthew Joseph Scharenbroich?"

And I said, "Yeah." He's not Mark and he's not Susan. You're not your mom or your dad. You have your own path. Learn how to walk it.

Life's not always easy, but it's not that complicated. To live freely and to love a lot. To leave the campsite better than how you found it. And more than anything else to extend yourself and create a sense of community at Wayzata High School. How do you do that? Let go. Stop looking over your shoulder at how you fit in. And just contribute to this place.

How do you do that? I'll show you. I have a song for you. I'm going to divide you in half. This is one side over here. This is the other side over there. Those in the middle who are confused right now....It's okay. Those of you over here. When I point at you...I wrote this myself...you go, "Boombah!" Deep voice, "Boombah!" Ready?

[Boombah!]

Well done. I know some of you are thinking, you're sitting back going, "No way. No way am I going to be a 'Boombah.'" Because you're afraid you might look dumb. And you're right. You will. But every now and then you have to reach out beyond yourself. Every now and then you gotta be able to connect with other people. Every now and then you gotta contribute to the world around you. Besides if you sit back and don't go "Boombah!" because you're too hip, this side will point and say, "Look at that...they forgot the words."

This side over here, when I point at you...you go, "HEY!"

"Aww...they got an easy one. It's not fair."

Of course it's not fair...Life's not fair. If life was fair, I'd look like George Clooney. And I don't.

But you can't play small, you gotta play big. Ready?

[Hey!]

Perfect. We'll go back and forth, and back and forth, Boombah, hey, boomba, hey, hey, boombah, hey. Towards the end, I'll go like this. When I go like this, that's your signal to go, "Boooooombaaaah"You go,

"HEEEYYYYY" Boombah, hey, boomba, hey, hey. At that point I'll drop my hands. You all stop together immediately. Look around the room nervously, saying to yourself, "Am I really doing this?" At that point when it's real quiet, I'm going to go like this....I'm going to go... "I have you now Obi-Wan."

I am so sorry. I'm not A.D.D....but I'm really close. And I think A.D.D. is a negative term. I think we should reclaim that title and turn A.D.D. into the creative thinking process. Seriously, because this makes you think of this, makes you think of this, which makes you think of that...which has nothing to do with this. But it's a really fun ride to get there. You know what I'm talking about? Yeah.

So anyway...when I go like this...that's a community building experience. That's when you all yell out together. This is multiple choice. We can yell out, "Wayzata". Which is the name of your school for those that aren't sure. Or we can yell out "Trojans". Which is your mighty mascot. Or we can yell out "Seniors" which you're turning into...like transition time. Or we can go, "Oooo Seven" Which is your year of graduation. Time to vote. How many people say, "Wayzata?" None. Alright, how many people say, "Trojans?" Five guys. Nice to see you. How many people say, "Seniors?" How many people say, "OooSeven?" Sorry, Seniors wins. We're going to give this pony a ride. Alright. First time you go, "Seniors." Second time you go, "SENIORS." And the third time, just to try it out, you go, "SEN-IORS!!!!"

What is it? "Why are we doing this song?" If you can be a Boombah-hey and keep your hand up in the classroom for the love of learning, you can be a boombah-hey and share versus compare, pick up a piece of paper you didn't throw down. If you can be a boombah -hey, when freshmen walk in next year instead of giggling, you can go, "How you doing?" Be a Boombah-hey, you reach out behind people who are different from you. Be a Boombah-hey, you can have enough class to come up to teachers and say, "Thanks." How many times this past school year did you walk up to a Wayzata educator...Look them in the eyes and say that amazing sentence, "This has been an incredibly significant learning event for us. Thank You. You light up our lives."

I'm amazed at the teachers in this school. If you wanna have some class in this world, it's not the car you drive, the clothing you wear, the people you

know. Having class is appreciating those around you. You ever want to say, "thanks" to your teachers, but you're embarrassed? Let me help you out.

My older brother Rick is hearing impaired. He mainly reads lips, but I do know some signs. And my favorite word is the word, Thanks. Practice? Thanks. Ah, well done. My second favorite word is the word, Toilet. Two fingers, thumb in between, twisty action. Toilet. Let's review. Ready? Thanks. Toilet. I think we've made some progress today. You have been a most amazing group. Time for our song. Wait right there. I'll be right back. Just a sec. I have to get something.

"What's he doing?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, look. It's a puppet."

"Ladies and Gentlemen. We proudly present, Wayzata High School. The incoming seniors of Wayzata High. Singing the famous hit song...Boombah-Hey. Seniors. Composed and directed by Mr. Mark Scharenbroich, Minnetonka, Minnesota. Sponsored by, the senior class. And by the letter C. And Spam. Spam, it's the other meat. Ladies and Gentlemen, please, welcome your guest conductor, Mark Shake-and-bake.

[Boombah]

[Hey!]

[Boombah!]

[Boombah]

[Boombah]

[Hey!]

[Hey!]

[Boombah!]

[Hey!]

[Hey!]

[Seniors!]

[Seniors!]

[Seniors!]

Thank you! Great Job! Have a great senior year! Thanks a lot!