

Below is a note/commentary written by the son of Randy Flanagan. We felt it was something worth sharing with the class:

## **Class of Old**

**My dad graduated from high school back in 1966. Over this past summer he and some of his old classmates from Grapevine started going out to eat and getting together. Shortly after this school year started I decided to go with my parents on one of those get-togethers. I don't know if I've ever had so much fun in my life. These middle-fifties adults are all crazier than I am. I love to sit and listen to some of the insane things they did. When they were seniors, Grapevine was like Argyle is now. I've gone to a few gatherings with them now and it has made me think. My dad's class is a close-knit group, but mine isn't. It makes me wonder if my class will ever see each other again after graduation.**

**By  
William Jay Flanagan**