

CNU OUTLOOK

notes from Paul Tribble

May 24, 2002

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Commonwealth of Virginia - Service Awards 2002⬆



**Common
of
Virginia**

**Service
Awards**

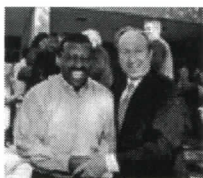
**April 26,
2002**

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photos.](#)

Commencement - May 2002⬆

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Commonwealth of Virginia

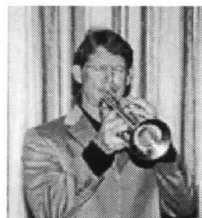


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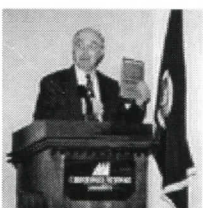


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Service Awards



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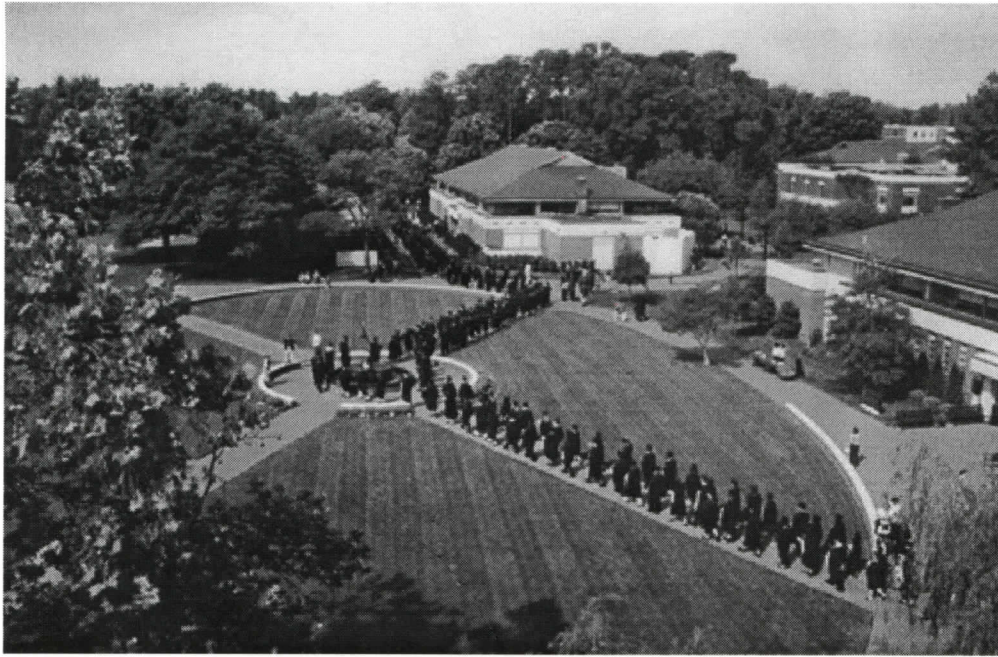


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April 26, 2002



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Commencement
2002

May 11,
2002

Commencement
Remarks
by
Josiah
Bunting
III

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CNU Apartments↑

With the grand opening of the CNU Apartments in the fall of 2002, upperclassmen will have a marvelous opportunity to experience the independence and convenience of apartment living along with the advantages of campus life. Three hundred fifty-five beautifully designed single bedroom units will provide the ultimate in luxury and privacy in a beautifully landscaped setting - directly across from The Freeman Center.



These upscale two and four bedroom apartments offer private bedrooms and private baths for each student. Each unit will be equipped with high-speed Internet access, basic cable and phone service, study desk with two-position chair, a loftable bed, dresser, closet, and window blinds. Each apartment will contain a washer and dryer, a fully-equipped kitchen with a dishwasher, full-size refrigerator, range, garbage disposal and microwave; wall-to-wall carpeting, a spacious, fully-furnished living room and dramatic vaulted ceiling in all fourth floor units. All apartments include 24-hour security and state-of-the-art electronic room access.

These units have been in such great demand by our upper class students, that, to date, our Housing Office has received more than 750 reservations for the 355 available bedrooms. In order to be completely fair, CNU Seniors and Juniors who have been in the housing system (living on campus) the longest will be given first priority for these popular accommodations.

