

Hail the Class of 1971

By Michael S. Leach

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(Michael Leach spoke at an Unofficial Class of '71 Reunion. Here are the comments he made.)

What follows is a depiction of the Holy Cross I remember – a communion of place and purpose. Of the conviction that the school still retains its essential character, I've chosen to use the present tense.

At Holy Cross we teach those who come to us. We don't go sniffing around for perfumed pedigrees so that we'd project a so-called preferred fragrance.

At Holy Cross we are not preoccupied with seeking or taking the credit. Rather, we accept responsibility and try to emulate the lofty values set forth in Brother Fisher's "The Holy Cross Man," our sacred school code.

At Holy Cross we celebrate the honest man, for only he proves to be trustworthy. And trust is the finest compliment one person can pay another.

At Holy Cross we embrace the idea that the really important things never change. That's what tradition is all about. It's the glue that unites us in our collective search for truth, wisdom, and our ultimate deliverance. Don't mess with the glue.

At Holy Cross we esteem the virtue of hope. It is our anchor. It is critical to the central meaning of our school motto: *Crux Spes Unica*, which proclaims "Our Hope Lies in the Cross."

At Holy Cross we teachers understand that education of the whole man – mind, heart, body, and soul – is a process involving layers and levels of self-discovery. What is both gratifying and impressive is that the Class of '71 grasps the concept as well. The introductory section of your '71 Tiger yearbook is testimony to your perception. Somehow our mutual recognition of the journey bonds us more securely in our teacher-student roles and links us in a kind of Holy Cross DNA. May such solidarity endure forever!

Hail Holy Cross and Hail the Class of '71!