



# **PROGRAMS**

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**A Newsletter for Graduates of the Program of Liberal Studies  
The University of Notre Dame**

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**STEPHEN ROGERS**  
**August 19, 1933-April 26, 1985**

## EDITOR'S DESK

Death is never easy to confront, particularly when it strikes someone in their prime. Stephen Rogers' sudden death at the end of term has been particularly difficult, and it is personally hard for me to imagine the Program without his presence. He has been an integral part of the Program during my entire tenure, and I was looking forward to his wise counsel and assistance as I assumed the duties of Chairman.

Those of us in the Program who had known Steve as a colleague over several years had sensed that Steve was in many ways in his prime--intellectually as a scholar, whose long work on the liberal arts seemed to be nearing some completion, of course as a teacher, and as a moving force in the Program. Those who read his remarkable essay on the liberal arts in the March 1984 issue are aware how he was restating there some familiar themes he so often expressed at freshman nights and in opening charges in a new dress. His long-standing concern with education, and with what the "liberal" arts really implied for education, were assimilated to a view of the developmental stages of individual learning. It was his awareness of timing in education that we all learned from him, the need to see education as moving through stages. Beginning with the first romantic encounters of young minds with the heavy weights of the seminar, proceeding into the more difficult and even soul-searing probing into the serious questions raised by the Greats, followed very often by the post graduate years many of you are still experiencing when learning is often painful, sleep is short, and demands seem often excessive, Stephen saw these two periods as a set of necessary stages. But Steve's greatness was his clear awareness that the second stage, -- the "age of precision" -- can be at times all-consuming, yet it was not for him the end-point. It was the ineffable third stage of the process, the elusive age of wisdom, which Steve not only sought, but also for many of us lived. In this he is irreplaceable. We will indeed feel his loss, not only now, but in many years to come.

In this memorial issue, I have sought to bring together several items of interest to all who knew Steve. The lead essay, "Pro Artibus Nostris," is the charge he gave to the Program in September of 1977, and it is especially welcome since it also has a selection of his poetry included. We are grateful to Fr. Jim McDonald (1977) for sending us a scarce copy of this essay. Fr. Nicholas Ayo's homily and the collection of comments synthesized by Professor Janet Smith at the moving memorial gathering in the chapel of Keenan-Stanford hall on the night of Steve's death is also included. Lynn Joyce Hunter (class of 1979), one of Steve's former research assistants, has contributed an essay for the Alumni corner. Many of you have also written or phoned expressing your sadness and condolences to the Program and to the family. Space is too short to include these all, but we all appreciate these expressions of support, the comments, and as always the much-needed prayers.

Several have requested information for donations. We are announcing, with cooperation of the Notre Dame Development Office, the establishment of a Stephen Rogers Memorial fund drive. Information on this is given on page 23.

With this issue, I am moving from task of Editor of *Programma* to the more awesome responsibilities as Chairman. I am sure I express the feeling of gratitude of all students and faculty over the past six years to Walter Nicgorski for his unstinting efforts on behalf of the Program, for his decisive and principled leadership, and for his excellence as a friend and

colleague during both pleasant and trying times. A special thanks is also due his wife Elaine, and his family for many special assistances to the Program. We send them with all best wishes off to Cambridge University for a year of refreshment and research, where Walt will be working on Cicero's political theory. Those interested in contacting him abroad can reach him through St. Edmund's House, Benet Hill, Cambridge CB3 0BN.

Perhaps nothing can better summarize our appreciation than the motto from Cicero's *Familiar Letters* which the faculty had engraved on a cup given to Walt at the testimonial dinner in his honor:

**Hominem gravem et civem egregium!**

-- Phillip Sloan

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This special memorial issue of *Programma* is in memory of Professor Stephen Rogers of the Program of Liberal Studies, who died suddenly on April 26. The cause of death was determined to be a spontaneous aneurysm of the main aorta. Stephen died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

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Faculty Editor

Phillip Sloan

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# PRO ARTIBUS NOSTRIS

## The Opening Charge to the Program of Liberal Studies September 1, 1977 Stephen Rogers

My theme tonight is the vocation to the liberal arts. The liberal arts are our common calling, the bond of our community, the basis of our brief sojourn together.

For me and for my colleagues in this room the liberal arts are a life's work, which we have deliberately chosen and to which we must constantly rededicate ourselves, for there are many temptations that would draw us away from this calling to narrower but cozier and more lucrative specialities.

For you, our students, the concentration on the liberal arts which you have elected is a phase, an emphasis, in preparation for lives whose outlines have just begun to appear on uncertain maps. I imagine you on the edges of uncharted territory, breath caught, muscles tensed, about to make decisions that will determine those open futures. But you have come to spend a little time with us--to practice, as it were, for the ventures which become more irretrievable as life advances.

And so I want to commend the course which we have chosen together. I want to notice some of the good things it can bring. They are the golden fleece which we search for together, and for which we will toil. Like the Argonauts in the fable we will journey through many doubtful places. Therefore it is right that someone should come before you and leap onto the prow and declaim our purposes as clearly as he can.

My thought rises to this occasion in ancient garb. It assumes the form of a classical oration, dividing itself according to Cicero's headings. It has begun with a summons to your attention, which is the *exortium*. After declaring its divisions, it moves to the narrative of facts and stories. In the middle it offers proofs of its main thesis. Its fourth part refutes one contrary position. And it ends with a peroration, which is not just a summary but an appeal to the hearer's feelings in behalf of the argument.

In fact, I shall let my thought range over various kinds of discourse, from story and argumentation in prose to a poem near the conclusion and finally to a kind of prayer. (If you're like me, you'll probably amuse yourself by watching for the parts as they emerge.)

Sometimes I have a strong feeling that many of us--students, professors, and even real people--are like a certain man who was spilled out of a boat into a lake during a thick fog. It was night; and when he came up, he could see nothing. The boat was lost. He called to his companions, but he got no answer. He called, and all he heard were the sounds of water and wind--sounds of night far from shore.

For a time he deludes himself with hope of a speedy rescue. Someone will surely come and help him. Someone always helped him in the past. Whenever he didn't know what he ought to do, someone obligingly told him.

Now it is different, however. He feels for the first time in his life the burden of being responsible for himself. And the responsibility is absolute.

Should he wait and eventually drown in quiet desperation? Should he curse God and then noisily drown? Should he swim in any direction without knowing where, on the popular theory that activity makes one happier than idleness? Maybe swimming will bring him to some treasure trove. Should he choose a direction at random and simply hope?

If you begin to sniff an allegory here, you are catching my drift. You may even suspect that this is a familiar story. After all, if you change the lake into outer space, you have science fiction. Make the setting the intellectual development of the West, and the allegory points to the once frightening discovery that earth is a planet--that was like being spilled into a vast lake with uncertainties all around. If you transfer our story to the political realm, the lake becomes the "state of nature," where the autonomous individual is morally adrift. If you carry it to theology, you're with Pascal, who conceived us as thinking reeds, existing among infinities, bent by waves of passion and currents of custom. Pascal's Wager--step right up and place your bets on eternal life or on this world--is an instance of this story.

