

CRESTWOOD

REDEEMING THE MAPLE LEAFS

BY: JAKE PASCOE

Don't you think that there's a special kind of magic to communal agony?

This year, the city of Toronto drank their first sip of water in over nine years. With a magical defeat of the dastardly Senators, the Toronto Maple Leafs secured their position in spring hockey, a step in the NHL that we haven't reached in what feels like centuries. I remember in vivid detail the Mats Sundin led roster of scrappy, chippy, wonderful Leafs that served as my heroes in the twilight of my childhood. I still see flashes of Tie Domi reveling in an ocean of boos, cupping his ear with a smile that every Torontonians fell in love with.



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I have quick glimpses of Darcy Tucker zipping around the ice, nipping at heels and flashing his squinty eyes at fans, setting off explosive uproars with the slightest curl of the lips. Ed Balfour rounding off his hall-of-fame goaltending career with a valiant effort each and every night between the red pipes of doom.

And then there was me. Every night after the roaring trumpets blared the Hockey Night in Canada anthem I sat cross legged on the floor, watching with wide eyed wonder at the blue and white boys whacking goal after goal on their way to the playoffs. Year after year after year. I felt, and continue to feel, a part of that team.

Those were beautiful days in Toronto. Maybe it's just childhood naiveté, but my world seemed much warmer as the Leafs perennially found themselves playing in the postseason. Out of every one of my years as a Leaf baby I don't remember a single loss. It was my nature, as I'm sure it is for every four year old, to forget about the tears. When you're that young, dry eyes are far and few in between and you learn to forget all the times you cry. A tear here and there from a lost hockey game didn't register in my psyche. Not until 2004. The Maple Leafs and I squared off against the City of Brotherly Love but the Philadelphia Flyers and their fans looked about as loving as a butcher knife. Despite



years of recovery I've never quite forgiven the colour orange. It was a brilliant fight from our boys in blue but as the numbers grew larger on our oppositions score board so did the painful lump in my throat. That was the first time I remember crying from a sporting event and it wouldn't be the last. Not by a long shot.

The next decade in sports played out like a cruel vignette. Jaunty piano music rang as hockey fans watched in stunned silence as the suits in New York City took away our game. Life was like perpetual purgatory in 2004-05. Colours seemed duller, backyard hockey grew boring, and Saturday nights were lonelier than ever without my teammates.

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TO THE FALLS, AND BACK!

BY: JOSEPH EISENTRAUT

Our trip to Niagara Falls was an amazing one! We had the opportunity to learn about and experience many new adventures with our classmates.

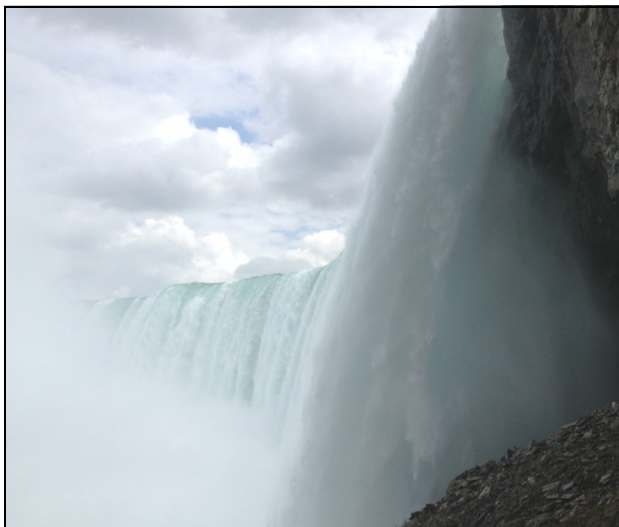
We first visited Bird Kingdom. There, we viewed different species of birds including the colourful parrot and smaller birds such as the Blue jay. From there, we made our way towards the Whirlpool Aero Car. This allowed us to travel over the racing Niagara River. From up above, we were able to view water swirling and meandering back and forth. This enormous whirlpool is one of the world's greatest natural wonders. During the same day, we went on the "Journey Behind the Falls". This journey took us deep below and behind the heart of Niagara and provided us with a fantastic view. We witnessed water crashing down from thirteen stories above, right up close. We also went to the Butterfly Conservatory. Roaming freely around the building, we were able to see many different types of butterflies. We learned how they grow, what they eat and how they survive. This was a great experience, as we got to witness up close beautiful butterflies that we don't see too often in Canada. Some of the butterflies even landed on us!