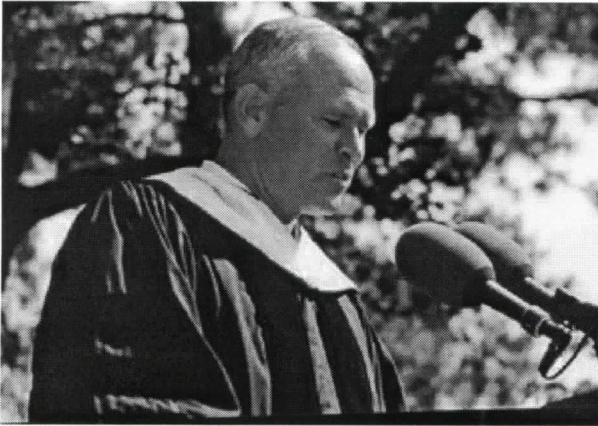
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Christopher Newport University

Saturday, 11 May 2002

Remarks by Major General Josiah Bunting, III

Superintendent Virginia Military Institute



Mr. President, it is an honor to join you and Mrs. Tribble, your faculty and graduates, and their families on this happy day. Thank you, Sir, for your invitation. For graduates this is a day of satisfaction and joy: before you lie lives of raw possibility: blank canvasses, fresh seasons; and you take with you, no doubt with delight and relief and gratitude, the satisfaction of having run the straight race, and finished the course. Let me say this to you, also: you are leaving a university that has in the last five years come farther and faster in substance and reputation than any college or university in the Commonwealth -- perhaps in our country. You are inspired participants, with your professors and leaders - in the transformation of a very good, much admired college

into a great national university.

You graduates will acknowledge profound debts to parents and professors, coaches and classmates. There is another cohort present this morning: your debt to them is equally large: grandparents and great-grandparents - with whom your friendship is always sunny who have a constant and overwhelming prejudice in your favor who never ask awkward questions as your mothers and fathers do, and who are the best friends you will ever have. But they are something else besides: they represent a generation of Americans that claims our unstinted admiration: they have been called our greatest generation, and we can learn from them: from their selflessness, from their unwillingness to complain, from their leadership. Born in the 1920s and 30s, reared in the depression, flung in their thousands upon the beaches, of World War II - at Normandy, Anzio, and Iwo Jima. They came home and made the strongest economy and the best system of education our world has ever known. Their legacy to you is living and vital: be inspired by it!

Every American of that generation remembers where he was when he heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. December 7th, 1941 "a date that will live in infamy." Every American of your generation will remember where she was, or he was, at Nine in the morning of September 11th, 2001. It was a lovely late summer morning in the eastern United States: clear, cool, bright. On T.V. a thin streamer of smoke seemed to be leaking from a corner of a tower of the World Trade Center in New York. I heard a voice saying, "That's right. In 1945 a plane flew into the Empire State Building." For our first information was the news of a terrible accident. But that bloomed over the next few hours into a tragedy of monstrous, inconceivable proportions and devastations. We need not dwell now upon them, except to remember the lost, to remember the heroes we saw running back into the buildings as great masses of terrified human targets streamed safely away from the horror.

In the days and weeks immediately afterwards all of us became aware of a legacy, a bestowal that we seized upon, with gratitude: the gift - unknowing and unintended - the terrorists had offered us. I say "offer," because we have not fully accepted this gift and made the use of it that we should. And that was the gift of an inestimably powerful reminder of the things we share: our most elemental allegiance after our family: to our country: to the fact that we are Americans. In that searing hour of terror the country was brought together in a way that it had not been since December 7th, 1941: a plainsman in eastern Montana was suddenly at one with a devastated family in eastern Long Island. Children in Virginia and Oregon raised monies to buy fire engines for ladder companies in Lower Manhattan. There was, powerful almost beyond words, an

instantaneous sense that, next to our family, our country was our most precious possession, and that that membership, our citizenship, bound us together and obligated us. I remember driving through northern New Jersey on the 15th of September: feeling as though I were in a pageant of America painted by Norman Rockwell. We all remember how often our patriotic anthems were being sung again: words like amber waves of grain, O Beautiful for Patriot's Dream, Sweet Land of Liberty - these were now words we listened to and considered as we heard and sang them.

"You are leaving a university that has in the last five years come farther and faster in substance and reputation than any other college or university in the Commonwealth--perhaps in our country.

You are inspired participants, with your professors and leaders --in the transformation of a very good, much admired college into a great national university."

What does it mean to be an American? I ask this question of the Class of 2002 - a class that will live, many of you, until a date within twenty years of the Twenty-Second Century, and that will find itself living and working all over the globe - but will cherish always its simple declaration, so close to the heart: I'm an American. A thousand graduate seminars might consider the question for a thousand years: and never agree on an answer. But I would suggest two elements of an answer: and those elements are timeless. Some twenty years after Christopher Newport came ashore near Jamestown another band of settlers, Puritans from England, heard a speech by an Englishman named John Winthrop. He spoke to them on a small ship, the Arabella, in the harbor at Massachusetts Bay. Phrases from the speech are familiar to us. He talked of the community they would establish as a City on the Hill that would be a beacon to all nations and he declared, "That which the others profess in their Churches only, we must bring into familiar and constant practice, as in our duty to love one another without dissimulation. We will, that is, dedicate ourselves to an ideal of political conduct, to community, in which we will actually try to live what we profess.

