

Amanda Glime

My anecdote comes from AP Biology, and no, it is not about the time I released 200+ flies into the school, it comes from when we went seining. Despite being genuinely afraid of fish and soaked due to multiple falls, I did not want to leave the creek until I had caught the biggest fish. We ran through with our net one more time and were ecstatic when we lifted it up to reveal a grass pickerel, whose pickle-like features earned him the name Dill. We brought him out of the water and put him into the bucket, which I received the honor of carrying. Somehow during the trip from the bus to the classroom I managed to drop the bucket holding poor Dill. My fight or flight instinct kicked in and I immediately ran away from the fish, flopping in the grass. I loved Dill, but nothing could get me to touch that fish. My lab partners scooped him off the grass and placed him into the bucket, which I was never allowed to hold again. Even though he ate the other groups' fish and kept ramming himself into the walls of the tank, he will always be the coolest fish.

Mandy plans on attending Purdue University next year to study Biomedical Engineering and PreMed. Ten years from now, she hopes to be performing and creating innovative brain surgeries.

Amanda Glime - Mrs. Wirthwein

From the moment we met in 6th grade, I knew Mrs. Wirthwein and I were going to get along. No matter what room we are placed in, we are both the loudest, most energetic people, even at 7 AM. She has always been there to help me through anything and everything. Mrs. Wirthwein was also able to make me enjoy my least favorite subject: History. I enjoyed taking her class so much that I ended up taking one of her history classes every year. She has supported me through every class and musical, and I am extremely grateful to have had her as a mentor and role model. Nothing makes me happier than when I can hear her distinct laugh coming from the back of the auditorium at every school event. Thank you for everything!

Aubrey Taylor

“Project SALES,” a service trip I took during winter break of my junior year, works with a group called the Appalachia Service Project by sending small groups of high schoolers to Virginia. The high schoolers renovate homes for low-income families. (Mr. Markoff deserves much of the credit for my group’s work, because I had no idea what a circ saw was until the same day I started using one.)

The week I spent in Virginia taught me to be more conscientious of other people’s troubles, to be grateful for my own blessings, and to use my advantages for others. It was also the week that I knew I wanted to become an engineer and use my hands to build sustainable infrastructure in underdeveloped areas.

But I would also like to mention my parents. Throughout my entire life, I have seen them work hard at their education and careers in order to help the world around them. The reason why Project SALES was my favorite high school experience is because I felt that I was following most closely in my parents’ footsteps to improve the lives of other people.

Aubrey plans on attending Princeton University to study civil and environmental engineering. Ten years from now, she sees herself traveling to underdeveloped countries working as an engineer.

Aubrey Taylor - Mrs. Garrett

Looking around this room, I am overwhelmed by the gratitude I feel for the passionate teachers who made me genuinely enjoy learning. It is the teachers who contagiously love their subjects, educate beyond just the AP test material, and care deeply about all of their students that I will forever be grateful for. And no teacher embodies these traits more than Mrs. Garrett.

Mrs. Garrett can explain everything with clarity while also having unbounded patience for the confusing homework problems or tricky details in the FRQs. But her qualities are truly unmatched when it comes to her thoughtfulness and kindness toward her students. Mrs. Garrett has the emotional intelligence to notice who is having a rough or stressful day, and she makes herself available whenever she may be needed. She has over and over again become my cheerleader, friend, mentor, and lifeline. (And most importantly, she's shared some of her addicting homemade fudge with me.) Mrs. Garrett, thank you for everything. I am so grateful to have had you as a teacher.

James Horwitz

My favorite high school memory took place during the summer before my Sophomore year at Kenston. With the addition of receiving a new immune replacement treatment and my successful trial of returning to the classroom, my parents and I decided that I was healthy enough to transfer back into Kenston High School from my prior online education. Words cannot describe my excitement as I entered the high school that day to meet with Mrs. Kardamis, knowing that at the conclusion of the meeting I would leave as a full-time Kenston student, never having to explain the reason behind my online education again.