Afterwards, we headed to the popular Great Wolf Lodge and stayed there overnight. For those who don't know, Great Wolf Lodge is a hotel/resort that has a 100,000 square foot water park that is filled with slides and thrillers. Upon arrival to the lodge at around 3:00 pm, we had free time in the water park until dinner. This was the perfect amount of time to fully enjoy this part of the Niagara experience. After dinner, we had free time before going off to bed.



The next morning, we had an amazing breakfast and off we went to the falls. We went aboard "The Maid of the Mist", allowing for a close up view of this natural wonder. This is a great way for tourists to view the falls. Many people love doing this because it is exciting and this is as close as one can possibly get to this natural wonder. Shortly afterwards, we departed and visited the Old Fort Erie. We learned about the war of 1812, the history of the fort, how people lived and how they fought. There, we were also shown the weaponry used at the time. The tour ended with demonstration of the most common gun used at the time of the war.

Overall, our trip was an amazing one and it should definitely not be missed by future grade 7's!



TOGETHER IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

BY: MARISSA ROSEBNBERG

This year, the grade eight class went on an exciting trip to Ottawa filled with sensational excursions and memories that will never be forgotten. The bonds and friendships that we have created over these past three days in Ottawa will last a lifetime.

The trip began early in the morning on the bus; once we got to Ottawa we went to our first museum. We visited the Canadian War Museum, which was filled with so many interesting facts and people's stories from the past. We were even lucky enough to speak to a veteran and hear about his story in the war. After learning about the different wars years ago, we went right to the University of Ottawa, where we stayed. It was a new and exciting experience staying in dorms seeing how university students live. That night we went to Tucker's Marketplace Restaurant where we enjoyed delicious foods in the heart of Ottawa. Later that evening, we were taken to Carleton County Jail where we were given a haunted ghost tour and were told about the history of this hostel. The first day in Ottawa was a huge success and filled with many fun memories.

The second day began with a bang! Breakfast was at the delicious Hard Rock Café. Then, we went straight to the Parliament of Canada, where we were told about the fascinating facts about how Parliament was operated. We were also lucky enough to watch a parade inside the building. After our tour of the Parliament building, we walked right to the Supreme Court where we got to hear how different debates and law cases work. We even enjoyed our own mock law case needing a judge, jury, lawyer etc. Later that day, we walked to the ByWard Market, which is a packed area in Ottawa with many restaurants. At the market, we had some free time to walk around and enjoy the area. Our next excursion was a high ropes course. This event was very exciting because we were able to climb up high ropes and other activities. This expedition taught the class about how to build teamwork as a group. Later that day, we had yet another delicious dinner. Then, to finish off the day, we went to a Wave Pool filled with a large pool, hot tub and slides where everyone had a blast.



Sadly, we woke up to our last day in Ottawa. We began our last day by having a tasty breakfast, then going on a bike ride through the city and along the Ottawa River. Biking was very amusing and difficult at times, but everyone definitely had fun. After biking through the streets of Ottawa, we got on the bus and started our journey back home to Toronto.

The grade eight class had a wonderful three days. This trip was so exciting as our end of middle school trip. The students especially enjoyed this trip because it was our last time to be all together, as one unit at Crestwood since next year high school begins. Overall, seeing Ottawa was wonderful because it is such a beautiful city and the trip we all shared together will always be remembered.