We will, that is, crown the good that we will earn, with brotherhood: always conscious that our brave experiment is not for ourselves alone, and our progeny, but for a bleeding world that will look to us, look to this gathering -- the rude shore of North America, to affirm that the urgings of their own hearts and need not be idle, futile dreams: but goals that brave men and women might, with tireless determination, actually realize.

Two other great public utterances breathed the same spirit and confirmed allegiance to the same nobility of purpose: they were offered within a mile of each other; and separated by a century - as Martin Luther King echoed the language of the first - by five score years.

In March, 1865, the terrible Civil War that had carried off a half-million men and tested the famous proposition that such a nation so dedicated might long endure - this war was nearing its end. Abraham Lincoln, a Kentuckian by birth and a son of the Heartland Prairie, rose to [achieve] the oath of office and offer his second inaugural message. The crowd expected, and wanted, a triumphant speech of vindication: full of the language of celebration and triumph, of a desperate enemy. What Mr. Lincoln offered was something else altogether: first, an affirmation that the purposes of Providence cannot ever be fully understood - and that, in any case, both South and North had read the same Bible and prayed in the same Churches: but that the judgments of the Lord are true and mighty altogether, and that the Union's sole duty now was to bind up its wounds, to "care for him who shall have borne the battle," and to set about the work of re-building our City on the Hill with malice towards none: with charity for all.

For the essence of that dream, of that frail undertaking of John Winthrop's was, in fact, to love brotherly without dissimulation: and that that love must be shown in free and generous services to the state, to the reunited nation, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, for his widow.... The two elements: allegiance to an ideal, but an allegiance that must be demonstrated in works of charity - charity broadly conceived: service, volunteering for those needs the Commonwealth might display.

To hear and to see, if we cannot remember, Martin Luther King, Jr's sublime utterance, "I have a Dream," is to be challenged, reminded, inspired - we might even say, obligated - to recapture the idealism of a time from which we have grown remote already. The speech demands for black America those articles of freedom which our founding documents promise: it asserts the fierce urgency of Now. But the whole utterance is soaked in a spirit of brotherhood, of family, of our common participation in a dream in a single nationhood, one yet striving towards its earliest visions of a City on the Hill. It is not partisan, it is not captious in assault on political or even racist opponents, it is not aggressive towards its enemies. It does not even acknowledge that there are enemies. It celebrates the hope of common nationhood: it demands that all grasp the promise of the founding vision even as we grasp hands with one another in our obligation, again to remember John Winthrop, to love brotherly without dissimulation.

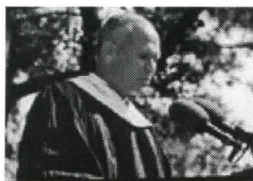
That was thirty-nine years ago this summer: and it was but four months before the assassination of another American President, and four years from the country's descent into another long war: a war that strangely has made us forget the great promise of the early years of that decade known dismissively as The Sixties.

You members of the Christopher Newport Class of 2002 are the heirs to such courageous and noble visions and dreams: they are the essence of that Americanness of which we grew so poignantly and powerfully aware after September 11th. You must keep that essence alive and fertile in your hearts. You must remember Dr. King's great contemporary John Kennedy: asking always what you can do for your country even as you prepare now to enter arduous and demanding professions and to undertake the happy obligations of family and community. I do not mean the easy, fustian patriotism of bumper stickers or of being patient and good-humored while your bags are checked at an airport before boarding commercial airliners. I mean actual service to the United States, not necessarily military service (ad lib: WW II called it "The Service") in offices local and national; in the works of boards in the community; in the Peace Corps; in our armed forces and their reserve components; in politics and government: Your legacy as Americans, now almost four centuries old, demands nothing less, and you owe it nothing less. Proudly carry such happy burdens in your hearts as you leave your school, your alma mater, this day.

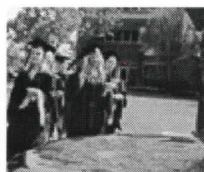
God Bless You!