In truth this situation has preoccupied us Westerners. Remember Odysseus after his raft broke up? He reached the paradise of the Phaeacians, where stoutness of thought is king and virtue is queen, but not until he had swum a very long way. And when he thought all other agencies were deaf to him. He called on his own heart in his distress.

Dante says that he was lost in a dark wood. He pictures himself as a swimmer too, however, in the great sea of being. According to some harmonic metaphors in the poem, the vision of God is the port to which he makes his way.

The situation of the lost swimmer holds something paradigmatic for us, and the reason may be that it focuses our attention on the ultimate sovereignty of our will and on our ultimate loneliness in the making of choices. From Homer to Sartre our thinkers have stressed this elemental situation under one guise or another.

But if the will unguided is our swimmer in the night-bound lake, then the arts we have chosen to practice are instruments of navigation. They are instruments for intellectual, moral, and emotional navigation. These arts are the flowering of consciousness itself. They are the perfecting of all the other arts. These are the points I want to convince you of tonight.

I suppose all human thought must in some sense be symbolic. Its immediate objects always have meanings beyond themselves and belong to some context provided by the mind. And this symbolic characterization seems to hold whether the objects of thought are words or colors or shapes or musical notes or any other bits of sensation that we use for markers in the welter around us.

Therefore thinking is so different from sensing merely. In thinking we detach ourselves from what we feel. The sentence, "I am burning to death," is separate from the feeling of the flames. We can think such a sentence and never have a pang. In this respect, that is, in the capacity for detachment, for mirroring, our symbolic systems are like the gray matter in the brain: in suffering all they sometimes suffer nothing. Yet they can cause acute sensations, imaginary pains as well as profound emotions.

And I am led to believe that the arts are the mind's way of coping with this curious gift of detachment from the world of facts.

The point is worth a little amplification. We might think of a continuum within our minds, where art and nature are always coming together in various mixtures. Art begins in that vague area where nature rises above reflex toward reflection. At the top are understanding and control. But there are many degrees of the mixture in between.

The point is, you can't have art without consciousness: but consciousness would be ineffective without art. It would be powerless. ♣

The ancients represented this idea perfectly in the myth of Prometheus, who personified the human consciousness. All arts are said to come to mortals from Prometheus. These include the practical arts of building and medicine as well as the liberal arts of letters, of number, of the interpretation of the stars. Chained to his rock by forces beyond his strength, Prometheus, whose name means forethought, can nevertheless control his destiny and shift the issues of conflict in the universe from the level of brute force to the plane of justice.

Here we may notice an extraordinary thing. Even if we are wrong in saying, with the support of the myth, that all thought is symbolic, there can be no doubt that the liberal arts are concerned above all with one special kind of symbol. The liberal arts are the arts of the *logos*, the essential arts of language. Their immediate objects are words, whether their subject-matter is God or nature or the conduct of men. They reflect on themselves in words, and through words they achieve their effects beyond themselves.

Their first effects are questions and answers, guesses, analogies, arguments. There is no stretching of points if we assert that laboratory science and mathematics come within the influence of these arts. Experiments are tried by reason before the apparatus is built. The

science of number is a form of language. Equations are a kind of sentence that has great power. Woe to the mathematician who is weak in the use of ordinary words! He is destined to be a calculator only, a user rather than an inventor of formulas. The extraordinary thing is that our arts are at the center of consciousness. The fullness of thought expresses itself in words.

One comes upon this claim with surprise and with a little reluctance. Is the art that made the Ninth Symphony less fully conscious than the narrative of some second rate story-teller or than the reasoning of any educated person?

The answer is yes. I do not mean that the music is less good. I only mean that the verbal arts are closer to the center of consciousness.

And our claim is supported by two simple arguments.

First, the arts of language are the only ones that directly concern themselves with truth. The others do not. It is only by courtesy of a metaphor, and only by introducing language, that we speak of truth in music or sculpture or architecture. We know that a note is true when we compare it with another one in our mind and put the judgment into a sentence. It only makes sense to speak of a true statue if we are making a sentence about its workmanship or its likeness to some original. What could it possibly mean to speak of a true house? What would a false house be, unless it was some sort of fake that we were judging with the metaphors of truth and falsity?

These are foolish examples. But their silliness illuminates the point that truth cannot be conceived without sentences. Truth has to do with saying. So the arts that assure the integrity of saying must be the arts that are closest to truth.

Let's perform a thought experiment as our second proof. Suppose we try subtracting arts from consciousness. If we take away music, there is no special difficulty: a tone-deaf philosopher is no impossibility. Take away the plastic arts: no difficulty still. Remove the arts of building, and nothing essential to truth is lost: lots of people, who never build anything with their hands after they leave kindergarten, discover important truths and reach the heights of consciousness.

But now restore these arts, and then take away language. Excise the brain centers where language occurs. Then, even if some glimmer of awareness remains, it lives in a twilight zone where its arts, if they are arts, sink down toward the borders of instinct. To imagine such a state of thought without words brings a feeling of paralysis which did not come after our other subtractions.

And what are these special arts that are so intimate with truth?

One is the art of analysis in its many varieties. This breaks up our ideas and applies them to things. Another is the art of discovery. This is the art of guessing, of forming hunches, of hypothesizing. The third is the art of proof, which establishes tight connections among sentences to test their conformity to truth. The fourth is the art of persuasion, which induces the wayward heart to obey the mind.

These are the arts we profess. In studying these, and following them with zeal, we are striving towards the perfection of consciousness.

We say, moreover, that the arts we profess have bearing on all intellectual disciplines insofar as they are concerned with truth. Our arts are present through the whole circle of knowledge, which has been so cracked and broken in the modern university.

Just here we come under attack from specialists. They say: No mind can embrace the whole of truth. So come, live with us. Come, settle for one of the partial truths we embrace. Come, get a jump on life; get your training early. Forget the enticements of the liberal arts. They talk about truth; but we have our manageable truths.

This is not a serious difficulty. After all, we all become specialized in due course. Life requires that. You will be physicians, lawyers, teachers of various subjects, marketers, or even craftsmen. General Program students before you have distinguished themselves in these careers and in many others. But you have chosen to survey the tree of knowledge all around before you set the harness on your strongest talent. You will carry the arts of truth into the specialized disciplines where those arts necessarily belong. But if truth is the peculiar triumph of consciousness in the universe, it is at our own cost that we tear it into fragments. In breaking it up too soon we may diminish ourselves.

But I hear a more serious objection, and I know you have been troubled by it too. It comes from practical people, who value above all whatever they think is useful. Their objection goes like this:

Knowledge is for the sake of life, not life for the sake of knowledge. Anyone who doubts that needs a physician before he needs a teacher. The liberal arts may refine the intellect, but they do not prepare you for the often grim business of making your way in the world. They polish, but they do not harden. They are cake, not bread.

