

"73" By Logan Lynn

Tonight, is the last time I get to stand on this stage and publicly emancipate myself.

And I think that epiphany deserves a little more than a session of reflection inside my brain.

Ladies and gentlemen, in 73 days it is more than likely that I will lose all that I have desperately struggled to attain inside these walls

If you all asked me to communicate the true value of my education, do you have a good guess as to what I'd say?

Here is a hint, ladies and gentlemen, within these walls I was not just given mathematical keys to quadratic locks or a multifarious lexicon that composes prepossessing written words

you see, 100 red ink A's are a beautiful thing, but that aesthetic withers in the eyes of someone who has seen what I've seen and felt what I've felt.

From what I've learned in French, joie pure reads as pure happiness in English.

My Joie Pure lives and breathes inside chemistry lab partners, and in-between-class stairway congregations. It lives inside beach trips, mall treks and late night Walmart shenanigans with those I would gladly give a kidney for.

Ladies and Gentlemen, in 73 days I will leave these halls, never to step foot in them the same way again, but I refuse to leave behind the hearts they have blessed me with.