My memories of high school will be filled with the bliss of the mere opportunity to participate in face-to-face instruction, inside jokes, and lunchtime conversations with all of my friends, both new and old.

Jimmy will be attending Case Western Reserve University. He rightfully earned the prestigious A.W. Smith Innovation Scholarship for full paid tuition to Case! He plans on studying electrical engineering and pursuing the field of robotics engineering. Ten years from now, Jimmy hopes to be running his own robotics company.

James Horwitz - Mrs. Svajger

Although I have had many teachers that have impacted my life in an academic sense, what stands out the most to me are the teachers that have gone well above and beyond to accommodate my health related absences. For the past twelve years, Mrs. Svajger, my 1st grade teacher, wishes me happy birthday and has sent me cards after hospitalizations. Mrs. Svajger proved that a kid that missed so many days of school could still be included in a classroom community. She took time out of her schedule to rearrange her lesson plans to ensure the most important activities took place on the days I was present, and I am forever grateful for your kindness.

Adam Farrell

Throughout high school, I believe that I have matured into a young adult. One day on the band/choir trip to New York, we walked around all alone through Rockefeller Center like the grown-up individuals we were. Looking through the intricate window displays of iconic stores always featured in Christmas movies, there was one in particular that struck a chord with our group: the Lego store. Immediately after realizing what I had come across as childhood memories flash through my mind, the adult-like facade I had immediately dissolved. We marveled at the Lego sets, wishing we had the funds to simply acquire one. Putting our heads on a swivel to ask Mom or Dad for funds, an adaptation from early childhood, we quickly realized our current situation; it dawned on us that we each had jobs, after which many shelled out the needed cash. This simple moment has stuck with me throughout high school, and will remain with me for the rest of my life. “Learn the art of growing without losing your inner child.”

Adam plans on attending Ohio State University to study biomedical engineering on a pre med track. Ten years from now, he hopes to be finishing up his residency at a hospital.

Adam Farrell- Mr. Hinkle

My desire to learn more math began to fade as we drifted into the "world of the unknown" with "this thingy called x" but one individual quickly restored my faith. Mr. Hinkle quickly stood out to me as a teacher who knew how to make learning enjoyable. Between the review games played before tests and team-based projects that challenged us to be creative, the class was an overall joy to be a part of. While it appeared that we were initially learning very little algebra, I couldn't have been more mistaken as the first test came about. For each method of problem-solving, Mr. Hinkle planted a mnemonic device, jingle, or slogan in our head to recall exactly how to complete the given task. Mr. Hinkle, thank you for your dedication to the math program at Kenston, inspiring young mathematicians to love what they do best.

Weston Gaskins

As my anecdote I'd like to paint a picture of one of my first days of junior year. In AP Chem, we were doing a lab that required the use of Bunsen burners. While setting up the Bunsen burner, my group and I realized we needed a bigger flame. None of us were very familiar with using these, so we started toying with the burner, twisting this knob and turning that, trying to figure out what would work. To make a long story short, I messed something up and for a split second, both of my hands were engulfed by fire. My hands were literally on fire by the third day of Chemistry. However, my hands were extinguished and had no injuries and I continued to use the Bunsen burners easily 100 more times throughout the year. Although the primary purpose of this story is humor, I think it goes to show that during high school things can always take some serious turns for the worse. But in the end, you always end up just fine and move on.

Weston plans on attending the University of Cincinnati to study Biology, Biochemistry, and Data Analytics. In ten years, he'd like to be in one of two places. Either completing his education and becoming a fully qualified orthopedic surgeon or studying data analytics in hopes of going into predictive sports analytics to work for an NFL franchise and help them make educated decisions.