Let us face this objection in its starkest form. The question is, what can your liberal arts do to feed the hungry or cleanse the environment? What can they even do to shelter you from the cold? If, as you say, they are the flowers of consciousness, they are hothouse blooms. But we must live outside in the open air. Some of us have to solve the massive problems of government and industry. We must cope with disease and poverty. We have little time and leisure for the culture of the finishing school.

We must not, we need not brush aside this fierce objection with the supercilious scorn some people show for practical training. We must hear how the suffering world calls out for remedies. We must admit that the arts of the *logos* seem feeble indeed against such a huge clamor.

We may wonder if we are fairly to be compared, as one writer has compared us, with the privileged classes in India, whom the universities taught to quote from French classical plays, while millions of their countrymen were starving. This disheartening thought is the extreme

form of the charge that our arts are useless.

But we must emphatically say that any education which encourages idleness or indifference or triviality is a deplorable education. It is not liberal education. Let me insist upon that.

The liberal education tunes the mind to the world. It is through the *logos* that we apprehend the world's cries. By the arts of the *logos* we discriminate among values where fundamental choices are to be made. Education in our arts sharpens the eye for principles. It instills the habit of drawing just conclusions. At its best, though this cannot be guaranteed, it steadies the nerve, puts checks on unruly desires, and sustains the floundering will.

Besides, let it be clearly said: experience has not yet shown that people with strictly technical educations are actually solving the problems of the world. Engineers do change the environment. Agriculturalists breed new strains of rice. Marketing specialists guide the flow of goods, and accountants keep track of the money.

But whom do these experts serve? The earth continues to be exploited. The hungry still wait to be fed. The distribution of wealth leaves one or two questions about justice still to be answered, while the world's monetary system staggers on the edge of collapse.

Experience suggests in fact that mere experts are as likely as not to serve themselves or the powers that pay them.

Surely there is nothing wrong in expert knowledge. To possess it fully and use it well a person might worthily give up most of his life. I hope indeed that each of you will do so.

But let's come back to our paradigmatic situation, our allegorical swimmer in the night-bound lake. It would certainly help him to be a well-trained swimmer--to have expertise. But it would also be rather good if he could discern the direction of the wind and the waves--analysis. It would help to be able to guess where the nearest land lies--discovery. It would be good to find out by means of thought whether your guess was plausible--proof. It would be necessary to convince your heart and your limbs to make a great effort--persuasion.

Your ideas would become your stepping stones in the water. They would be, in a technical sense, hypotheses--the things put under thought so that it can progress. And if you made it to shore, it would be your arts of thought that constructed the way and got you to follow it.

If, as we believe, there are arts that lead the mind to approach the truth directly, these should be the first arts of higher education and the heart that keeps it alive as your knowledge grows.

So we can proudly say that our vocation is to bring to our work in the world the flowering of human consciousness. But it must be a full and catholic consciousness, aware of the best that has been done and said, basing its integrity on the disciplines of truth.

But there is something more that it has to be. It must be humane, warm-blooded, personal, full of good-will, generous. I want to move toward my conclusion with a word about these qualities, though they can be represented only in an oblique way.

Cardinal Newman described the milieu in which they thrive. The university, he said, being a foster mother, must know each of her children one by one. I cannot speak for this university as a whole. But I can testify that in the General Program we know one another.

At critical times in the semester our offices become like first aid stations. But I'm sure my colleagues have wondered, as I have, who is aiding whom? There is a generosity in the exchange of experiences, in the exchange of sufferings if you will, and that transforms them. It is healing. I want to show you this spirit now and how it works both ways.

A few years ago there was a student among us named Tom Franco--a very good student. He and I were doing some extra readings together, in American poetry I believe. One late afternoon when we were both weary, he came to my office and told me that he had not managed to do the reading we had agreed upon. He had been just thinking that week, he said, and walking a lot. Giving in to my own fatigue, I suggested that we both might go for a walk. He took me over to the old fieldhouse, which is a very strange place. I had not been there for years, not since my own college days. But as a result of that walk I wrote the poem which I am about to read. I call it "Flute in the Uncarved Block."

Now the uncarved block is Lao-Tzu's image for the Tao, the Way, which is the ineffable origin and law of everything--of the world. I think the flute comes to symbolize the *logos* and hence our arts. But see what you think about that. Here's the poem:

### FLUTE IN THE UNCARVED BLOCK

Whoever built this place lacked the vaguest plan  
Except to house huge space where young men could run  
And great crowds assemble to shout without hearing each other.

Our walk was a sequence of hypotheses  
Upstairs then down,  
Tentative like a man who fords a river,  
Fearful of danger as a man who moves  
Among high places, edges, slidings-away.

We followed the windings with automatic logic,  
Steering through bends, past columns,  
Hunting the true centers  
In clusters of sound that fattened on walls and ceiling.

*"Must have been crazy."*

*"Out of his mind."*

We came to the floor of dirt.  
On the hardened dust the shapes  
Of footfalls puffed away  
Like nothings in the fog of a first silence.  
My ears couldn't take it in.  
It filled them like a wish for noise  
With pressures like the sound-shadows  
Of columns and doors,  
With vanishings, like echoes that never were caused.

A door did creak.  
A student was passing out at the end of some tunnel.

Then a second, deeper silence came settling in:  
My ears still strained for sounds  
As if of things that are not.

I clapped my hands.  
It rang through the vaulted length--fifty, a hundred,  
A hundred-and-fifty sound-years it quavered on huge  
Surfaces; met itself; shattered and formed; wavered  
And waved again like the aftermath of some enormous word seeking  
All crannies of its domain,  
Imposing its resonance through all its space:  
A molecule.

The silence that then remained was the uncarved block.  
Loss conforming to loss.

From the upturned edge of silence we wandered again,  
Up stairs without balustrade,  
Balconies without parapet,  
Like a man moving among heights, tentative,  
And as a man fording a river, hypothetical,  
Into such mazes and their fearful shapes  
As the surface of the logos warily  
Maps on the bright clamor--  
Stairways and crooked floors  
Toward a dream about rooftops or gabled rooms.

Somewhere a door again banged.

Soon from the floor below  
Where young men once had run and crowds had shouted,  
We heard the notes of a flute like a vitreous cry,

Like figures carved in ice and carved in ivory.  
Vivaldi, ironic and true, flung vanishing shapes  
Above some remembered fact, some insistent tale.  
They came in redundant clusters,  
The cool swift shapes,  
Telling ironical truths, clear mysteries,  
Of grapes and autumn landscapes and austere men--  
Not Vivaldi himself nor the student who played,  
But men whom they both had dreamed  
Among falling afternoons.

Our life together this year is a stage in the creation of ourselves. And therefore I ask God to bless us in it.

I do not ask for success in everything we undertake. I do not believe that part of the plan for our world. After all, God has denied that sort of success even to himself.

But I ask him to grace our understandings and to bless us in our pursuit of the Promethean arts.

