

When RCHS students and staff gathered in the gymnasium on Monday morning, May 6, it was not to honor a winning team. It was to grieve—to grieve for two classmates who died in a single-car accident Saturday, May 4.

What follows is a series of anecdotes, personal recollections, letters, and poems dedicated to Benjamin McKibben and Christopher Tolle, both 16.

One time Ben, Brandon Reams, and I were at Ben's house making bread for a school project. We were all minding our own business when Aaron decided to spray us with some kind of fart spray or something. It was so rank! Aaron chased us all over the house and out into the yard. We smelled like rotten eggs for the rest of the day.
Submitted by David Richardson

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Tolle,

I wanted to write a little to tell you how sorry I am. Chris was such a great person who was fun to be around.

His humor was something that brought smiles to people's faces that will remain forever.

Once again, I'm so sorry, for not only your loss, but for the loss of everyone whose life Chris so graciously touched.

Sincerely,

Marty Reagan

POEM—Jenny Smith

The clouds have parted,
The angels have sang,
And they were with them
While in the Mustang.

All faces are as white as snow,
Wondering how these two great
guys could go.

The halls are filled with love and
tears,
Along with sadness and silent
fears.

As the winds swayed left and right,
God held Chris and Ben very tight.

While we bow our heads in prayer,
Let's thank God for being there.

In memory of Chris & Ben

Chris and Ben were two of the funniest guys at the Rock. They knew how to make people laugh when they were having a bad day. They pulled pranks and told jokes, just for the best of our enjoyment. They were, and are, greatly loved. They will be greatly missed throughout the county, and throughout the school.

We love you guys. God bless!
Nola Holt

Chris had so much laughter. He was a true, true country boy. He had the voice and all. Our hearts go out to your family. We will always miss and love you. You were a great friend who could always make any-

one laugh. You will never be forgotten.

Miss you,
Lindsay York

We will all miss your humor, Ben, and never forget the times we had with you. Our prayers are sent to your family. We will miss and love you for the rest of our lives. You will never be forgotten. You will always be in our hearts.

Miss you,
Lindsay York

Ben was only two years old when his dad came to preach at my church. I have watched him and his brothers grown to become wonderful, sensitive, Christian people for the past 14 years. The entire family embraced the children in our congregation, often hosting sleepovers for all the boys. Last summer, after the final night of Vacation Bible School, both of my kids stayed all night. There the boys were, at least 15 of them, at 1:00 a.m. playing tag in the woods at the edge of the house.

My two boys stayed at Ben's house while I worked during the summer, and I was amazed at how attentive Ben was with two little boys who were so much younger than he was. He played Nintendo for hours with my oldest son, Zac, who is a rather serious little boy. Since no one could be serious around Ben for long, Zac soon began to lighten up, and he learned from Ben how to take a joke. I would come to pick my sons up, and Ben would have my youngest son, Ethan, hoisted above his head, twirling him around. I was sure that I would arrive one day to see broken bones! Ben began calling him "Eton", and would tease him mercilessly with the nickname. When Ethan protested, I told him to come up with a nickname for Ben. The next day, he went to the McKibben's house, and presented Ben with his new name... "Bendover". Ben thought it was hilarious.

Submitted by Janice Miller

Ben was always a lovin' person, always tryin' to make people smile. We will all miss his sense of humor and his crazy smile. We all love you, Ben the Man!

God bless and love always,
Bekah Mason

Chris was a fun person to be around, he was always talkin' about hunting. He was a real country guy, he even wore the boots. We all will love and miss him dearly.

God bless and love always,
Bekah Mason

Fly by Paula Rowland

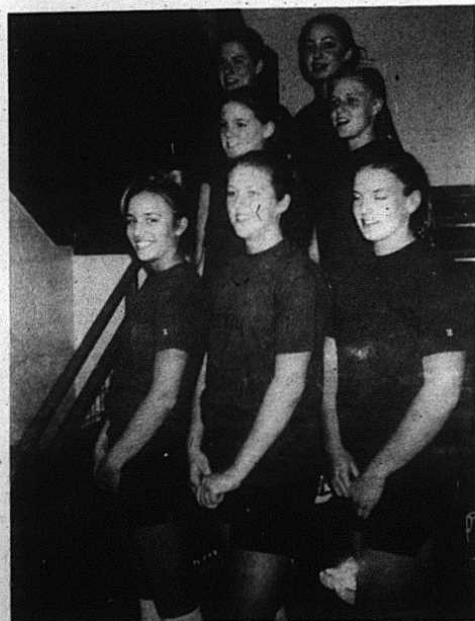
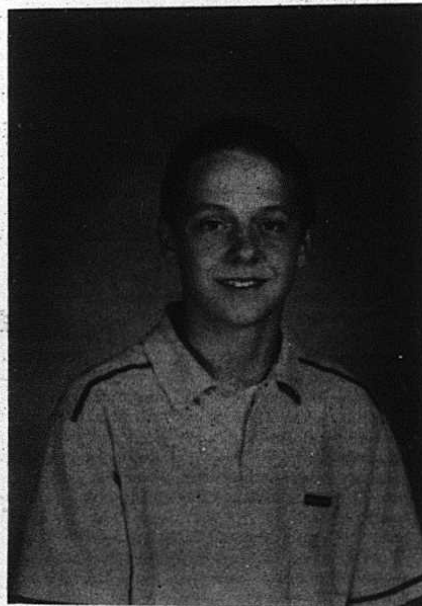
I always wondered
how it felt to fly
Just stretch out my wings
to soar across that big blue sky

To feel the wind
rushing through my hair

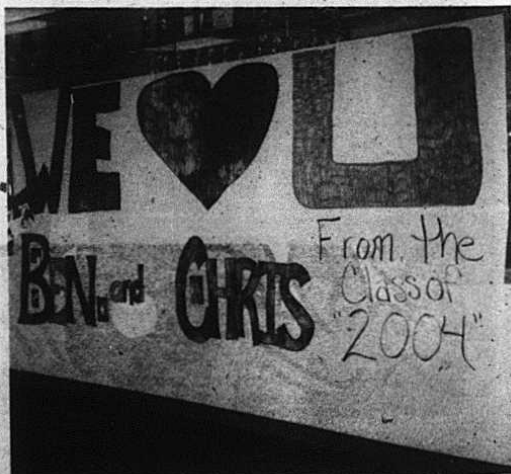
To know there are no bounds
that I can fly anywhere.

It is a feeling
I have wanted since a child
I always swore when I got
I would just go buck wild.
Finally, I am here today
getting ready to stretch out

Ben McKibben



These sophomores named their volleyball team in honor of Ben.



Monday, May 6, students created signs for Chris and Ben. Several students