Weston Gaskins - Mrs. D. Kramer

In the second semester of my junior year, I hit a brick wall. Out of nowhere, my classes became incredibly challenging, I lost interest in my hobbies, and I felt like I was drowning in extracurriculars. I still had high ambitions, but I needed to make some serious changes. Luckily, most of the adult figures in my life were forgiving and willing to help me fix the damage I had done. However, Mrs. Kramer went above and beyond. Everyday in Calc, Mrs. Kramer offered a welcoming smile that was followed up by tough love to help me get on track. Once I had corrected my path, Mrs. Kramer never really relented, and she kept me on my path. Everyday she provided a new reason to love math and to love education, and I feel like she not only saved me from catastrophe in the grade book, but instilled a deep passion for mathematics within me during the process.

Ben Knapik

I will never forget the day the Football Team won the State Championship. I remember when it was so cold that my saliva froze inside of my saxophone. I remember when I kept slipping as I was trying to march in the snow. I remember my fingers getting so cold such that I couldn't tell if I was pressing down any keys. But probably the greatest memories that I have are of the football team scoring so many touchdowns that we got bored of playing the fight song and started playing other stand tunes. I remember decorating my saxophone with christmas lights. And I remember looking over and seeing all of the energy of the Kenston student section and watching the security guards gathering around the Kenston stands because they were worried that things were going to get crazy. That day certainly had plenty to remember.

Ben plans on attending Ohio State University to study Biochemistry. Ten years from now, Ben hopes to be working as a researcher at NASA or a Biotech firm.

Ben Knapik - Mr. Segulin

AP chemistry was one of the most difficult classes I have ever taken, but luckily we had Mr. Segulin on our side. Jimmy was my lab partner, and that was a challenge in itself; Very few of our experiments were executed flawlessly. I remember a couple of times when after a failed reaction Mr. Segulin had said to us, “Wow, I have never seen that happen before. How do you think that happened?” Every mistake was acknowledged and used as an opportunity to learn. Guided through class by someone clearly adept at turning mental pain into wisdom, a bond was formed beyond the classroom connecting the class in ways we never could have imagined.

Emily Cronin

I have learned so much about who I am as a person as well as what I want to do with my life through the experiences I have had because of Kenston High School. One of these experiences was a summer internship with Geauga County Probate/Juvenile Court. While I was busy with a couple projects, which occupied much of my time, I was able to sit in on many cases ranging from family disputes over property to custody hearings. These cases could not have been more different but they were vital in solidifying two aspects of my future: first, I don't have the patience to be an attorney in any capacity; and secondly, I want to run my own organization to help local children get through the difficult times, many of which I had the unfortunate privilege to witness in the courthouse.

Emily plans on attending Creighton University to study biology, public health, and psychology. It is difficult for her to predict where she will be ten years from now, but is hoping to have graduated with an advanced degree in epidemiology, and working for the CDC or the WHO.

Emily Cronin - Mr. Link

Mr. Link...where do I begin? Over the course of my high school career you are the only teacher that has simultaneously pushed me to be better while also comforting me and showing me compassion. You gave me the support I needed at my lowest, most vulnerable moments without question, and your room has never failed to feel like home amidst the craziness that is high school. So thank you for dealing with my sarcastic comments and my regular overreactions. But most importantly, thank you for believing in me because at the end of the day it really has made all the difference.

Valentino Carriero

The second semester of my freshman year was when I met some of the weirdest people in my life. I was taking Honors Geometry with Mrs. Dubovec and was in a class with mostly sophomores, which kinda scared me. I constantly felt like the little guy in the room, even though there were other 2020 classmates with me. I remember making friends with each new math group and becoming closer with some of the people in the grade above me. Then one day came, in which I received the dreaded question. “Val do you wanna come get ice cream after school with us?” It came from two sophomores in the class. I was terrified. I didn't think they would want to hangout with me, I mean I barely even knew them. I quickly replied and made an excuse as to why I couldn't go that day, thinking that it would be over after that. But then the next two days they continued to ask me to come until I finally gave in. The scariness of being the little guy went away as we pulled up to Dairy Island and got some hurricanes. These two “sophomores” became my two closest friends for the rest of high school and are definitely some of the weirdest people I have met, which is why they are my best friends. The moral of the story is to branch out and get comfortable being uncomfortable, because that's when the best experiences are made and the best people are met.

