I had the pleasure of visiting with two of my oldest friends Friday evening. They are fraternal twins.

We went all through school together and kept in pretty close contact until they each ended up in the Cincinnati area. We still talked occasionally but it wasn't the same. When we did get together, it seemed the years melted away and we were back to when we were in high school.

They are going to a family reunion today so they had some time Friday evening to visit. I'm really glad I got that text to come over. It had been a while since we could all get together.

We slipped in to conversation and again, it was like the last 30 years never happened. Then someone said it. "Remember when …"
Sometimes a trip down memory lane is good and sometimes, well, ya just wish you could get off the train because the part where you did something really stupid is coming up and you still don't want everyone to know about it. Such is life. A good thing to remember is most people have those moments so they can be spread around. Everyone can suffer that way. In our case, we each had quite a few so it was OK.

I had some of the best times of my life with those two girls. We slept over at each other's houses; we mooned over boys; we sang and cried to songs that seemed to have been written just for us: we cruised the back roads; we crashed parties; and we had parties as soon as the parental type units' cars left the driveway. We weren't bad girls, we just had a lot of fun doing what pretty much everyone else was doing. We just seemed to be the ones that got caught.

One of the twins, another friend and I were in Spanish Club and we had a pizza party. We were pretty much ready to go but the party wasn't over. Sooooo. We made up an excuse, left and made a pit stop at the grocery store for some toilet paper and papered the Spanish teacher's trees in her front yard. Before we were finished, here came the cops. We took off running and hid in the field at the end of Carolyn Drive. There weren't nearly as many streets and houses there back in the early 80s.

So here we are in the field and the cops are shining their lights all over the place and then one

of the beams lands on us. Busted! We get up out of the field and the officers walk us back to the house. We cleaned up every shred of toilet paper and then the teacher gave us the rest of the pizza from the party. We thought we had it made. No one was arrested; no one was sent to jail. I know this sounds funny but we were just silly teenage girls and just a bit dramatic.

When I got home, my dad was sitting in his chair reading the paper and he asked me what I had done that night. My “oh crap” radar came on and I knew he knew. I didn’t know how — but he knew. (My dad had a scanner and had heard the call and our names.) Busted!

By the way, it was Miss Tate’s house. I interviewed her just a few days before she died so suddenly. We had talked about the aforementioned incident and had a good laugh. It was a good “remember when …” moment with her. Probably because when it happened, she expected us to act silly and hadn’t though anything of our behavior. We had not been the first or last to decorate her trees.
I’m planning on visiting a little more with the twins this morning as they throw together a couple batches of cobbler to take to the reunion. I’m sure there will be a lot more “remember when …” moments and I’m sure they will bring more laughs.

We had a really good time together then and still do now. It’s nice to stay in touch with friends who have shared the good, the bad and the ugly times of the formative teenage years with you and are still there when you get to the other side. I think it keeps you humble when you get a little big for your britches.

I have to go now and think of some “remember when …” moments for each of them. It’s only fair we all stay on the same train.