REDEEMING THE MAPLE LEAFS, CONTINUED

Every day was like Game 6 of our series with the Flyers. Hockey returned the next year but to a grade three boy, it seemed too little too late. It was the strangest break from tradition I've ever had to go through when I was left watching baseball while playoff hockey played without my blue and white brothers. But the worse was yet to come. One by one like dominoes fell my heroes. New Toronto management plucked up and cast away the men that had become like my brothers. First went Tie Domi followed not long after by Eddie Belfour. Pat Quinn, Alex Mogilny. I watched as my hockey team, the rock of a young Canadian boys life, was picked apart by teams like a carcass to vultures. Then came the worst blow. The name on the back of my beloved jersey was sent cross country in a wake of tears. Mats Sundin, the greatest



Leaf I'd ever known, left my life. Loss after loss, year after year, I watched as the sons and daughters of former Montrealers giggled at my Leafs hats in school. As I grew older I grew more and more embarrassed of that Sundin jersey. The mere word 'Maple Leafs' turned into a punch line flung by Habs and Sens fans. I finished elementary school, the Leafs lost. I graduated middle school, the Leafs lost. I survived through two years of high school. Loss. Loss. Loss.

But we never really did lose hope, did we Toronto? April 20th came and went with a Toronto win and with a roar of cheers, car horns and Facebook updates, the drought was over. The world had changed since the last time we saw a playoff series. We saw the inventions of iPads, Twitter and flatter and flatter televisions. We watched revolutions spring and dictators fall. We watched the first African-American person move into the White House. The world was a very different place. It certainly wasn't the news that we wanted to hear when it turned out we'd be facing Beantown and their brutally berserk band of bumblebee coloured men, but my spirit didn't waver. Not for a second, and why would it? The day before our first playoff game in almost a decade I pulled out my dusty Mats Sundin sweater from the depths of my closet. I placed it down next to the jersey of Dion Phaneuf, his successor and the

leader of my new heroes, my new teammates. Gone was Tie Domi and Darcy Tucker, true, but the days of Joffery Lupul and Phil Kessel were ushered in with every goal horn. We weren't watching the final games of a hall-of-fame worthy goaltender, yes, but together we were witnessing a new one begin with James Reimer's best imitation of a brick wall. The world was a very different place but these were very different Leafs.

I can't speak for the Baby Boomers or Generation X, but I'm fairly certain my generation deserved this game the most. For half my entire life I watched the Maple Leafs wallow in the bottom of the standings. My generation and I at times had to literally hide our light up Leafs shoes for fear of the dreaded point-and-laugh from the Habs fans. We watched time after time as TSN and Sportsnet and The Score declared that the Leafs are the team with the longest playoff drought in the NHL! That they

haven't won a Stanley Cup for forty years! With every declaration of our mediocrity we found it harder and harder to find stats and arguments to back up our team. But as that puck dropped in Boston, as we watched the first Maple Leafs playoff game in HD ever, fifty percent of the Loser Leaf Generation's life was redeemed.

I sat on my couch every game, proud once again to wear the Maple Leaf on my chest. Win or loss, I grew prouder of my teammates every day. The vignette was over and colour was restored to the city of Toronto. *Whack*, a goal from van Riemsdyk. *Thud*, Reimer with a gorgeous save. Win, win, win.

Game 7 rolled around and my sister and I found ourselves in Maple Leafs Square standing amid thousands of like-minded true fans, most graduates from a life in the Leafs embarrassing years. No matter what, this was going to be a night that will live on with me through every sports game for the rest of my life. It was at the beginning of this night I learned the true beauty of this sport. Half-way through the singing of our national anthem I realized that no, these were not just true Leaf fans. These were true Canadians. These were strangers, standing in the blistering cold on their tip toes and preparing to do that for three hours more.

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SOUND AND SILENCE

BY: LILI MANCINI

I am your MIND.

