

There is Such a Thing as **PS Love**

-Zack Menendez, PS Alum 2001

A couple of months ago, I was anxious and nervous to greet a group of people who were named the cream of the crop at this new school I would be going to. What if I was an outcast? What if I didn't fit in? For surely these people would introduce themselves and barely shake my hand so as not to drop the volumes of Hawthorne under their arms. Surely these people would speak so eloquently and with such high-browed language that I wouldn't understand a word they were saying. How was I ever going to get along with these guys?

After meeting them, I was glad to find out that, for the most part, they were just as weird as I was. They weren't intimidating to me or intimidated by me. I could almost bet that if I needed to talk to someone as a friend, I might even find one or two in this group. Only time would tell.

Then one day, I was introduced to the concept of **PS Love**. I wasn't sure what it was, and I'm still not absolutely certain. I kind of like it that way. The idea was that we would be a new generation of "the elite" of our school. We'd vow to be real people, caring for one another. Like so many good things, the idea started with a laugh. When somebody would mention the idea of **PS Love**, we'd all laugh or roll our eyes. We all had a problem taking our own idea seriously, but I think it's because we needed time to see if the concept could actually ever work.

As time went (rapidly) on, I noticed a change in the way I felt about this group. They really were wonderful people. I actually began to care about who they were. I even had a sneaking suspicion that they might care about who I was. Couldn't be sure about the last part, though. Then, some bad times hit. And while I felt so down and out, I looked up and there was a crowd around me. It was them. From check-up phone calls in the afternoon, to get me out of the dorm room, to invitations to take a walk, to cards sent via inner-school mail, I knew someone was watching out for me. And never had I realized that the concept of **PS Love** was actually real.

Sure, when we say it now, we all still giggle. We come up with silly ideas about things we might do together one day as a group. And we laugh. Because deep down we all know that one day each of us is going to need to count on **PS Love**, but simply can't believe that a group could care so much. And when we find out exactly what it means, the only thing we'll want to do is wait for our turn to give it back.

I love you all.