

Power of Facebook



Mr. Ted and his son-in-law enjoy Opening Day, April 4, 2011.

More than 20 years ago (I know I am totally aging myself here), I attended St. Stephen School in the quiet town of Bradshaw. I remember plenty from those days, such as the large walk-in refrigerator where the daily cartons of milk for students were stored. My fellow classmates and I used to “play dead” or try to scare one another as we counted out and distributed the milk for lunches. I remember eighth-grade flag duty, where we tried to fold the flag just so. I also recall clapping erasers, carrying the nuns’ briefcases to and from the convent and the girls spending a minimum of 20 minutes in the bathroom before school spraying our bangs with hairspray. Gym class, Christmas bazaars and school carnivals where we tried to win goldfish also bring back memories.

What’s great to know is that with the advent of Facebook, I can still stay in touch with some of my classmates from back then.

I was reminded of the interconnectedness of Facebook on April 4, opening day for the Orioles, when sitting in the row in front of me, I spotted “Mr. Ted,” our school custodian, who is now in his 80s.

I posted a picture of him sitting next to his son-in-law on Facebook, and within minutes was getting comments from former classmates who were happy to see the picture of the well-liked school employee.

It’s nice to know that modern-day technology can offer such great links to our past.