A series of thoughts that seem so confined to where they have chosen to roam. They can do no harm when you hold them against the walls of your skull. You try to keep them from causing menace and pain in the world that surrounds your body. But thoughts have been known to escape. "Innocent" in the mind can be sadly mistaken for its opposition in the world of lost thoughts, lost hopes and lost loves.

We are your LIPS.

The wind from your lungs emerges through a series of formations we create, used to introduce the sounds necessary to create words. Certain sets of words are safe from causing debris. Others cause destruction that cannot be undone. Once a word has escaped us and has been spoken, it is lost in the world. The world of friends, of family, and surely of foes.

We are your FINGERTIPS.

We hold the key to figuring out the name that your body has come to know. These lines and curvatures, these dozens of swirls, etched in our faces: your body's built in signature. Here is where fingerprints lie. And even with all the knowledge that they can bring to their observer, they will never show your soul. Never show the beauty and sadness that has inhabited this shell... We replace your lips when you cannot bear to breath another word. When things are too painful to utter. Your lips get tired and your thoughts can't stay trapped forever. So we help you to leak them onto the most silent of papers with the darkest of inks.

REDEEMING THE MAPLE LEAFS, CONTINUED

Yet, they put their arms on one another and shouted O Canada into the cold spring sky. Complete strangers arm and arm being united by this game, by this communal agony they've all had to endure for almost a decade. Even if we weren't at the top of the standings we've always been proud of this team just like this amazing country. Hockey is the glue that ties this nation together. We can have our rivalries but when push comes to shove the Leafs fan and the Habs fan and the Sens fan will be supporting each other because at the end of the day we're the same. We're all hockey fans. We're all in love with this beautiful sport.

The most important lesson I learned from that night came as my heart broke. No, those tears over Philadelphia's win in 2004 certainly wouldn't be the last I'd shed over hockey. I felt cheated, lost, and angry. I turned away from the screen trying to block out the whine of the announcer's shock at Boston's come from behind victory and I looked down at my old Sundin jersey in disdain. I was egged along by my sister who was less sad from the game and more scared by the prospect of a riot. After all we were in the biggest city in Canada in a square filled with thousands of heart-broken men, women and children. We hurried away from the idea of sirens, riot shields, broken glass and flying bricks but that was all in vain.

After all, this is Toronto.



That was my lesson. This is Toronto. This is the city who has packed the ACC through swiss cheese goalies and pee-wee worthy "goal scorers." This is the city that has stayed loyal to our team through thick and thin, and let me tell you it has been pretty thin. This is the city that, on the coldest day in May history, stood together outside for three hours and hugged at every goal horn, cheered at every beautiful save and watched with goosebumps as our Maple Leafs played out their first playoff series in almost a decade. It's been a wild roller coaster ride and I'm sure all of us didn't want to keep our arms and feet inside at all times. But look where it's gotten us, Toronto.

I walked home with the rest of Toronto and I felt safe. I know that this city will always keep me standing tall for as long as Lake Ontario is full and there's traffic on the Allen. I know that this city will always be proud of our Leafs. Yes, they may break our heart at times, but they never push us away. We'll always come back to the boys in blue and white because it's our team. It's our city. The Toronto Maple Leafs are our teammates.

A PERSONAL PILGRIMAGE

BY: CASSANDRA WASSERMAN

On March 3rd, three hundred Jewish high school students embarked from Toronto to Poland to begin the March of the Living. The March of the Living is a program for high school students in grades 11 or 12 from all over the world. You travel to Poland, where you see many different concentration camps from the Holocaust as well as the communities where Jews used to live pre-war. Then you go to Israel, where you see the old city of Jerusalem, as well as many other sites throughout Israel.

