

50th Reunion Citation for the Class of 1960

Born on the cusp of war, raised through the bitter conflict, maturing in the hard-won peace, the Class of 1960 arrived on Trinity's doorstep in 1956 in an era of relative contentment shot through with rumors of change,

You came to college with visions of a new singer called Elvis gyrating in your heads, crooning about some Heartbreak Hotel. The Dow Jones closed above 500 for the first time ever that year, auguring good times still to come. *As the World Turns* began its long run on daytime television. But you wouldn't know about that since you were consumed by the rigors of Father Burke's Theology classes and Dr. Ellinger's Art History and Dr. Varnhorn's Mathematics and Sister Columba's all-seeing gaze. Your idea of recreation was a sing in the smoker or maybe a special trip to Gusti's.

During your Trinity years, Frisbee and Sputnik entered our vocabulary, Pius XII passed on and John XXIII became pope, Hawaii and Alaska became states, and a group of teenagers in Liverpool started strumming guitars and singing as a group called the Quarrymen, later changing their name to the Beatles. While the nation watched the first episode of *Leave it to Beaver*, National Guard troops escorted Black students into Central High School in Little Rock. While public attention was consumed by the threats of the Cold War, the United States was becoming increasingly entangled in the affairs of a small nation halfway around the world called Vietnam.

In 1960, you took your Trinity degrees into a world of infinite potential and still-unknown dangers. A young senator named John F. Kennedy announced his candidacy for president of the United States. The breath of Camelot blew across the land. Oscar Hammerstein and Clark Gable died that year, and in a not entirely fair exchange, Bono and Hugh Grant were born. Camus found his exit. Ripken took the field. Elvis asked, "Are you lonesome tonight?"

The winds of change became a tornado, and by your tenth reunion you looked around astonished to find yourselves in the vortex --- the counterculture took to the streets, aggiornamento seized the Church, the nation was roiled by political assassination, civil rights and women's liberation, Woodstock and war protests.

You held fast to your Trinity values, upholding knowledge as the servant of faith, as you built magnificent families and pursued careers as artists and theatre critics, doctors and medical professors, nurses and bankers, lawyers and financial advisors, physicists and computer programmers, entrepreneurs galore. You earned advanced degrees and doctorates by the dozens. You volunteered for Girl Scouts and the League of Women Voters, artist cooperatives and recording for the blind, serving on parish councils and as Eucharistic ministers.

The decades rolled on, and you added golf, knitting, painting, riding horses, practicing yoga and snorkeling to your already well-honed bridge skills. A class that grew up practicing beautiful longhand learned how to text and tweet, and you discovered the ease of reunion through Facebook. You met sorrow head-on with faith unbowed, triumphant in your achievements as witnessed by your hundreds of children and grandchildren, and thousands more touched by the work of your hands and hearts and minds formed here at Trinity.

You are the Sisters of Vibrant Red, continuing your unending conversations of life, proclaiming the ideals of *alma mater* to all the ends of the earth. Today, reds of 1960, your passionate light radiates with the glint of your golden jubilee, not an end of your college days but, still, the ever-fresh commencement of the next chapter of your glorious lives through Trinity.

In proud recognition of your achievements through 50 years of proclaiming Trinity's ideals that never swerve in families and communities around the world, Trinity is pleased to bestow upon the Red Class of 1960 the Golden Jubilee Medal.

Given by President Patricia McGuire '74