

A time to frolic through mythical lands, to wonder, think, plan and prepare, to snap a neatly assembled belt of skills on one's person and set off to

Reflection

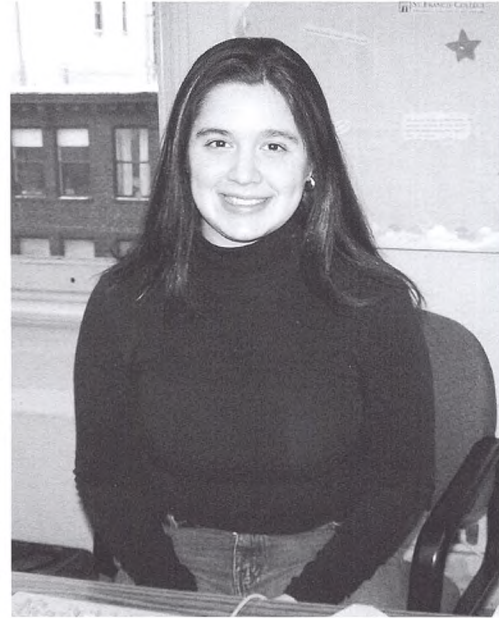
conquer one's world—this is what the college years are supposed to entail. My four years at SFC did include these experiences of delving into places that many of us many never visit again, whether willingly, or because we are yanked from the learning realm into a so-called “reality.” My time at this small Franciscan college in Brooklyn Heights also equipped me with skills and qualities that make me career-worthy.

Yet if I were to think that this combination of academic valor and professional preparation had benefited me, and I could now be satisfied, taking up a career and looking toward starting a family, I would be looking past the true knowledge, or capacity for perception, that was nourished in me as an English major.

I leave SFC with a severe sensitivity to the places of darkness—Whitman's “patches of obscurity”—that pollute the world, as well as the bright lights of hope, faith, and love that Francis of Assisi both looked to and embodied. Uncertain of whether a college experience must or normally does involve this, I am infused with

Lisa Paolucci

a sense of awareness that almost always leads to dissatisfaction with the plethora of ignorance and the scattered points



of enlightenment that humanity exhibits. I find that my task and yours is to live with one another in a loving and accepting manner. Jonathan Larson's message in *Rent* was: “The opposite of war isn't peace, it's creation.” If we do not leave SFC with the drive to create—to keep learning, to inspire, to persistently probe the questions and question the answers, then we have not developed an educated consciousness at all. Even as I reflect on my college experience, I question my process of reflection—wondering if I am looking in the right places, or if I have not even begun to imagine the starting point.

Before we are absorbed into the sea of faces out there somewhere, let me address you as one student to another, and ask you to always choose to see and to speak, taking the world not for what it is, but creating the place you want it to be. Every arm that can lift must employ itself; every soul that can love and inspire must shine.

Graduates

The class of 2006

