

Dear seniors:

BY CHEYENNE CARMACK

No other part of the school year causes such joy in the hearts of students as winter does.

An elementary concept called cause and effect could explain this fact.

Winter means snow. Snow brings slippery roads. Slippery roads cancel school.

Therefore, winter is adored by school kids for no other reason than the eminent possibility of days off.

As seniors, and the eldest, we have more practice than anyone at jumping up at the first hint of flurries, flipping on WRVK or one of the local news stations, and then either gleefully snuggling back into bed or glumly trudging to school.

Those mornings are quickly approaching. That means winter is here.

If winter is here, if Christmas break is almost here, that means the semester is almost over.

Guys, we're half-way through.

And as much as things are about to change, as much as they already have, one thing will stay the same for us this winter: snow days.

Some of you are already anxious for graduation day, I know. You're the people who say, "Let's just get it over with...No more snow days!"

You deny that sleeping until noon and sipping hot chocolate in front of daytime cartoons make you feel warm and fuzzy inside. You claim that summer (especially this summer since you will officially be rid of high school for good) is much better than snow days anytime.

Some of you, though, still love snow days. You always have, and

you always will. Even if you are almost "all grown-up."

You rely on them to replenish your weary soul and as an excuse to catch up with friends, or maybe even your favorite soaps.

These anticipated days off should be even more special to you now. They serve a bigger purpose for those of us who have crossed our fingers and prayed for blizzards for 13 years and counting.

This winter represents another 'last' for us, seniors.

Once spring arrives you will never again be at the mercy of the Sno-Go report or have the chance to sleigh-ride while you should be in class.

The real world doesn't stop for slick country roads.

Snow days are the appeals that refuse to free us from school, or they could be the fountain of youth that allow us to relish this simple life for just a few more days.

I prefer to think of them as the latter, but I guess it all depends on how you look at it.

Time seems to be rushing past. It's sad for me to think that the past 13 years will be memories in 18 short weeks. This holiday season I will be more sentimental than ever. I'm afraid.

My challenge still stands. Make moments and memories. Enjoy the little things that make growing up worthwhile.

And this winter, think of snow flakes not only as excused absences from school, but also as God's way of giving us a little more time to gether.



The true Christmas Spirit is gone

BY HEATHER KIRBY

As Christmas nears, the constant reminder of gifts and money weighs heavily on the mind of most people. What was once a holiday celebrating the greatest gift of all, Jesus' birth, has become a "Me" holiday.

It seems giving has been replaced by receiving, just as Santa has replaced Jesus. When God gave his only begotten son he was not concerned with the gifts he would receive in return. We were granted the gift of everlasting life out of love. That is what Christmas is about-- not money and gifts.

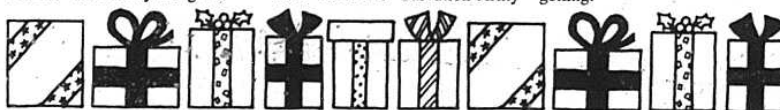
What was once a holiday celebrating the greatest gift of all, Jesus' birth, has become a "me" holiday.

I am constantly reminded of *Gremlins* and character Kate saying "The holidays are the number one time for suicide" when I see a kid scream "I want, I want" in a store while the Salvation Army

Santa sits outside, begging for enough money to buy a needy kid a coat for Christmas.

It seems that people are never concerned with those less fortunate. While some children want new Mustangs for Christmas, others are overjoyed to just have a turkey for Christmas dinner.

So on your next journey through Wal-Mart take the time to think of someone else while you look for all the stuff Mom and Dad have to get you. After all it is the season for giving not the season for getting.



The Rocket

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It Rocks

Eating your own homemade cookies and milk while waiting for Santa Claus to come eat the ones you left for him.

Forgetting yourself and serving others

The KREEPS' rendition of "Reese took drugs." A must-see!!!

The sophomore tug-o-war teams that can beat anyone...even the teachers. Have you guys considered taking it on the road?

Dedication to excellence put forth by the entire RCHS student body, each Rocket athlete, and the fantastic faculty and staff.

It Reeks

Tossing your cookies because you caught the stomach virus that has been going around.

Forgetting others and serving yourself

Britney Spears' rendition of 'Satisfaction.' Listening will give you none.

Rope burn, floor burn, heart burn...All of which can be adverse reactions to contesting the sophomore class at tug-o-war.

Dedicating yourself to a feeding and loving a pet goldfish, that you'll flush a week later. The odds just aren't worth it.