Val plans on attending Ohio State University to study agricultural engineering. Ten years from now, he hopes to be innovating the farming industry through disruptive technology and solving agricultural related issues.

Valentino Carriero - Mrs. Baugher

I chose to honor my teacher Mrs. Baugher for being a great idol and teaching me many lessons both about math and life. One of the most prominent lessons she has taught me is to disregard what others think and make my own decisions. She has always been a person I can seek for help on almost anything. When I was in her class Mrs. Baugher made learning enjoyable and easier through the way she taught which helped me learn not only statistics but other ways I can help myself succeed in schooling for the future. I would like to thank Mrs. Baugher for being a great teacher and mentor, and for helping me succeed at a whole new level.

Madison Journey

It was a time of excitement and an adrenaline rush. Our final conference game of my junior season, and we were playing Madison High School. They were supposed to be the best in our conference, so we were expected to lose. Each teammate played their heart out, and we came out with a win. My favorite high school memory is the moment after that final whistle blew. We were all screaming loudly, jumping on each other. It was like slow motion while we all ran to the sidelines to hug and cheer. It was a moment of bliss for our team, for all of our hard work finally paid off. Out of my 13 years of playing soccer, this memory is the one that I will never forget.

Madison plans on attending Ohio State University to study nursing. In ten years, she hopes to be working as a Family Nurse Practitioner or Nurse Midwife.

Madison Journey - Mrs. Brust

Today I want to honor the most caring woman I know: Mrs. Brust. She always gives to others without asking for anything in return. From being in Interact and taking her class, I have seen that Mrs. Brust is truly an example of practice what you preach when giving back to the community. She is passionate about what she does; I never had a day in her class where she did not display enthusiasm for everything that is taught. Lastly, Mrs. Brust is one of the strongest women I know. She presents an unbreakable spirit, and her perseverance does not wither. Mrs. Brust, I want to thank you for pushing me to be the best person I can be and inspiring me to be passionate about what I love in my life.

Robert Sunderhaft

During the end of my freshman year, I received college mail just like any other student. Now before you jump to conclusions, these letters were not addressed to me nor to my older sister who was a sophomore, they were addressed to a far more important individual: Ricardo Girgaflingnabob.

Never heard of him? Don't worry, he is just a man I created to research college scholarships while I was in middle school. He STILL receives college letters, emails, and even credit card applications from Discover.

Ricardo is no ordinary student though, he is a flawless individual who has only received perfect test scores, who has volunteered thousands of hours, who is President of more clubs than this school offers, and who is so diverse that he practices every religion known to man.

Even though I will move away from where Ricardo lives, according to the information section in Scholarships.com, he will always be with me as I strive to become a fraction of the man that he is.

Robert plans on attending Ohio State University to study Applied Mathematics and an undecided Engineering or Science major. Ten years from now he hopes to be working with a start up company solving real world problems.

Robert Sunderhaft - Mrs. Petre

Though there are so many teachers I would love to thank, Mrs. Petre is the teacher who enabled me to be as successful as I am today. She was such a loving caring individual who sparked my interest in math through the usage of bribery. Yes, you heard me right.

She would bribe us with prizes to complete packets full of math. Like any first grader, I completed the task for the prizes, but soon found out that I found more joy in solving the problems than obtaining the reward.

Through Mrs. Petre's clever teaching tactics, she allowed me to find my academic passion. I can say with confidence that I would not be a part of this event tonight without my amazing first grade teacher, so thank you Mrs. Petre.

Frank Hegedus

For the first three years of high school, and back into middle school, I was a part of the Kenston Robots team, where we would build a robot, and have it compete in a tournament where it would fight to destroy other robots. We were never very good, and on more than one occasion, the bot burst into flames. I'll never forget sitting out in the rain back in 10th grade, scraping char off of the chassis, and rushing as fast as we could to get it back into fighting shape before the next round. We got it to work, and then I believe we lost in about a minute.