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#### FUNERAL HOMILY

FR. NICHOLAS AYO

APRIL 29, 1985

We are never prepared for death, and sudden death leaves us numb with grief and frightened with the fragility of everything and the vulnerability of everyone in this bewildering life.

I attended just one of Stephen's classes at Notre Dame. That day he was teaching "Samson Agonistes." Milton writes:

Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.

Stephen knew his students by voice, and he knew Samson's story, "eyeless in Gaza," by long familiarity. The struggle to see God in the ways of men was not unknown to him each day. He wanted to understand life, and he wanted people to love life. He most surely did, and we all were supported by his strength. When one would have expected him to lean on those around him, he carried so many in his counsel and concern for them. Stephen Rogers was a strong and valiant believer in God and man. He was a Samson of the spirit.

Students and colleagues speak of the ways that Stephen found to make them find courage, to see the goodness in their situation, to find a way to turn their problem into a challenge. He had done so with his own predicament. And his witness was so compelling, his forthright walking our paths without fear so poignant, that we could believe that our troubles must yield to the triumph of the human spirit and the grace of God. Stephen Rogers knew suffering, and he supported others in their burden. He knew some secret about the mystery of the cross, though he might not have put it in those terms at first. That something good could come of a bad situation he believed always; he would turn the situation around to the light and make you see hope shining.

One student called him Tiresias, a prophetic figure in our life. Another student noted that the Scripture reading of the day he died spoke of Paul being led into Damascus where he would come to see Our Lord Jesus Christ.

On the morning Stephen died, I passed his door and stopped to read the sign on it, which normally I would not bother to do. It spoke of his good wishes for the students who were finishing their senior essays that day, and how he was at home, but they should not hesitate to call him if he could help with any last minute need. He would see them for class on Monday and sign their essays then. It was not to be.

Stephen wrote for the *Notre Dame Magazine* some weeks ago. He took a Newman-like stand for the importance of personal conscience:

I found that certain results follow from living without the church as safety net. If you accept ultimate responsibility for your answers about faith and morals, you become more alert to the laws that govern the world, and you choose not to mitigate or evade them. You may be more disposed to hear God's lessons as they come and figure out his intentions toward the world instead of anticipating them. You are inclined to reason with God, not as an obsequious subject, certainly not as an equal, but as a similar being, an intelligent and responsible person.

The books we read in order to teach the arts of thought prod the young scholar away from the moorings of credulity. They push him or her onto the open sea, where there is neither metaphysical bedrock nor any fixed star of revelation. The Catholic student cannot pass through the modern university without being initiated into these conditions of intellectual life. Time and again the attentive teacher presides at this rebirth. His task is to help the student through perplexity to a new wholeness of mind. Under these conditions the church can be a friendly counselor. Some of its advice cannot be followed. But it remains the bearer of God's story, which its inexpressible inner voice is forever discussing with itself, the better to appreciate it and hand it on.

Having listened, I thought Stephen Rogers more Christian than myself.

Stephen taught us all well, and not just with words which he himself would have thought

provisional, but with the integrity of his life. He was courageous, attentive always, worn out often by the demands of life and people who needed him. We with sight cannot comprehend the burden to Stephen to do so much, when the effort to attend to it all was costly for him. His wife and family must have known. You could sense it in his face at times, and yet you know he gave because he wanted to and would not take an easier way to live. He did not see the earth and sky, but he saw the depths and heights of human life and he carried some of its weight upon his cheerful and willing shoulders.

Had I held class today, we would have discussed the last two articles of the Apostles Creed: "The resurrection of the body and life everlasting." Often so many words, but today we know they best be true or we are desolate indeed. Psalm 43 reads:

Oh send out thy light and thy truth;  
let them bring me to thy holy hill and to thy dwelling!

And in *Isaiah* 58:

Then shall your light break forth like the dawn, and your healing shall  
spring up speedily;  
your righteousness shall go before you, the glory of the Lord shall be your  
rear guard.  
Then you shall call, and the Lord will answer; you shall cry, and he will  
say, Here I am.

Stephen, we believe, sees it all today. It is we who are in the dark. Psalm 36 says "in thy light we shall see light." In God's light we see light. But what we see here and now is not the light, but the dim reflections of light from objects opaque around us. Stephen looks on the light face to face. In God's light he sees light. That is our Christian hope. That was his yearning, to see the light, the God who John says is the "light of the world."

Dana Rogers asked me to say one thing: if Stephen did some good in his life, tell them at this moment they should go and do good likewise. To the seniors who are sad at graduation, go forth in the strength of your education that knew a faithful man like this. Juniors, on Junior Parent weekend he said you were a special and wonderful class. Sophomores, alas you have hardly known him. Dear family, none knew and loved him so well as husband and father. And to all of you, colleagues, and brothers and sisters in Christ, who did know him in various ways, let us be thankful for what he gave us. We shall miss him terribly. May God be his light and his rest, and may we all meet again in the Kingdom that is to come, "where eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, those things God has prepared for them who love him."

The peace of the Lord be with you all. Go on with life as soon as you can. He would have wanted us so to do.

## MEMORIAL SERVICE NOTES

On the evening of Friday, April 26, colleagues, students, and friends met in Stanford Chapel out of a need to be together and to mourn for the loss of Professor Steve Rogers, a man who meant so much to so many of us. Father Nicholas Ayo brought us together and gathered us around. He clarified the facts about the manner of Steve's death and then invited us all to share with each other our thoughts about Steve. We consoled ourselves by remembering how special he was and how he touched the lives of each of us in a way we will never forget. We closed the evening with a scripture reading from *Corinthians 1:13*, prayer, and song.

Following are approximations of the testimonies made by those who spoke. Compiling these has brought to mind Thucydides' remarks about the speeches in his history; he said: "...it was difficult to carry them word for word in one's memory, so my habit has been to make the speakers say what was in my opinion demanded of them by the various occasions, of course adhering as closely as possible to the general sense of what they really said." Nearly all of these notes were checked against the memory of those who spoke and while they may not be exact, we hope they capture the sense of what we said and felt that evening.

--Janet Smith

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**Otto Hilbert:** I think the readings at mass today were especially appropriate for Dr. Rogers; they spoke of Paul's conversion and his being struck with blindness: it was during the period of his blindness that Paul had a time of great insight. I think all of us experienced Professor Rogers as a man of great insight--he could discern things that the rest of us just couldn't see.

Later Otto spoke again and he mentioned that one day after a long all night drive he came to poetry class and sat right beside Doc Rogers. He fell asleep and Doc Rogers nudged him and said: "Otto, it is all right if you sleep during my class; you just shouldn't snore!"

**Fr. Nicholas Ayo:** I don't usually read the notes that professors have posted outside their doors. But on Friday, today, I noticed a very neatly typed note at Steve's door and I went to read it. It was to his students who were writing essays for him. He told them to hand them in and he would sign them on Monday. He extended his best wishes to them and left a note that if they had any difficulties they should call him at home; he would see them at class on Monday.

