

The pain of loss is a frightening one. The individual who loses someone he loves—that person in whom and with whom he finds courage, satisfaction, and meaning—experiences fear, anxiety, and absurdity. There is a vast feeling of emptiness and of uselessness, a sense of time in which there is no future, and an awareness that things are not free, but fated.

There is another kind of loss, also the loss of a love object, but a loss which completes itself not in pain and suffering, but in joy and hope. The loss of childhood is such a loss. Surely, there is pain, and something is gone forever, but this growth process promises something greater than what is suffered or lost. At each stage of maturation, the individual develops in a positive way, retaining what he already has, and incorporating a new and hopefully a greater energy, outlook, understanding and spirit. The growing individual supplants despair with the promise and the hope of things to be. The destruction of the Butler Street Campus is a loss of the latter type. We have lost something, and not just the building, but that atmosphere, and that outlook, and that spirit which accompanied it and was somehow an inherent part of it. In a sense we have lost our childhood, our security from the immediacy and the energies of the daily world. We are no longer "off the beaten path," we are on it, physically; we can no longer boast of a small-town, homey rhythm and environment, but of a cosmopolitan energy and cluster; we are no longer hidden from the dynamism of civil life, we are now a part of its center. And these physical changes which have taken place during the past few years—the moving into the Remsen Street Campus, the continuing construction of auxiliary buildings on Remsen Street, and the final destruction of the Butler Street Campus—have changed

A PREFACE . . .

us deeper and more importantly. We are now incorporating and living the responsibilities, the leadership, and the courage expected of a college in our modern world. We now go to make up part of this energy, this hope, these forces which shape our world. Our new location has committed us to participate, to challenge and to be challenged, to call out in question and to answer, to give as well as to demand, and always under all circumstances—to be there.

To be there in the same way that Jesus was there in Jerusalem during his public ministry, doing what he must do because it had to be done. He was angry and used force against the money-changers in the temple; he was proud and self-assured when he preached the Sermon on the Mount; he was gentle and forgiving with Magdalene; he suffered in his resignation in the Garden at Gethsemani. This is the Jesus we know and imitate, the public Jesus, the Jesus participating in his world and influencing it, the Jesus loving his world and sacrificing for it.

To be here at Remsen Street is to be our public ministry. We must now begin to imitate the public Jesus, we must now begin to act in the same way that Jesus acted, with force, with pride, and with unselfishness. Butler Street was our youth and our time to prepare ourselves for the world. We are grown now, our preparation is complete, and we have arrived at the threshold of our maturity. We must

enter our new world and engage ourselves as Christians, embracing our new maturity with the courage and fortitude expected of us as Franciscan men.

Let what has been destroyed at Butler Street be a stimulus for what is and what will be constructed at Remsen Street—a present full of courage, energy, and hope, and a future heavy with promise and the joy of achievement.



