

James Downey

SENIOR - 3rd Place

Alumni Senior Writing Contest - 2017

SR - 30

#30 1/2

Men of Saints

Opportunities for greatness don't come often in a lifetime. Dwight Eisenhower hit a stroke of luck when he was accepted to West Point, for me it has been Saints. Every day has been an adventure. No bad days at Saints, only a few rough ones. Day in and day out I find myself enjoying every part of the school, from the mountains of homework to the bench talks. At Saints I have been as immersed as I can be. Spreading myself across the whole range of clubs and athletics. This has lead to me live out the best Saints has to offer.

Saints all started for me in my 5th Grade year. I was set on going to Cathedral as thats the closest to my house, 10 minutes into Saints. From there I knew my life had changed for the better. I saw the connections my brother made with his friends and could not wait for my time at Saints to come. Being the Saints commit in my 8th grade class I got all sorts of jokes. All of that was nonsense because I looked up to these Saintsmen who in my eyes were and in some ways still are the image of being mature and tight-knit. an association, society, or community of people linked by a common interest, religion, or trade. The brotherhood at Saints is bound by of these and these bonds create something I have never seen replicated in all my travels of life. At lunch a Saintsman will never ever be sitting alone. There are no cliques at Saints and pictures are very rarely less than 5 people, though that might sounds silly it speaks volumes to to community here.

There have been many times when Saints has absolutely amazed me. One of this first defining moments as a Saintsman is the freshman retreat. Its the time for the Freshman to come together in support of each other. Even though Seniors are the all-powerful of the school at this

James Downey

SENIOR - 3rd Place

Alumni Senior Writing Contest - 2017

SR - 3

#30 2/2

point even the Seniors help out the little ones as they enter the big scary world of High School. These freshman are getting their first taste of what it is like to be a freshman. The whole idea of Unitas has not set in yet, though they have seen a Sign of Peace at Mass. Later on that year the freshman get their first chance to experience what is The Pit. The Pit to me is the penultimate in highlighting just what it means to be a Saintsman. The raw emotion, power, and hierarchy combine into a beautiful show at Athletic games.

As a Saintsman there is no better feeling than taking down the Dons with your brothers. On January 21, 2017 the Saint Augustine Rugby Club upset the dons 28-24. In what would turn out to be a brilliant display of courage we came out on top despite being ranked lower. The final, closing try of the game was something I will never forget. To someone who does not understand Rugby it might be very hard to describe. All that is needed to know is that there is a magical feeling for a Saintsman to put a Don on the ground and run clear over them. When all was said and done and the trophy packed away the feeling still remains. I will forever hold onto the fact that I was able to be the victor on my last every meeting with Cathedral Catholic.]

Through the last four years I have seen it all. From leading the pit to playing chess with Mr. Isaak at lunch it brings me sadness to know that I have exactly one month left to walk this campus as a student. It will be bittersweet when I join the hallowed St. Augustine Alumni Association. I am very grateful for my time here so far and look forward to my years ahead. If I every have a son there is not a shadow of a doubt that the young boy will be graduating a man from Saints.