**Sarah McGrath:** Last year I was at Tulane studying English, mostly because I had admired Steve so much. I was doing a research paper in the library and saw a book on Classical Greek Poetry and Shelley and some others and saw that it was written by "Rogers." So I pulled it off the shelf and sure enough it was by Stephen J. And as I read the introduction, I read how he thanked his student assistant and the people who helped him and his typist; the dedication was to his wife Dana. I remembered working for him in his office and it sounded so much like him--even though I was 1,000 miles away, I could hear his voice. Now whenever I think that whenever I read something by him, it will sound like he is right by me speaking to me.

**Professor Edward Cronin:** I think I have known Steve the longest of anyone here, even longer than Dr. Mike Crowe. He is a student and colleague and friend of mine, for many years. I say "is" because I find it impossible to speak of him in the past tense. I remember walking across the campus with Steve on a lovely spring day much like this one and Steve mentioned that he had always wanted to be a minor league shortstop, particularly on a day like this. I told him I had always wanted to be a major league shortstop. That was the only difference between us, ever. God love him.

**Jan Buckman:** Last year when I was really upset and unable to make any sense of my life, I went, as we all did, to talk with Professor Rogers. When I told him how lost and disoriented I felt, he was, as always, sympathetic and encouraging. He told me about a time when he had taken a cab to campus and told the cabbie to let him off at the law building but the cab let him off somewhere else instead. And where the cabbie dropped him off, they were doing construction so that everything was not as it usually is. He didn't know where he was, or how to get where he was going. The weather was rotten, and he was about to be late for a very important meeting. Instead of panicking or getting angry, he viewed this as an adventure: he needed to figure out what to do and how to get where he was going! He taught us to take our troubles and make adventures of them.

**Professor William Leahy:** Steve and I were students together and I remember Steve for his fine wit: he was always cheerful and wore life with a light mantle: he never took things too seriously. I remember that during one exam as the professor was asking Steve questions, Steve asked the professor how many points he had so far in the exam. The professor answered: "70 or 75" and Steve said "Well, I think that's enough" and he got up and walked out. It was just like Steve to do something like that.

**Professor Michael Crowe:** Death is often tragic, especially when the person is young. Think of the athlete: a swimmer reaches his peak in his late teens, a football player in his mid-twenties or so. A scholar, however, gets stronger as he gets older: that is when his mind is the most learned. Steve was fifty, so his death was particularly tragic.

**Dean Stewart:** I didn't know Professor Rogers as well as some, like John Breen, but I too was shocked by his death. Father Mark Poormen told me what had happened as I was walking down the steps of Dillon, and at that moment it seemed like such a contradiction that someone so young was telling me about such a loss. But as I walked down the quad on this sunny Friday I started thinking of all the conversations I had had with Professor Rogers about life. And by the time I had reached the law school, I decided that there was no contradiction. The day was filled with life, and it was that same life that Doc Rogers had given to so many of us. Professor Rogers would have wanted us to enjoy that beautiful Friday because he was so much a part of it.

**Mary Beth Wackowski:** Today when I heard about Doc Rogers' death I was very upset and not able to make any sense of it. And then I remembered something that he said which made it easier for me to deal with: One day when I was all confused he said "Mary Beth, the sign of a mature person is that he is able to live with ambiguity." I have been thinking about that all day and it has helped me. Doc Rogers was really a wise man.

**Professor Linda Ferguson:** Steve was a perfect testimony to the value of a liberal education.

**Felicia Leon:** I really loved Doc Rogers and had told my parents all about him. When they came for Junior Parents' weekend my mother said she just had to meet him. She kept asking which one is Doc. Rogers. When I pointed him out she just ran over to him and pushed through the circle of people around him. She threw her arms around his neck and gave him a big kiss and said, "I just have to thank you for making my daughter so happy." Doc Rogers was a bit like Doctor Cronin in that he put women on a pedestal and I really liked that. He really liked women and seemed to understand them so well. I was in London and didn't get to take him for a full year, so when it came time to sign up for classes for senior year I really wanted to get Doc Rogers for seminar. I was scheduled kind of late for signing up and when I went in to Professor Nicgoraki he told me that Doc Rogers' section was full. I pleaded with him to let me in but he just said, "You just have to realize, as much as we'd like, not everyone can be Doc Rogers."

**Professor Janet Smith:** As several of you have already said, Steve was the personification of encouragement--it was really quite impossible to talk with him and not go away feeling a little pumped up. One thing I liked so much about him, too, was that he was so full of mischief. And he had a great imagination. It was always so much fun going to his office and making up plots to get back at the people who were giving us a hard time. This afternoon when I was thinking about his death and how he wouldn't be here for graduation, I remembered how much fun it was to sit by him at graduation. Katherine and I used to vie with each other to see who would sit with him. Whoever got to sit with him, got to describe everything and he got such a kick out of the hijinks of the students. He loved to hear about what they were doing--like tossing beach balls around or to hear what messages they wrote on their caps. And I would read to him the titles of the Ph.D dissertations--and he would just howl--they were so absurd!

**Laurie Denn:** Just last week I stopped by to share some jokes with Doc Rogers: three dirty jokes and he had already heard them all! When I was a sophomore he tried to help me with my writing. He told me it was pretty good--I think he said that to everyone--but that it was kind of sloppy--he said I should try to put a little bit of sophistication in my writing. He said I wrote like someone who wore blue jeans and a sloppy sweat shirt all the time. I asked him "Are you sure you can't see? That's what I wear all the time!" He said "Why don't you put on a goddamn dress sometime?!" Well, tonight I am wearing my goddamn dress for Doc Rogers.

**Teresa DeAngelle:** I didn't know Professor Rogers really well: I only had him for poetry class. His attitude and actions seemed to indicate that he viewed all of life as a celebration. I do remember how he told Laurie [Denn] it looked like all her papers had been written at Corby's. At the last day of class he brought in a bottle of sherry and after we had all poured some, he told us to hide it or consume it, one or the other. And I remember how he used to call us "Dear hearts" and he would say that we were all "In luvv."

**Theresa O'Friel:** I had Doc Rogers for freshman seminar and remember that when we were reading the Oedipus trilogy and I learned about the character Tiresias, I thought that Professor Rogers was like Tiresias--he was a blind man but he could see more than the rest of us. He wouldn't want us to cry today: he would just want us to smile. He always wanted us to smile.

**Margaret Nels:** Doc Rogers was just the best listener. I feel so privileged to have been his student assistant this year. I think I really began to see myself as an individual through my association with Doc Rogers. On the day I first went to work for him he showed me all the special things in his office. One thing he showed me was his braille typewriter. It has all these braille

symbols and under the symbols are words like "or, but, is, and." When he showed me the words, I said "Thanks, but I learned to read this summer." He looked at me and said "You're fresh. It's a good thing or we wouldn't get along!" And working for him was so wonderful. At first I would think, how miserable to have to spend 3 hours reading on a nice afternoon, but it would always be so much fun when I got there. He would laugh and joke around--and say--skip that paragraph of Augustine--we don't need to read that!

