

D a e l l J e a n e I I I 1 1 4
S e n i o r C l a s s e a t e
P o m o n a C o l l e g e C e n t e n a r y C e l e b r a t i o n 2 0 1 4
M a y 1 8 , 2 0 1 4

Welcome to all friends, family, faculty and staff, distinguished guests and misunderstood uncles thank you all for being here today. As some of y'all may know, a group of benevolent seniors took a service trip to San Diego last week. We helped the elderly, read to children and did all of the things one would expect of a respectful Pomona graduate. It was among this apex of humanitarian efforts that I decided to pen this speech. But as I sat in the San Diego sand, thinking about how I could condense four years of presumed wisdom into a few words that would resound for a lifetime, I felt a little overwhelmed. Ideas rushed about left and right. Should I talk about whiskey drinking lessons learned from Professor Lorn Foster? Perhaps parental piety would be nice? A discussion on Patriotism, Title Nine or Mental Health might also suffice. Dreams or laws? Pithy platitudes or pragmatic prescriptions. I was tossed in a tumultuous whirlwind of ideas.

I was lost.

Out of exhaustion, I couldn't help but let my eyes wander from my blank page and onto the boardwalk. And there it was. He struck me like a slow whisper from a muse - Slo-mo, the Mission Beach folk hero, skated down the boardwalk and onto my page. At that moment, I knew I could only give one message: slow down.

For those of you out of the know, Slo-mo was recently featured in a NY times op-doc. Here is a man who skates down the esumed wU85ke boardwa to afFosa to ed innd tficout utFosa& t sty.uld TjTBenc mjackass.IdnBon. Altsou mnewth migtempt naivet-2.lp qd guustinkin DmAt thho wcqul paturmd eod wis

