

First, I bring you greetings from our former campus Pastor, Alvin Alexi Currier. We have stayed in touch across the years. He just celebrated his 90th birthday, and wished that I bring his care and remembrance in his absence.

We come to Weyerhaeuser Chapel, dedicated in our freshman year. For me, and perhaps for you, this place stands as a center for Macalester memories of music and purpose.

John Katsantonis, and Mushroom

Foxglove

Kurios House and the Left Side

Donald Betts and Macalester Orchestra

Dale Warland's Concert Choir

Mary Gwen Owen and Drama Chorus

Bagpipes

Highland Dancers

But these are but the descant of a deeper song.

A Campus Cantus Firmus - The deep throbbing undertone of our loves and lives, lingering and lounging and laughing in our common dreams and destinies.

The heartbeat of a campus that readied us to hear the strong heart of the world around us.

The spiritual heartbeat of a community of learners and mentors, suckled and nurtured and sent forth to commence a life beyond these spaces.

This cantus firmus of our Macalester experience has continued to shape and suffuse our lives across the span of fifty years.

We have studied, served, nurtured, built, grieved, harnessed, healed, opined, directed and discovered our way through another 50 years.

Awe is an appropriate response to the complex fugue created as our own melodies added to the sound of the soul that pervades the universe.

Through half a century we have heard the melody sung in labs and board rooms, in workshops and studios. We have heard it sing out in new ways as we traveled and inhabited unknown places.

And now we are brought back to the place where many of us first heard the melody of life that shaped our ways as we wandered and wended the decades.

During these days together we have a chance to hear stories of the many paths that our sibling graduates have followed. We are granted a time to again seek the simple melody that lies beneath the cacophony of the world.

And so, I humbly offer you an invocation of beginning:

May we find in each other a clear sound of hope and promise, of passion and purpose.

May we listen for strains of energy and entropy as we hear each other's stories.

May we dream of a future that continues to build hope and passion in our community of alumni and in the world we serve.

May our hearts sing a new melody, built on the promises of the old and straining to hear the harmonies of the future.

And May the Composer of all that is offer new complexity to the grand fugue of the cosmos.

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