The March of the Living has its name for a very special reason. For one day in both Poland and Israel, all 10,000 people from all over the world participating in the march come together and march from one designated point to another. In Poland this is from Auschwitz 1 to Auschwitz Birkenau, which happens to fall on Yom HaShoah, otherwise known as Holocaust remembrance day. The one in Israel marches from Jerusalem's city hall to the Kotel (Western Wall), the holiest site of the Jewish people. This march also happens on a very special day, Yom Hazikaron, Israel's Independence Day. The two different countries have opposite emotional effects on all people participating. Visiting Poland is one of the saddest experiences for all involved. You go to Treblinka, Belzec, both Auschwitzes, the Warsaw Ghetto, Majdanek, and other small communities such as Tikuchin, where the entire Jewish community was murdered only 3 miles away from their homes. The sites of the hair cut off of the women of Auschwitz, the thousands of Jewish shoes, and ashes of many Jews brutally murdered at Majdanek make going to Poland an extremely sad, and yet equally important and moving half of the trip.

Israel's mood is much lighter. After experiencing the sites of Auschwitz, going to Israel really helps put into perspective how lucky we are to have the State of Israel, and just how far we have come. The week is filled with celebration and happiness, and stops you from taking this sort of this for granted.



As someone who went on the March of the Living this year, I can say that this is one of the most emotionally taxing, incredible, and special things I will ever do. Being able to hear survivors share their stories of sadness and bravery in the places they were, and where their families were murdered means more to me than I ever thought could. I have a renewed love of Judaism, and feel deeply connected to my roots. However, most importantly, I am the revenge, and this is why this trip meant so much to me. The Nazis attempted to wipe out the Jewish race, and us going to all these places and celebrating, as well as having Israel is our revenge against them. The Nazis failed at their goal, and us going to visit all these places never lets us forget.





UNIVERSITY LIFE: AN ALUM SPEAKS

BY: CORINNE SIGAL

In September of 2010, I started my first year at McGill University in Montreal. I was excited but incredibly nervous because so many people had given me so many different pieces of advice. The one piece of advice that I feel was missing, though, and that I feel holds true for everyone is that you should do whatever is best for you. Make choices that you know will benefit you and try not to worry too much about what others are doing or what you think people expect of you. If you feel comfortable right away and you are finding friends, that's fantastic and you should keep doing whatever you are doing; if, however, you are having a harder time finding your place, you are definitely not the only one. You just have to take advantage of the multitude of opportunities that are available to you.

Whether you live in a big city with a huge campus or a small town where the school is more compact, there will be activities, clubs, committees, teams, and more for you to participate in. I highly encourage you all to check out the student services team at your school because they will have listings of all the different registered groups that you can join. These groups range in size and have many different purposes, missions, goals, and functions. Check to see if there is somewhere on campus where lots of students hang out in their spare time. Look out for pub trivia nights, fundraisers, galas, festivals, and more. Keep your eyes open as you walk around the city for signs of events that are happening off-campus. If you participate in all of these different places, you are sure to find people who share interests with you or who you can build friendships with. If you are having trouble finding these opportunities on your own or if you experience other problems, take advan-

tage of the faculty and advisors on campus. They can give you suggestions for school, but also for extracurricular activities and more. There are so many staff members who are willing to help you in any capacity that you need. Look to your school's website for contact information if you decide to consult any of those people for any reason.

Do not worry if you feel like you do not fit in right away. I spoke to many people who did have an easy time transitioning into first year, but many of my friends shared the same experience of feeling shy and out of place at first. My best piece of advice in order to start feeling better, if you find yourself in that second situation, is to not let that first feeling of discomfort defeat you. Once my friends and I stopped second-guessing ourselves and our choices, once we made it our mission to put ourselves out there and to take the initiative to start conversations with people we might not have otherwise spoken, once we started saying 'yes' to the opportunities that arose, we had a much better time and we felt relieved. Do not lock yourself in your room and hide yourself away. Do not let your worrying get the best of you. Once you push past those first fears, you will feel so much happier and like you are getting the most out of your university experience.

All of you are capable of doing amazing things both academically and socially. As long as you keep moving forward and do not let yourself get stuck, not only will you accomplish those things but you will have an incredible time doing so.

Congratulations to the graduates on completing high school and good luck wherever you go next!

RUN, CRESTWOOD, RUN!

