world. This challenge is the challenge of heaven, really, and no matter what our discipline or religious affiliation may be, it remains the same. We have been called, by the God-made-Man to eternal life, and though it is the core of dogmatism, it is true that the professions we choose and the point of view we take ought all to be in the service of that greatest of realities, which is heaven.

What the future holds specifically for the members of the Class of 1978 is unknown. The joys of marriage, family, and full maturity lie ahead of many of us still. As my favorite epic hero, Mr. Frodo Baggins says:

The road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone
And I must follow, if I can
Pursuing it with eager feet
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet
And whither then?? I can not say.

It has been the greatest privilege of my life to speak to you today and I am proud to be a member of the University of Dallas Class of 1978. Ya'll are the greatest. Thanks.

—Emmet Thomas Flood, IV
May 4, 1978
VALEDICTORY

I often wonder about the Kevin Jensens, the Karen Harders, the Dick Hoogestegers, and the Janet Hills of our class, the people who began this struggle with us on that August day four years ago, but for one reason or another departed our company along the way. For a long time, whenever I would think of them, I would envy them. Envy them for their having gone other places and seen other things. Envy them for their having had the courage (or the poverty) to leave UD. But after a while, some of that envy turned into regret, and I regretted, for them, the fact that they were no longer part of the Class of 1978.

There has always been a part of me which desperately cried out to leave this place, and another part that pleaded with me to stay, to grow and persevere, and mature under the shadow of the Tower. In my four years here, I have loved the University of Dallas and I have hated it, and I know that many of the members of the Class of 1978 have shared these feelings with me. The University of Dallas, for those who have spent their last four years here, has been alternately enlightening and discouraging, awesome and not-so-awesome, inspirational and down-right depressing. If there is anything I have learned from my association with Dr. Wilhelmsen, it is an appreciation for paradox, and the University of Dallas is a paradox. This paradoxical character runs through nearly every facet of life here, and the interplay among opposites and the balance among contradictories ultimately resolve themselves, I think, in the truth by which this community lives. Truth, of course, bears on reality, and so I turn to a paradoxical consideration of the University of Dallas as a social reality.

The one single complaint I have heard about UD, more than any other, is that the University of Dallas just isn't real—its unreal—about as unreal as you can get. The University of Dallas is always set off by itself, in comparison to the real world. Now if we mean by real the fact that people don't starve here, or shoot one another, or they don't sell heroin on the mall, then the observation is true. The University of Dallas is a very unreal place. But, as a university, a university dedicated to the liberal arts, it does not aspire or pretend to be 'real' in this sense, and the people who accuse the University of being 'unreal' have missed the point entirely. The University of Dallas is a very real place, almost too real. The closeness of the community and the immanent nature of the social structure here expose the student to a relentless dose of reality which will never be duplicated in his or her lifetime. For the student, the reality here is so intense that it often every bit as painful as it is rewarding. The social climate here is laced with such contradictory realities. The social activities, the intramural program and the dormitory set-up all contribute to a series of highs and lows, successes and failures, wins and losses, which touch every one of us every day. People are not numbers at UD, they are people, full of the dignities and deficiencies which are the mark of humanity. We see this every day—on the mall and in the gym, in the dorm lounges and at Groundhog Park. Together we experience it in a baseball glove, a guitar, a good book, and a glass of beer. The University of Dallas is a true community, full of wonderful, paradoxical people, a very real/unreal community.

However, the social aspect of the University is by no means the only one, and we must consider the paradoxical nature of the

University as an academic community. In the academic sphere, we are called to find ourselves by losing ourselves, to sink ourselves wholly into our disciplines in order to realize more perfectly our capabilities. The search for truth involves a surrender of the self, which all of us have undergone, to something greater than ourselves—Philosophy, Literature, Politics, the Sciences. We are humbled and yet we are elevated. Although our academic disciplines are things greater than ourselves, in a sense, each one of us is greater than our discipline and broader, too, for it is only Man, in this universe, who is capable of knowing and understanding more than just his own point of view, for inherent in any real point of view is the appreciation of other legitimate outlooks on the world. This has been the challenge of the University of Dallas, to submit and to be uplifted, to realize that we are not whole, but only part of the whole, and in so realizing, become whole ourselves. Our academic achievements stand as a mark of our true greatness and an indicator of our human feebleness.

There is a third and higher paradox to be encountered at the University of Dallas, and in it the academic and social dimensions seem to run together. This is the great paradox of our religious experience symbolized by the Cross of Christ. Christ, who said that only the man who loses his life shall find it. Christ, who uttered the seemingly foolish contradictions of the Beatitudes. And the Cross, which, as Chesterton says has at its heart a collision and a contradiction, a paradox, and can extend its four arms forever without altering its shape. The Cross which can open its arms to the four winds as a signpost for travellers. It will be the challenge of each member of the Class of 1978 and of every class, to carry his own cross as best he can in a materialistic