Frank plans on attending college in the fall and is currently deciding between Ohio State University and Villanova University to study physics or engineering. Ten years from now, he will either be graduating college or almost graduating, with his doctorate. He also would like to have a family, or at least be close to settling down.

Frank Hegedus - Mrs. Zink

Mrs. Zink was my, as well as most of the rest of our, fourth and fifth grade teacher. I'll never forget that day when she announced to the class at the end of fourth grade that she would be moving up with us to fifth grade. It was an amazing sentiment to end the year on. Fourth grade however, was also the year that my mother developed cancer, and sadly she passed away while I was in fifth grade. This was one of the hardest, most devastating times of my life. But through it all, I will never forget the kindness, and the generosity of Mrs. Zink. She was always there to help make my day better with motivation of some kind. In particular, she started what I consider to be the greatest act of kindness anyone has ever done for me. Every week, she asked individuals to bring something in for me, something small, a little toy or a snack, to help distract me. This went a lot further than I think anyone realized, and I still almost tear up thinking about how considerate everyone was. For all of that, I thank you for impacting my life, for making me a better person, the person that I am today.

Laura Parsons

Before I entered the high school, something I looked forward to all year round were the Kenston Center Stage Productions, especially as an intermediate schooler going to watch even the middle school performances. Sitting in the auditorium, I used to stare up in wonder at the students who were only a few years older than myself, but seemed so far away from me that I could never imagine being in their shoes. Well, that's the funny thing about high school. You spend your whole life looking up to kids who are older than you and never imagining that one day that will be you too. Until, one day, of course, when it is. Well for me that moment came senior year when I finally got over my nerves and decided to audition for the productions I had loved so much as a kid. To my surprise and excitement I somehow managed to get one of the rolls, and before I knew it, I was standing in front of my own crowd of very shy and also very enthusiastic fourth graders, in my very bright red dress and lipstick, holding a candlestick, and asking them who they thought the murder was, while they stared back at me with the same wonder I had experienced when the rolls were reversed and I was them.

Laura plans on attending college next fall and is deciding between the University of Maryland, New York University (Steinhardt College), Bowling Green, or Emerson College to study communications. Ten years from now she hopes to be married with five children.

Laura Parsons - Mr. Voudris

In the past four years of high school, I have spent just about every Saturday from the months of October to February, waking up before the sun has even risen to spend about an hour getting ready, just so that I can hop on a bus at 6 am to travel anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour away, to spend quite literally the next 8 or more hours competing in an event that I will do four times, with a speech that lasts only about 10 minutes. Yes. Speech and Debate. And honestly, if I were you, I'd probably be thinking, wow, this was something she must have really cared about. And you wouldn't be wrong. But throughout it all, all the bus rides, early mornings, late nights coming home, there has been one person who has genuinely cared more than all of us put together. And that's Stephen Voudris. He's the reason why the team became what it is today, and the reason why it will continue to grow throughout the years to come (as long as he doesn't scare away our youngest new members). He's the reason this team meant as much as it did. For every morning I was up at 5 am, he was up at 4. If I was practicing four times a week, he was there 6. For every success, he was there with a smile, and more often than not tears, to offer us his support. He deserves the biggest thank you that I, or anyone who's had the pleasure of knowing him, can give. So thank you Mr. Voudris, for making the past four years truly mean so much.

Annika Markoff

With three hours to explore Moab, Utah, all my tent could think of was ice-cream.

We had a few days of freedom on the Out West Trip, but instead of walking around or looking at local art, we ransacked any cafe we found. But even in 100 degree weather, the prices (\$7 for an ice-cream cone?) made us leave shops

empty-handed, prompting one of the four of us to suggest Wendy's for a reliable Frosty. I put my foot down. We're in Moab! We should support local businesses! We'll find ice-cream eventually! Yeah, not thirty minutes later, I caved. Fine.

