

Grad Year	Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Photo	Story
2001	Walker	Kevin			<p>I loved that in our Intro to Home Economics/Shop class we got a chance to make our own bookshelf and sweatshirt. I've never been very handy but I was super proud to have my not-so-perfect bookshelf and sweatshirt. I still have both of them to this day.</p>
1970	Bill (Whitey)	Vander Weit			<p>My freshman year (1966-67) I was on the wrestling team. Because the basketball team used the gym, we were relegated to practicing on the auditorium stage. One practice we brought in mats to wrestle, and in the process, moved a piano and bench off to the side. There were several hymnals laying around, and not knowing what to do with them we placed them in the back of the grand piano, on top of the bass and treble strings. When practice was done we moved the piano and bench back in place, but forgot about the hymnals.</p>  <p><small>WRESTLING TEAM. First Row: John Brower, Randy Van Lier, Philp Helmer—coach. Second Row: Jim Clasing, Larry Fournier, Frank Shock, Ed Vander Leest, Warren Stierata, Clor David—assistant coach, Bill Vander Weit, Ron Groenendal. Third Row: Jack Baker, Bryan Roon, John Visser, Rich Joosma, Ken Agema—manager.</small></p> <p>The next day we had chapel, and the pianist (Lynnell Fennema if memory serves) sat down to play a solo. Her face took on a dismayed and perplexed look as the first few weird sounding, tinny notes were played. To her credit she gathered herself, and finished the piece with aplomb. Needless to say Principal Bill Buikema was a bit upset, but calmed down when it was explained that this chapel mishap was due to a boneheaded move by the wrestling team, and not the result of deliberate mischief.</p>

1952	Evenhouse	James			I had a Latin Class in 1950 with Miss Kay Smilde. Tough class with hard questions. In 2005, 55 years later, I was welcomed to the Palos Heights Christian Reformed Church by this same Latin teacher. She welcomed me as the new Interim Pastor, now bearing the name Mrs. Kay Kooy. It was a role reversal that I found interesting. Now through sermons, I was giving her instruction. And in a Bible study, I tried to give her some challenging questions. She had a very pleasant demeanor about it all, and we had an enjoyable time of re-connecting.
1952	Evenhouse	James			In my years at CCHS (48-52), one of my friends was Ken Medema. Good friend. Over the years, even though we took different paths career wise, and geographically, we kept in contact. On May 4 of 2006, I had the honor of officiating at his funeral, which took place in the Palos Heights Christian Reformed Church.
1952	Evenhouse	James			I was in the Visual Ed Club. It meant I had the assignment periodically to go to the Control Booth in the rear of the CCHS chapel, and monitor the sound system--important work, I thought. But Allan Crites and Gil Dykstra were there, and they often pressured me to play checkers. So there we were, playing checkers, while Rev Bel was preaching. DON'T TELL MY CHURCH ABOUT THIS.
2017	Santana	Mark			I had memories with CCHS because I was on team 48 as a linebacker and wide receiver. I made a lot of friends on that team and others as well.
1977	Burkum	Bob			I got to call Mr. VanVossen a nasty swear word when reading lines in drama class. Unfortunately, his character got to knock me out a few lines later -- which he did vigorously. He stood over me and said, "Call me that, will ya?" I responded, "Can we go back a few lines?"
1977	Sorrell	Ruth			On graduation day, my father commended that we looked like a band of angels walking across the field - that left a lasting impression on me.
1977	Whittington	Annette	Jarrett		Having prom, but you weren't allowed to dance.

1967	Visser	John			Mr. Gary Meyer assigning me to remind girls in mini-skirts that they needed to sit more modestly - I mostly forgot to follow through on that; Mr. Kiers allowing me to skip typing class to run errands for the soccer team.
1965	Leistra	Wayne			Trips to Melody Lane with my future wife, Kathy Zmuda, for banana splits after basketball games.
1965	De Horn	Bill		My favorite memory is the undefeated 1964-65 basketball season in its entirety and all its struggles.	
1956	Leo	John			Mrs. Huebner's class when the waste can caught on fire and I ran out with the can to the washroom to put it out. I was her hero! She didn't know I started it.