BY: KATHERINE CHARNESS

On Sunday, May 12, the Crestwood community joined 27,000 participants in the annual Sporting Life 10k. This event raises money for Camp Oochigeas, a summer camp for kids with cancer. Established in 1983, Camp Ooch is completely volunteer based and because of events like the Sporting Life 10k, campers are able to attend at no cost to the families. Crestwood has been participating for a number of years now, and this year we are proud to announce we raised \$6,494. A truly fulfilling experience, the run acts as a perfect example of the camaraderie and community spirit that are found within the schools walls on a daily basis.

At 7:00 am, this year's participants met to get organized for the race. Although the cold air wasn't pleasant as we waited, as soon as we got moving we were thankful for the strange weather. You could feel the excitement as we began to move towards the start, and in what seemed like seconds we were surrounded by the iconic skyscrapers of downtown Toronto. The day had another meaning for Mrs. Lyons, who brought her son along to celebrate Mother's Day. "My son is not a runner and I know he was participating in the run to do something nice for me on Mother's Day and share in an activity that I love," said Mrs Lyons after the run, "I think he was surprised at how much he enjoyed himself. He definitely felt the sense of accomplishment and community." Ms. Lyons enjoyed every part of her experience preparing for the 10k, from the training runs, to fundraising, and crossing the finish line with her son on Sunday. "The run helps to strengthen the sense of community at Crestwood. Not only are we raising money for a great cause, we are training together and working toward a goal. Doing something challenging brings people together. Even passing people in the hall and asking, 'Have you been running?' or 'Are you ready?'"



There are innumerable benefits of participating in something like the Sporting Life 10k. There is a great sense of personal accomplishment that comes with training for and completing a distance run. When running with a group you are aware that you are all working towards the same goal and can encourage each other to get there. Finally, the efforts of the participants contribute to an extremely deserving cause. Participating in the Sporting Life 10k was a rewarding experience, and brought the students and teachers together to benefit the greater community.

A FAN FOR LIFE (GO JAYS GO!)

BY: MR. MARK PAGANO

Being a sports fan is like riding an endless rollercoaster of emotions. There are ups and downs; you simply have to hang on for the ride. I keep thinking to myself that this year is supposed to be the year...yet, slowly but surely, the Toronto Blue Jays are breaking my heart.

I have been waiting 19 years (and counting) for another playoff run and a World Series invite. This invitation seemed more realistic than ever, thanks to the off-season moves made by the Jays' General Manager, Alex Anthopolous. Sports writers across North America predicted that the team, would at least grab a wild card spot. There was a vibe within the city that was palpable; even those non-baseball fans were intrigued. Opening day tickets sold out in an hour, and the Jays actually made the front page. However, if we look at them today, the team's record is not particularly stellar. Disappointing to say the least. There is not a fan out there that would have imagined such a terrible start.

It has been 19 years since the Blue Jays won the World Series against the Philadelphia Phillies. Legendary announcer Tom Cheek's call still rings in my ears: "Touch them all Joe, you will never hit a bigger one." He was right: Joe Carter never hit a bigger one and neither have the Toronto Blue Jays organization.

In the off-season, the young Anthopolous made moves that shocked the baseball world. This decision even made the Commissioner of the league take a week to think if the deal should be allowed. The trade with the Miami Marlins was a major move in the transformation of the ball team. We were getting José Reyes, Josh Johnson, lefty Mark Buehrle, and Emilio Bonifacio. Last year these players all went to a team that was attempting to do what the Jays are doing this year: sign free agents and reinvigorate the fan base. The plan failed miserably in Miami and 38 games into the season, it does not look too promising for our own hometown team.

I was very excited for the 2013 campaign. The Blue Jays organization has not been one to increase their payroll or accumulate players who would be worth a bucket of balls to any other team. This year was supposed to be different. I have always held onto the hope that my team would make a run for the World Series Championship, and that this year would be that year.