**Kathy Erickson:** Doc Rogers was one of the most supportive people that I know. He was always willing to help you out, especially when the thing you needed help with was very important to you. When I came to Notre Dame I wanted to study medicine but I decided to join the Program. My parents couldn't understand my decision or what the Program was about, so Professor Rogers asked me to bring them around when they came to visit. I took them to his office and introduced them to him and we talked for about 5 minutes. Then he asked me to leave and talked to them for about a half an hour. I never knew what he said, but they never questioned my choice of GP again.

**Liz Kenney:** I live in South Bend and knew of Professor Rogers before I even came to Notre Dame. I remember asking my mother about the man who would walk with a cane and she said he was blind. I used to watch him walk by my house and think how amazing he was. And one day I remember watching him from St. Joe High School and seeing him cross highway 31 all busy with traffic. Even those who never met him, could be so inspired by him.

**Sarah McGrath:** A couple of summers ago I went on a canoe trip with a group of students and faculty and Steve. I don't know if people know how strong he was. One time we had to portage for about 4 miles back and forth and over some really rough terrain with roots and rocks and he carried a heavy canoe on his shoulders the whole way. Another time we didn't want to portage, so we walked up the river and it was even worse pulling the canoe up the river. When we set up camp he was sitting there with bruises all over his legs and I was bandaging his big toe and had to take a leech off his leg. He said: "Hal! Another damn thing that didn't get us!"

**Professor Mike Crowe:** Steve's dedication to the liberal arts goes back a long way. He told me of how he came on a train with a priest to look over Notre Dame. While they were on the train they were looking over a number of brochures on programs at Notre Dame and that's how Steve came to know of the General Program. So he joined up and has been committed to the liberal arts ever since.

**John Wilson:** I will never forget how available Doc Rogers was to students. Whenever I would go to his door he would always act like he was glad to see me. He would say "Good, Good, Come in, Come in." And he was so busy, but it was never "Bad, Bad, go away, go away." It was always "Good, Good, Come in, Come in." Doc Rogers always called me "Captain," short for Captain Analogy, because I am always making some off the wall analogy. One day in poetry class as I was struggling to get an analogy which said what I wanted it to say--I think I was comparing something to a traffic light--everybody laughed and I couldn't tell if they were laughing with me or against me. So I was feeling kind of bad and went up to Doc Rogers afterward to apologize. He was standing there tall and erect like he always stood and with a big grin on his face he said: "John, you can make whatever analogies you want to in my class."

**Fr. Nick Ago:** A few months ago Steve wrote a piece for the *Notre Dame Magazine* which explained why he was no longer in the Church. It was so beautifully written and eloquent. I

thought "He is such a better Christian than I am; why should he be out of the Church and I be so much in the Church." So I went to talk with him and apologize for the Church which had made him sad when his life was rough already. When we talked I told him how I thought he was much loved by God, a very God-centered man and one very much touched by God. And he knew that; he agreed with me.

**Professor Phil Sloan:** One thing that always impressed me about Steve was the lightness of his touch. When we would take walks together, he had a way of resting his hand on my arm in such a gentle manner, using my eyes, with a sense of trust that I would avoid the obstacles. He could sense the directions and tell where I was going, and at these times we could talk most intimately. That says so much about Steve, about his gentleness, and the way in which he moved with us as a colleague.

**John Breen:** I had Doc Rogers for novel last year and I think it was probably the best class I have had at the University. On the last day of class I felt just horrible and that afternoon I went to tell him that I almost cried during class because I felt so bad to see it end. He said he had almost cried, too. There was something I noticed when I read "To the Lighthouse." There is a character named "Mrs. Ramsey" who always had time to listen to the most boring and slowest people: she always spent time with this young man that no one else would spend time with." And one time I told Doc Rogers, "You know, Professor Rogers, you are just like Mrs. Ramsey--you have time for everyone."

**Professor Walt Nicgeraki:** I remember talking to Steve earlier this week about some departmental matters and he mentioned that he had a lighter teaching load this semester and how pleasant that had been. He recognized the special demands on the faculty at this time of the year and said that I should be sure to give him some extra oral exams and senior essays to read. That's how he was--always willing to take on extra work and always concerned for others.

**Sean Reardon:** I went down to the Grotto to light a candle and as I lit my candle from one of the candles which was already lit, I thought how the same source had lit all these candles: you never had to strike a match here and start a new flame; there was always a flame available from a burning candle. And I suppose that is how it is with Doc Rogers. He has given us light and we must go out and pass it on.

**Beth Fraser:** I had Doc Rogers for novel and I had to do a paper on *Anne Karenina* for him. I hadn't read the book but I wrote a paper anyway and when I got it back with a C on it, I thought, "That's not bad, for not having read the book." But then I began to feel bad because Doc Rogers might think I didn't get anything out of all the classes, if that's all the better I could write on this book, so I went to tell him this. And we talked about how much reading there was in the Program and how insane it was. He agreed, but laughed and said, "It's only too much work, if you do it." And I promised that I would read *Anne Karenina* by Thursday or the weekend and write another paper on it. He said, "Oh, why don't you take a few days off and do nothing. It's not necessary to write that paper. Read the book over the summer or don't read it if you don't want to."

**John Tallarida:** I work with Doc Rogers' son John at the radio station and for a couple of months I didn't know that he was Doc Roger's son. When I realized it I told him how much I was looking forward to having his father as a teacher. We were just talking and I just popped in

with "What's it like to have Doc Rogers as a father" and he gave a big grin and all he said was "Great." And I thought that was great, because what else could you say? I remember what Doctor Cronin said about how less is more and I thought that is all that needed to be said.

Liz Siegel: Several of us have commented on how Doc Rogers touched the lives of all those he met. But he also touched the lives of those who never met him. I found out about his death through the roommate of a PLS person. She had come to tell her roommate, she knew how upset she would be. I went looking for other PLS students and I couldn't find any of them. I found only roommates of PLSers and there I was talking about him to them and I got the sense that they knew him, even though they never met him. They had heard so much about him from all of us. I had pointed Doc Rogers out to my roommate. And afterwards, whenever she saw him walking on campus, she was struck with what he had overcome; she was very moved by his example.

Peter White: I was writing my senior essay under Professor Rogers--about Martin Luther King. And when I heard of his death, I remembered one of Martin Luther King's last speeches where he spoke of his life and said that he only hoped that his life was not in vain. I think it can truly be said that Doc Rogers did not live his life in vain.

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Following are some anecdotes told to Professor Janet Smith at the wake by Steve's childhood friend, Ted.

Ted: Steve never had a handicap: he did the same things all of us did: he played football and pool: he rode a bike and even drove a car. Everyday we would go swimming at a clay pit at the end of the street and I would do all these fancy dives--it was a pretty high dive--8 or ten feet. Steve would ask me to describe what they were and to tell him how they were done. He would then try them. If I hit my back just once as hard as he did twenty times, trying those dives, I would have given up: but not Steve--he just kept trying until he got it right.

