Salutatory Address
Dylan Tie-Shue ’20
May 17, 2020

Good Afternoon Ransom Everglades Community,

My name is Dylan Tie-Shue, and I am honored to be speaking to you today as the Class of 2020’s salutatorian.

Dear Class of 2020, it’s hard to believe that our seven years together are finally over. Our journey has been unlike any before, and to say that we’ve been through a lot over the last seven years is quite an understatement. To start off high school, we went on Outward Bound, right in the middle of the Zika virus. As sophomores, we had Irma, who ruined our athletic field. And now, of course, our senior year has been tragically cut short due to the coronavirus pandemic. And those are just the natural disasters.

Over the years, we have been left with so many unanswered questions. Like, when can we use the STEM building? Where are our parking spaces? What time does prom start? What happened to the San Fran trip? Islands of Adventure? Boomers? Truth be told, it would take all the cannons in the world for Mrs. Townsend to spray paint a tribute to everything we’ve lost. I guess we just didn’t get the memo that all fun school events have a class minimum of 140 students. But, among all of the bad luck we’ve had, I really think we should all take a step back and appreciate how lucky we truly are. And when I say “lucky,” I’m not just talking about when Joseph beats me on a physics test, or when Tim somehow beats Izzy in a 1-on-1 basketball game during night ball. I’m talking about how incredibly fortunate we all are to be part of the Ransom Everglades family.

On behalf of the Class of 2020, I’d like to thank all of the teachers, coaches, and administration for everything you’ve done for us. Words cannot express how grateful we are to all of you. Thank you for the excitement you bring to the classroom, the energy you bring to the pool and field, and for doing everything possible to make sure that our school is the best it can be. There’s not another place in the world with such encouraging, dedicated teachers, who truly care about our personal wellbeing. You are the ones who developed our intellectual curiosity, and we owe all of our present and future success to you. I would now like to give a shout-out to some of my teachers: Ms. Duty, who never taught a class without smiling. Mr. Natland, who always reminded us that we = money. Mr. Che, who always shared with us his morning words of wisdom. Mr. Hamm, who always cracks the best band jokes. Ms. Key, never my teacher but one my very best friends, and last but not least, Ryan and Jacob, who are among my personal role models, and have always helped me along my journey at Ransom.

Parents: You’re finally free. Well, some of you are – I know my parents still have to deal with Alexis. You have been our biggest cheerleaders, always supporting us in all endeavors, and were always there to help us when we needed it. Thank you for sacrificing so much for us, and for sending us to a school that we can so proudly call our second home. You’ve raised us to be confident, disciplined, humble and kind. As we head off to college, I hope you don’t worry about us too much. We’re excited and ready for the next chapter in our lives, ready to meet new friends, and we promise to practice safe social distancing.

Classmates: Be grateful for what we have, and be proud of what we’ve accomplished. Because even if only half of us made it to graduation, spending the last seven years with you all has been the best experience of my life. Whether it’s free-for-all wrestling on that Circle F Dude Ranch
lake floaty, playing in my final band concert for my grandmother, or walking into the chaotic mosh pit during 4A that some people call the cafeteria, I will cherish each and every memory we’ve made together. We’ve accomplished so much, and discovered our own unique passions. From sports to sailing, service to poetry – we’ve done it all. And I know that in five, ten, fifty years, I’ll be able to call any one of you, perhaps to learn that Jake has surpassed Tiger Woods as the youngest golfer to win the Masters, that Rachel has officially trademarked the color purple, or that Preston is still sending us brownies for our post-graduation birthdays. And it doesn’t matter what privileges our class has lost, because what mattered was that we went through it all together. As our favorite transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, “We acquire the strength we have overcome.” All of those struggles, worries and failures have brought us closer together.

As we move on to college, I’ll definitely miss pretending that I know more than five sentences in Chinese. I’ll miss destroying Liam in foos, and I’ll even miss those class meetings in the Pagoda where we do literally nothing at all. I don’t know what our plans are for a non-virtual commencement ceremony, but I’d love to see all of us together, one last time before we part ways. So please, enjoy this while you still can. I hope we’ll all be able to reflect back in a few years, and truly appreciate this amazing community for what it is. Remember to thank your parents, thank your teachers, and thank your friends. Our blood will always run green and blue, and that’s something that will stay with us forever.

I wish you all the best in the future. I know you all will go on to do great things.

Congratulations, Class of 2020!