On a return trip to our home in Georgia, Sarah and I had the opportunity to pass right through Columbus, which gave me an opportunity to show her where I grew up. Yes, it was fun to see Barrington and the house where I lived on Guilford. Then it was on to the high school.

I hadn't been back to Upper Arlington since our last reunion. Where's the high school? I knew there was a new building, but I never imagined this massive, state-of-the-complex. I know things change, but the school's gone and quite frankly it was a little sad. I'm certainly happy for the new students and the community, but my memories of where I went to school for three years existed elsewhere.

I began to give it some serious thought. Did I really want to attend our class reunion next year? When you don't live in Columbus, or even Ohio, trips need planning. Drive or fly? Where are we going to stay? Is Sarah going to enjoy herself – how does anyone ever enjoy attending their significant other's high school reunion?

Then you realize that you don't attend a 60-year high school class reunion because of the school building, you go because of the people, to see old friends, maybe for the last time. Barring health problems, it's now on our calendar.

I look forward to introducing Sarah to people that I have shared so many fond memories with, friends who knew me before I became old, cranky and bald. I hope you can make it, too. We'll have a good time, one to remember for years to come.