We made our way to Wendy's, drained water bottles in tow. The town seemed deserted. Where were all 43 kids on our trip? When we arrived at Wendy's, the doorbell jingled merrily. And we found every last Kenston student looking back at us. I'm not sure what that memory taught me---maybe that tired and sticky minds think alike? --but it's a great one. And boy, was that Frosty good.

Annika plans on attending Case Western University in the fall. She is undecided on what major to pursue but is considering Pre-med, English, Anthropology, or Neuroscience. Ten years from now sees herself living in the mountains, reading too much, and still in med school.

Annika Markoff - Mrs. Zeigler

Many teachers taught me to “adult”--- to be responsible, proactive, and even how to file taxes. But what made Mrs. Ziegler special is that she showed me how to stay a kid. In bio, I saw her unabashedly excited to get muddy (in the name of science), and be fascinated by dissected worms. She had so much unashamed curiosity at students’ discoveries, and when I found articles after class or chanced upon a new mold at home, Mrs. Ziegler would share my excitement. That, more than anything, is what I want to thank her for---she gave me confidence to be curious, and an always-open door for new findings. Thanks to Mrs. Ziegler, I’ll be proud to stay a kid at heart forever.

Isabelle Seewald

I never thought I was good enough to be pursued in anything really. I wasn't the type of athlete coaches begged to have on their team or the student picked to be student of the month. That all changed in September of 2018 with what was to be the first of many emails to me from President Tressel. This wasn't a blast email sent to hundreds of juniors from YSU, it was a personal email written to me from President Tressel, one of the greatest football coaches of all time, telling me how much he would like to meet me and convince me to become a penguin. Suddenly we were emailing regularly and I knew what it felt like to be pursued like a top athlete. Just knowing someone wanted me enough to pursue me as President Tressel did, has given me the confidence that I didn't know I had.

Isabelle plans on attending Youngstown State University to study mathematics. Ten years from now, she sees herself graduating with an orthodontic degree and hopefully finding a practice to work for to start her career.

Isabelle Seewald - Mrs. Dubovec

Ms. Dubovec helped me learn to have fun and to believe in myself more than any other teacher at Kenston did. She took an insecure, quiet, way too serious 14 year-old who hadn't played softball in 2 years and turned me into a more outgoing, conference award winning 18 year-old softball player. I am a different person with Dubo, whether on the field or in class, because of the time and effort she put into teaching and working with me. Thanks to Ms. Dubovec, I believe I can do whatever I put my mind to and do it well. Thanks for everything you've done for me in the classroom and on the field, Coach.

Isabella Benz

By now, I am sure a few of you have heard of my experience as an intern under Judge Mary Jane Trapp of the Eleventh District Court of Appeals, and I am sure some of you are beginning to think I am starting to sound like a bit of a broken record. To those people, please bear with me, because I must speak of it one final time. This experience was a pivotal point for me, for it showed me the joy that I had to look forward to. The networking, the business cards, and the publications were great and all, but what I really loved about it was the hope that it brought me. I wish I could go back and tell that girl studying in her room on a Saturday night instead of being out that it will be worth it. Sitting behind a row of female attorneys as I watched Judge Trapp sit on the bench was just the inspiration I needed. In that moment I knew this was where I belonged, and I can't wait to stay there.

Bella plans on attending Dickinson College to study political science. Ten years from now, she hopes to be graduated from Dickinson College and Law School, and practicing law full-time.

Isabella Benz - Mr. Murphy

As a freshman in my first ever high school class, I can still remember the nervous excitement that I felt as I walked in and searched for a seat. Why I sat at the opposite side of the room from the teacher I'll still never know, but he quickly became my favorite person in this foreign place. Always friendly to everyone, I was never afraid of being the "weird girl" around him; instead, I embraced it. Mr. Murphy was my biggest supporter at school no matter where I was in my personal life. He always reminded me of my true potential and the value I hold as an individual. His favorite song will always be a reminder of the support he provided me as he said, "Don't Stop Believin".