**Promising new beginnings bring lots of lasts for nostalgic senior students**

For the past few weeks, I have walked the halls thinking “Wow, this really is my last year of high school.”

The reality of graduating and moving on to college really breaks my heart.

The thing I can not wrap my mind around is the fact that this year is full of “lasts.”

My last first day of school.

My last jamboree.

My last pep rally.

My last rivalry game against Lugoff.

My last time singing the alma mater on the field after a home football game.

My last prom.

My last picture day.

My last exam week.

My last day as a senior.

My last time being a high school student.

When I wasn’t a senior, I would always hear the seniors talk about how much they miss the place they live before they moved off to college, and I am trying to avoid that feeling.

Being that Camden has very few fun things to do, it would seem like it would be easy to leave.

This small town is more than just a place to live. It is a place that comes together when something tragic happens and celebrates when great things happen.

I honestly would not want to be anywhere else besides Camden.

When we all gather in the spring for graduation, that is going to be the last time we are all together in the same room. It will be the last time I will see my classmates.

The people I grew up with will become strangers and will just be a “hey, I went to high school with you.”

As much as this breaks my heart to think about, it is a part of life.

Being in high school has been the best years of my life so far. Camden is such a warm, loving community and I am beyond blessed to call this place home.

Once a Bulldog, Always a Bulldog.