

'I Am Honored to Call John My Best Friend'

By CAITLIN DEMKIN (V)

I am honored to have been able to call John Babbitt one of my best friends. John was perceptive and sensitive: somehow, he always knew when I needed a laugh, a hug, or just a friend to talk to. Losing John was one of the hardest things I have ever had to deal with; it was my first real loss, and at times, the pain is still raw. At times like these, the only way I can make myself feel better is to think of the great memories I had with John. When I think about the outrageous times John and I spent together, I can't help but smile and laugh.

John and I were friends freshman year, but it was not until chemistry class, during sophomore year, that we became very close. Nothing pleased us more than to drive Dr. Parvensky crazy—whether by falling out of chairs, shouting random phrases, or doing just about every immature thing we could possibly think of. We were the ultimate tag team.

John would ask me to walk with him to first period every morning, and he would ask me to come down to the clay room to help him paint a pot. He was always ready for a laugh, whether it was from printing pictures of dancing cupcakes to hang around school and put in mailboxes or competing to see who could say hello to more people. It is the small, insig-

nificant conversations and the personal times John and I shared that I miss the most.

I miss John's infectious laughter, yet find the most joy in remembering it. I will never forget the night John called to tell me to turn on the football game, not because he thought I would like the game but because he thought I would appreciate the snow falling on the field. John is the only person I can think of who would call someone for that reason. John's sincerity, honesty, sensitivity, and his everyday actions, like that phone call, were what made his personality so captivating and lovable.

I will forever miss and remember my Brickwall Babbitt, the boy who would always remind me to "lower the volume and calm down." The team player who was so excited just to be on the football team, who was looking forward to college, and who was nervous about the future. John will always be one of my best friends, and I would give anything to chat, dance, or just sit with the Renaissance Man who could pull off wearing a pink boa and fuzzy hat proudly. Although I will always miss your presence, John, I find comfort knowing you are watching me from heaven, with a smile on your face.

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