

Senior Sermon

Rebecca Staudenmaier, June 1st 2008

Good Morning! You may not know me, but my name is Rebecca Staudenmaier. Yesterday I graduated from Centerville High School. Finally. Although I've attended Centerville for the past 12 years, I've been going to St. George's for much longer.

According to my parents, I was baptized at that little font back there almost 18 years ago. Needless to say, I don't really remember it. But I do remember other things about St. George's.

During the sermon one Sunday, I received my first bee sting after a yellow jacket landed on my forehead.

During the service one Sunday — when I was in 6th grade, I acolyted for the first time.

At every Christmas Eve service, I rocked out to “Go Tell It on the Mountain” — my favorite hymn.

At Communion, I fervently prayed for the wafer with the little lamb on it.

In the National Cathedral in Washington D.C, I've been lucky enough to walk in the service with the youth group twice.

In Confirmation class, I learned from Carol Hall that the Bible and feminism are *not* mutually exclusive.

These are just some of my cherished memories I've collected from St. George's from over the years.

Next year, I'll be attending Kalamazoo College, hoping to major in English. I'd like to thank all of my family for helping me arrive at this point today. Without their steadfast faith that I could, in fact, get through Centerville, I'm not sure how far I would have gotten. I'd like to thank my Mother, who relentlessly believed in me and was always there with a rock ballad and sound advice whenever I was crying. I'd like to thank my father who inspired me to overcome obstacles in math and learning to drive a manual shift car. I'd like to thank my sister Emily, who lets me borrow her clothes and never fails to make me smile and challenge me to be better than I am. Thank you also to my grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, and cousins who have encouraged me and shown me a great deal throughout my life. A special thanks goes out to Carol Hall and Paul St. Germain who helped shape my faith. I can't thank this congregation enough for providing me with so many

wonderful memories over the years, and since I'm not really good at writing speeches, I'll close with a poem that I dedicate to you all.

If there's one thing I've learned

**it's that high school is one unholy place.
Blasphemy after the math exam.
Idol worship at the football games.
Coveting the designer bags of neighbors.
Judging based on appearance in the hall way.**

**Sunday comes, in various shades of weather.
Sitting beside Joan of Arc,
she leads me to a spiritual sanctuary.
She tells me things:
*Ride on little lady, ride on.***

**Come congregation let's sing it
like you mean it.
Lifting high the cross
when it comes time for acolyting
my feet stumble
my body falters
coming to a stop,
not so graceful
at the alter.**

**But it's fine. No one's laughing.
It's not like high school.
There's only one judge here.**

**Looking around me, at faces so familiar.
Unwavering faith and hope
are in the eyes of those around me.
Peace be with you
*Peace be with you.***

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