

Convalescence

Kenny Mooney, '41

Today a feeling stirs within my soul;
I know not why.
It seems to urge me onward, but the goal
I do not spy.
This room to me when I awoke, at dawn,
Was just a jail;
Now through the window all my thoughts are drawn
As I inhale
The fresh, pure air that softly comes to me,
And seems to say:
"Come out, my lonely invalid, and see
The world so gay.
You've spent the long cold winter in your bed,
And now 'tis time
To come to life, to lift your weary head,
The spring's sublime.
I fain would answer now the call but know
That cannot be;
Such beauties as the springtime fairies show
Are not for me.
Yet I am pleased; for in a little while,
O'er ridge and dell,
Fair Springtime will be crowned with summer's flowers,
And I am well.

**Benedictory**

Gene Gorman

Each year at Commencement, a graduating class is told: "This is your day". Our day has arrived and it is a quite different day from that which we had pictured in years past. On several occasions in the past we sat in those seats and listened to the parting words of other graduating classes;—and we wondered. We wondered if all that was said was true, if it was sincere, and not said merely because such words seemed to be called for under the circumstances. Now we understand that they were true and sincere, for only a graduate can appreciate the feelings of a graduate.

We had imagined that on this day the satisfaction of having attained the immediate goal of our ambitions would leave no room in our hearts for any other sentiment. It is not quite so simple as all that. A certain exhilaration, a certain satisfaction there is; but with the emotions of pleasure are mingled those of sadness. With the joy that comes of having advanced another step in the course of our lives, comes the sorrow of having to break some of the closest ties. For those of the graduating class, today is a day of termination and of commencement. One phase of our lives—a most enjoyable one, is terminated; another phase, the course of which we may only surmise, commences.

For two reasons, the Commencement of 1941 has a special significance. First, the class of 1941 has the honor of being the first in the history of the College to go forth with St. Dunstan's degrees. This year St. Dunstan's puts Her own stamp of approval upon Her graduates. With the inauguration of the new program, She confers upon the members of this class a singular honor; and these members promise,—one and all—that they will not betray the confidence that has been placed in them. The second reason is that the time in which we live is one of the most troubled and uncertain in history. Decisions which we make today will have a far more telling effect on our lives than those made in normal times. They must be made wisely for, in the world as it is at present, they are made but once.

Today a new vista of life opens up before us. Imbued with lofty ideals, eager to make a real contribution in the world that awaits us, somewhat flushed, perhaps, with the success of our petty achievements, we are drawn on by the fond hopes that flit through our nebulous dreams of the future. Yet we have no illusions about the world that awaits us. We do not delude ourselves. We are going into a world of blasted hopes, of blighted careers, and of broken lives, a world in which every ideal that we hold dear is being twisted and racked in a fearful endeavour to construct and make function a materialistic and pagan way of life which would supplant all that is Christian or even half-Christian. Some of us may ride the crest of the wave of material success; some may go down miserably before it; others may not have the chance to do either, they will have gone down in the bloody whirlpool of war. This is the world we enter.

Faced with such a prospect, however, we need not

quail at going forth to fight our battle; nor need we have any fear about the termination of this battle. We have at hand the tools of success. If we but use these tools intelligently, our lives will be a success. That success may or may not be measurable in dollars and cents, in worldly honors, or in the glitter of glory; but it will be measurable at least in the eternal reward that comes of having been faithful to the trust that has been placed in us as Christian gentlemen.

We leave the portals of our Alma Mater with Her parting gesture of benediction and godspeed. We are imbued with the lofty ideals and the nobility of purpose which she has patiently instilled into us. But these sentiments that are ours today will not be the true test of the success of Her efforts in our behalf. Rather, it will be the set of moral values that are ours years hence. We believe in and profess these things now. What shall we believe in, twenty years from now? What, in ten? And, my classmates, if some of us should fall by the wayside, if we should forget those principles of which we are now so justly proud, let us not lay any blame at the door of St. Dunstan's. The fault will not be Hers, but ours. Then will the echoing admonitions of our professors toll a sombre knell of wasted hours and lost opportunities.

But let us not think of failure. Let us think of success, dream of it, believe in it so strongly that by an indomitable will we shall bring it within our grasp. There is some truth in the words: "The dreamer lives on forever; the toiler dies in a day".

To you, the members of the Faculty who have labored so earnestly for us, and whose efforts we have sometimes not appreciated, we owe a great debt. Often, in our brief stay, we recall having tried your patience; yet never was that patience exhausted. Our course at St. Dunstan's has taught us more than the facts that quietly repose between the covers of our text-books. The example and guidance which you have given us, the constant interest which you have shown even in the little things, the very patience which we have tried—all have served to inculcate in us principles and ideals which we should never derive from books. For all this, we assure you, we are more grateful than we can say.

To you, our parents, whose sacrifices made it possible for us to obtain a greater grasp of the fundamentals of

Catholic education, we owe the greatest debt. It is a debt which,—we realize full well—cannot be repaid. You have given us a heritage more precious than gold. We can never hope to repay you in full. We can, however, make one return for all that you have done for us, for all that you have been to us; a return which you expect, and which you have every right to expect. We can see to it that the course of our future lives will be the path of virtue,—of honesty integrity, and Christian charity,—along which you have, led us.

We are aware that all that has been said, has been said many times in the past by other graduates of St. Dunstan's. We make no apology for this; for after all, our sentiments are the same as those of our predecessors. If, on each succeeding Commencement, you have heard the same feelings expressed, it is only because we have realized more strongly on this day than ever before, that while, on going out, we take something of St. Dunstan's with us, we are also leaving a part of ourselves behind. May the graduates of the class of 1941, men whose characters have been moulded by Old St. Dunstan's, always remain conscious of their responsibilities as Christian gentlemen, and conscious of their debt to their Alma Mater.



There are some defeats more triumphant than victories.

—Montaigne

Goodness does not consist in greatness but greatness in goodness.

—Athenaeus

His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

—Goldsmith