He never used a cane until he got to Harvard and they made him use one there. He didn't like people to know he was blind. Once he knocked into a man who was walking with a little girl and the man got real mad at Steve and said "What's the matter, are you blind?" He was really pleased about that--the guy couldn't tell he was blind! He did walk into a parked car once and broke his leg.

He used to walk several blocks to my house and my mother would say--you better keep an eye out to guide Steve when he comes. I would say--nah, Steve can make it. And he would come walking down the street as confident as he can be and would turn sharply down our sidewalk when he got to our house. My mother asked him how he could tell he had arrived at our house and he said he could hear the bushes.

One day he wanted to take some shoes in to be repaired and we told him where to get the bus and that it would let him right off at the cobblers. He said it was a beautiful day and that he wanted to walk. We tried to urge him to take the bus but he was determined to walk. Well, several hours passed by and he returned with his shoes fixed. We asked how he found the shoe shop. He grinned and said: "I could smell the polish from a block away." He never had a handicap.

## ALUMNI/AE CORNER

Several Alumni/ae have written expressing their sorrow at Stephen Roger's death, and have expressed in many ways the importance he had for their own lives and development. None knew Steve better than his hard-working assistants who served as his eyes through the reading of term papers, research projects, and correspondence. One of these, Lynn Joyce Hunter (1979), submitted the following essay.

--PRS

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### FOR STEPHEN ROGERS: AN ELEGY

Lynn Joyce Hunter

Oceanus: Do you not know Prometheus, that words are healers of the sick temper?

Prometheus: Yes, if in season due one soothes the heart with them, not tries violently to reduce the swelling anger.

---Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*

I had known Stephen Rogers for nearly four years before I was able to draw together my various impressions of him, impressions scholarly and personal, intellectual and emotional, and to summon words to make these impressions articulate. Final exam week had ended for the fall 1979 semester. I had remained at Notre Dame for a few days to read exams and papers to Stephen, and to record final semester grades. After one such grading session, I left Stephen's office in the library basement with a desire to walk alone through campus. There were few, if any, people about, and the grey of early winter matched my own disposition. I had only one semester left at Notre Dame, yet I felt embryonic in my intellectual development. At the same time, I knew that I had already received from my education more than I ever would have presumed to ask from it. And I knew that Stephen's vision of and commitment to the liberal arts formed the backdrop for thoughts such as these. But I was no longer content simply to acknowledge his influence as an abstract setting for my ruminations. I needed to put into words what Stephen Rogers meant to me, as a teacher and as a friend.

Rarely does a poem begin to take shape in my head without conscious and vigorous solicitation. But that evening lines of what later became a poem nestled in my mind with grace and naturalness.

"You are a teacher who heals." Yes, that was it. We, Stephen's students, were drawn instinctively to him because he offered strength and consolation on a level that we did not

consciously understand. I did not understand it myself, although an important image had come to me that evening. This image represented the wholeness and coherence of who Stephen was, what he taught, and how he taught it. I thought of his life (his "story", he would have said) as

A poem  
Wrapped in velvet  
And held in silent hands  
Inside a world of voice and touch.

I knew those lines captured the substance and tone of his healing power. He affected us in a way not magical, not sentimental, not artificially smooth. Stephen's tendency to console was subtle and powerful, like an exquisite metaphor that arrests us and reminds us that we are most receptive to truths when they are revealed in restrained, nuanced, measured symbols.

Stephen Rogers knew what Prometheus knew: words are healers of the sick temper, but only if they are proffered carefully and timely. Stephen's use of language was considerate and precise; it was never forced. He believed that language entails value. It was this implicit reverence for the power of language, especially metered, metaphorical poetry, to which I intuitively responded. And I knew that to articulate this mysterious but inexorable connection between language and healing would be to join hands with poets and scholars from Aeschylus to Stephen. It was no wonder that my understanding was meek, that what I had labelled a backdrop sometimes seemed a fog, awesome in its density, but still a fog. I had Stephen's guidance, however, in my efforts toward understanding. Stephen Rogers was my teacher; what is more, he was my friend.

Stephen equated liberal learning with navigation. The liberal arts were the arts of making one's way through life "on an open sea." Teachers are guides in a limited sense. They could teach the arts of navigation, but once students were launched from their collegial port, they were on their own. Stephen encouraged us to believe that we had the intelligence and sturdiness of character to stay afloat and to discern the lighthouses and the ports.

The greatest gift I can now offer in gratitude for Stephen's generous nature and his insightful intellect is to tell how deeply his teaching has taken root within me. To say that we can heal ourselves is not to presume that no one else, God or loved one, matters. On the contrary, we learn to endure suffering and to love well by entering into the lives of others; this is how we heal ourselves. Stephen believed that poetry educates us in these ways, and I have profited profoundly from his teaching.

How does poetry educate us to love well and to endure suffering? My understanding of what Stephen believed is perhaps vague and incipient, but it is based in his lectures, in his writings, and in conversations between us. More than any other area of instruction, Stephen's distinction between the literary terms "pathos" and "elegy" and his discussion of the significance of this distinction have remained with me. Stephen found elegiacal poetry uniquely engaging. Elegy gave form to life as he perceived it. It is more than appropriate, it is absolutely necessary, to view Stephen Rogers' nature from the poetic context of his own insistence. It is a poetic context with an ancient history and a rich soul.

Stephen taught that for the Homeric Greeks, the poetry of "pathos" identified human

suffering and mortality with the visible, palpable observations of change and death in nature. Human values were given significance in likeness to forms in the natural world. The lives of men and women were precious because, like the leaves, they would die.

The modern elegiacal poet, Stephen believed, cannot be a distant observer to the suffering world, as could the poets of Greek pathos. The elegiacal poet must enter into life, since his imagination intimately binds him to symbols of beauty and sorrow that he has borrowed from nature, and made his own. He knows that his healing power lies in the capacity of the imagination. As the poet finds words for those impressions that represent the depth of his sorrow, he discovers anew that his insight and love are not restricted to one season, one lifetime. Consolation emerges through the poet's realization that to have known the precious thing that has died is a privilege. And the privilege to know beautiful and holy things will remain his so long as he continues to love.

Stephen Rogers taught us that we are all poets. He taught us that our imaginations are prisms that enable us to discern and to create images of goodness, of beauty, and of love, even though all living manifestations of these images die.

Now Stephen Rogers has died. Our sorrow swells to hold his spirit close. We seek to heal ourselves, and this we must do, since his port on the open sea is closed. But if we focus our sorrow through the prism of the imagination, then we use poetry to heal, and Stephen would have hoped that we navigate in the elegiacal tradition.

The person of Stephen Rogers was a story, a poem, an elegy. Our recollections of him will be manifold verse.

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### THE STEPHEN ROGERS MEMORIAL FUND

Several of you have contacted the Program by letter or mail concerning the possibility of a monetary contribution in Stephen Rogers' name. After consultation with the Notre Dame Development Office, and after discussions among the faculty and with Mrs. Dana Rogers, we wish to announce the establishment of a Stephen Rogers Memorial Fund, to be administered by the Notre Dame Development Office.