My heart is breaking with every loss. Expectations were astronomical going into the 2013 campaign. Season tickets were at an all time high, and fans who had not watched a game in years had jumped on the wagon. Now, it seems with every loss, you can hear them run far away. There is solace in the fact that the game of baseball is a marathon, not a sprint. There are 162 games in a season – so the Jays have 125 games left.

According to the statistics the Jays will need approximately 90 wins to make a playoff run. How do they do this? They need to relax! They have heard the hype, but the pressure has reared its ugly head very early in the season. Our big acquisition, Jose Reyes, slid awkwardly into second base spraining his ankle and will not return for another couple of months. However, injuries are part of the game. If there is one thing to take from the disappointing start, it is that

teams always have their moments, good and bad. Currently, the Jays are dreadful, but it can only get better. There are plenty of games left and Reyes is expected to come back by mid-June. All the Blue Jays have to start doing, is winning. Easier said than done, but I still have faith that we will see another World Series parade line the streets of downtown.

I remain a devoted fan and despite the disappointing start and the inconsistency of play. I hope that the ball starts hitting their bats, the pitching improves, and Reyes returns with the

same magic that he had in the beginning of the season, before his injury. A great deal to hope for, but it will eventually happen and when it does, it will be a sight.



IT CAN'T RAIN ON OUR PARADE

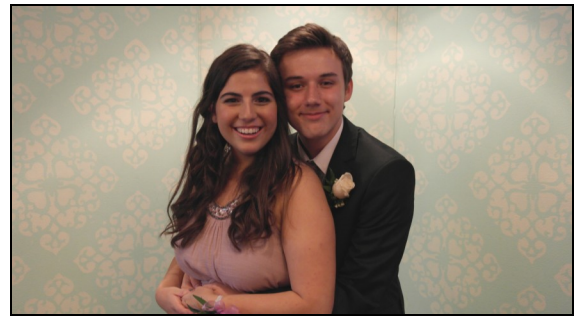
BY: GABI SANDLER

No amount of rain was going to ruin the night that people have been talking about since their first day of high school. No amount of wind was going to blow enough to get in the way of the hair and makeup to make a group of seventeen year olds feel as though they were walking down the red carpet. Despite the unfortunate weather, Crestwood's prom this year was a great night of memories, old and new.

Prom, short for promenade, is a traditional black tie event for the graduating class. Students celebrate their achievements and enjoy a night together before everyone heads down their individual life path. For many, this is their first formal event and they enjoy the novelty of getting dressed up and riding in a stretch limo. Many people in older generations cannot believe how big prom has become. Back when the tradition started in the 1920's, prom was a modest, home-grown affair in the school gymnasium, often decorated with paper-mache objects and colourful streamers. Dresses were bought from the local department store and makeup was done in the bathroom at home. Nowadays, girls, or rather their parents, spend hundreds of dollars on their dresses and hire professionals for their cosmetics. Perhaps the concept that is most foreign to the older generations is the idea of "promposals". These are elaborate and creative ways to ask someone to the prom. Back in the day, "Wanna go to the prom with me?" would cut it. Today, promposals have taken Canadian and American teens by storm and it is a way to get everyone involved. Much like many things of the new generation, older generations have a hard time grasping the concept and fail to understand the hype.

It is true that prom has taken on an elaborate stigma, but it is all in good fun. For a school like Crestwood where the kids wear a uniform, prom is an opportunity to express their individual style and their eye for fashion. The big promposals are a fun and creative take on tradition and a way for the entire community to become involved. It is not everyday that one is able to formally celebrate the fact they are closing one of the first chapters in their lives and starting what will be the rest of their lives. Prom is one of the last opportunities to create high school memories and is something that will one day be a far away memory. Eventually, the fashion choices and songs that were danced to will become cringe-worthy and embarrassing to explain to future generations. However, for now, prom is a rite of passage that defines who we are and the legacy we leave to Crestwood.

Congratulations to
the 2013 Crestwood
graduates!



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