Our primary goal is to establish an endowed scholarship or award to assist a student, preferably handicapped, intending to study in the Program of Liberal Studies. This will ideally be an endowed scholarship which we could service from the interest on the principal. To establish this, we will need funds totalling at least \$5000. Other projects, depending on the total fund available, will be an effort to bring Stephen's book-length manuscript on the Liberal Arts to press, which he was actively working on at the time of his death. This presently exists in partially completed form in computer storage, with some still in braille, and a feasibility study

is first planned to see what additional aid is needed. Other options include the establishment of an annual award to a student in the Program in some area relevant to Stephen's interests, or an endowed Program lecture series.

The initial phase for this contribution period will be through December 31, 1985. Contributions should be sent directly to the **Notre Dame Development Office, c/o Mrs. Carol Hennion, Accounts Manager**, and designated "Stephen Rogers Memorial Fund". Notice of contributors and the total amount collected will be made in the next *Programme*.

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## **NEWS AND NOTES**

### **Professor Tillman Wins Sheedy Award:**

In April Mary Katherine Tillman, Associate Professor in the Program of Liberal Studies, was named the 1985 Sheedy Award winner. The Sheedy Award for Excellence in Teaching in the College of Arts and Letters is that College's highest teaching award. The award was established in honor of the Reverend Charles Sheedy, C.S.C., a former dean of the College of Arts and Letters. Professor Tillman is the second of the Program's faculty to receive this award; she follows Professor Edward J. Cronin in attaining this distinction.

Professor Tillman will be presented with the Sheedy Award at the autumn meeting of the Advisory Council of the College of Arts and Letters. On that occasion she will address the Council and guests.

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Professor John Lyon, formerly of the Program, has accepted the Deanship of Whitney Young College at Kentucky State University, the newest of the Great Books programs. We send our congratulations and best wishes for the future. Those interested in contacting him can write: Whitney Young College, Kentucky State University, Frankfort, KY 40601.

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## A FINAL VIEW FROM 318

At an intersection like this, reflections seem all at once to embrace the past, present and future. This is especially so regarding thoughts about the friend and colleague that so many of us shared in Steve Rogers. In discovering now that Steve's loss is more deeply felt than I could have imagined or than I have previously experienced, I am reminded that one is never too old for self-knowledge.

Of the many things that the relationship with Steve taught me, one of the most important was that we could have important differences and yet be very good friends. That meant that those differences could be talked about frankly and quite fully while day-to-day life on the paths we walked was marked by concern for each other, our common students and the life of the Program.

Those colleagues and others in the University who didn't experience the bond of close friendship with Steve will recognize this about his work here: he combined an extraordinary patience for the troubled and/or struggling student with a capacity to engage, with the utmost precision, the best minds of this and earlier times. I recall, as will certain members of the class of '81, two visits to my Ethics tutorial where his explication of Immanuel Kant's moral philosophy was an incomparable jewel of philosophic understanding and pedagogical skill. His penchant for the apt analogy intrigued us and brought us, despite ourselves, backing into an understanding of Kant.

Now we are having an administrative changing-of-the-guard here in 318. It has enlarged me and encouraged me to come to know, through my functioning as chairman, so many PLS graduates whom I otherwise would not have encountered. The story of the impact of your education on your lives is continually being told in alumni/ae correspondence and visits to this office. It has been a privilege to serve and lead this distinguished educational community, past and present.

Professor Phillip Sloan brings to the chairmanship commitments and strengths that will strengthen the Program's long-proclaimed effort to seek to mitigate and overcome a twofold split in contemporary society: the separation between the secular and the Christian traditions and the much noted "two cultures" split between the humanities and the sciences. I know that he will welcome and need the counsel and support of graduates of the Program.

The Program of Liberal Studies represents a special trust in American higher education. My last wishes and acts as chairman and spokesman for the community are to ask God's blessing on Steve Rogers who served it so well and so whole-heartedly for so long--and then too to ask His blessing on Phillip Sloan who assumes the mantle of leadership.

Walter Nicgoriski  
Chairman

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**Contributions Received at PLS Office For Support of  
*Programma*  
and Program Of Liberal Studies, 1984-85.**

Burkley, John  
Curtis, Timothy  
De Polo, David  
Gehant, Ann Frances  
Gray, Steve  
Gorman, Dick  
Keefe, Robert John  
Linbeck, Leo III  
Mannion, Patrick  
McGee, Anne Marie Tentler  
Murphy, Jeremiah  
O'Connor, Dennis  
Pownall, Michael  
Rooney, William  
Schaffer, Martin  
Shaffer, Joseph P.  
Stork, Phillip  
Vanos, Stephen

Chavez, Anthony  
DeJute, David  
Dunlap, James  
Gray, Jim  
French, Rick  
John, William A.  
Lewis, Lawrence  
Mannion, John F. X.  
McClelland, Robert  
McKiernan, Philip  
Murphy, Patrick  
O'Rourke, James  
Reitze, III, Christopher  
Rompf, John Jr  
Sohler, Mike  
Sowers, Ronald  
Taylor, Kenneth  
Zangmeister, Beth

**Alumni/ae Contributions to University  
Designated for PLS  
1984-85**

Burke, R.B.  
Frank, Peter  
John Haley  
Kulyk, M.C.  
Leader, C.  
Murphy, J. L.  
Radde, P.D.  
Schwartz, A.J.

Dow Corning Corp.  
Gorman, Richard  
Haley, Louis and Jane  
Lawlor, Andrew  
Miller, S.R.  
Palumbo, Mary  
Schmidlein, Mary  
Yeyenberg, D.R.

**LINES OF COMMUNICATION**

The following alumni have indicated their whereabouts since the last *Programma* and would like their old friends and teachers to know of them.

*Class of 1960*

Ronald L. Sowers, One Rose Marie's Alley, "The Landing," Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
46802-1710. Lawyer

*Class of 1961*

James J. O'Rourke, 22 Hemlock Hill, Amherst, N.H. 03031.  
Professor of Philosophy, St. Anselm College.

*Class of 1962*

Eugene V. Tuite, 49 Concord Ave., Glen Rock, NJ 07452  
President - Stuart Life & Pension Association

*Class of 1965*

John T. Dunn, Box 1005, Carmel Valley, CA 93924  
Rory M. Cullane, 224 San Antonio Way, Walnut Creek, CA. 94598.  
CEO, Rna, Inc.

*Class of 1966*

Peter G. Collins, 1514 Hillridge, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108  
Environmental Consultant, Applied Science & Technology, Inc.

*Class of 1967*

Philip C. Stork, 5101 Harbor Drive, Oakland, CA. 94618. Attorney

*Class of 1971*

Michael R. Pownall, 3052 Piedmont Drive, El Paso, Texas 79902.  
Assistant Professor of English, University of Texas at El Paso.

*Class of 1972*

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