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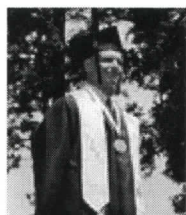
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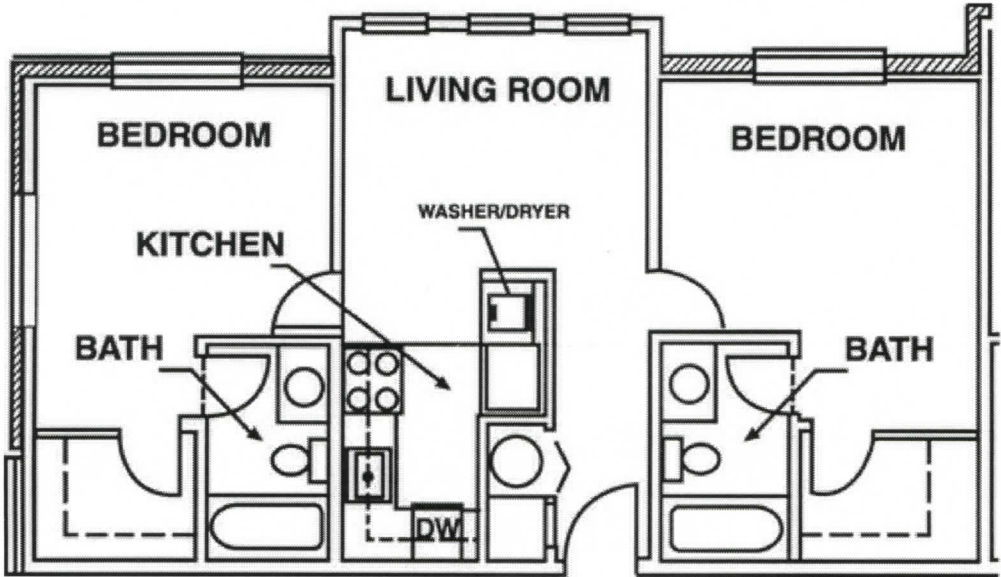


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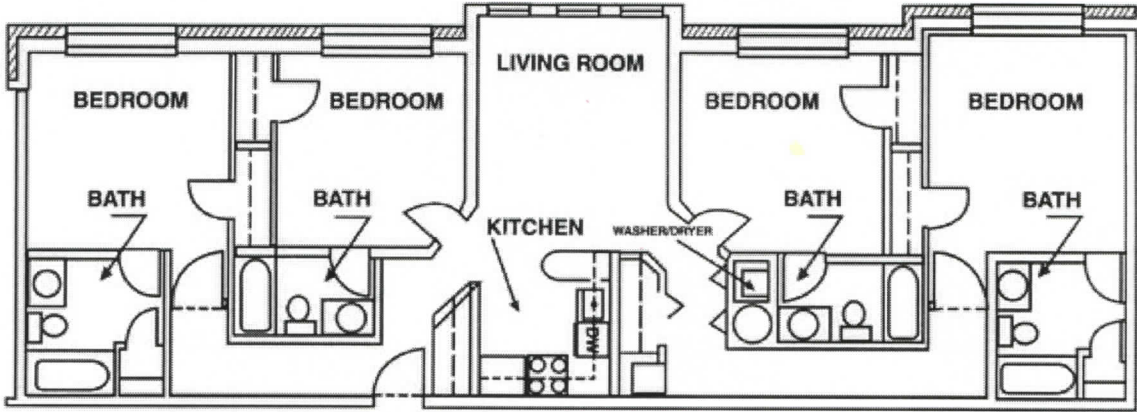


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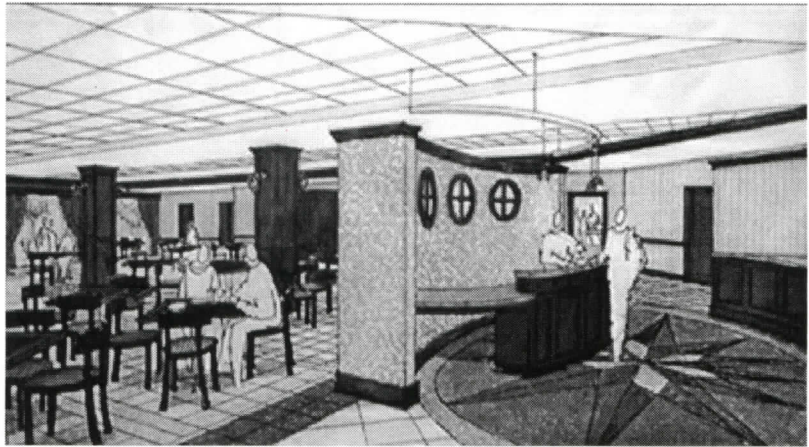
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View the floor plans [two bedroom apartment \(833k\)](#), [four bedroom apartment \(125k\)](#).

Christopher's Renovation

Demolition and construction are underway behind the doors leading into Christopher's in the Student Center! Nationally known food service architects, Thomas Ricca and Associates from Englewood, Colorado, will transform this "institutional" cafeteria space into a wonderful new residential dining facility and gathering



place for CNU students and the campus community by this fall. The newly renovated space will seat approximately 260 and will be open for lunch and dinner Monday through Thursday and lunch on Fridays. Because it will continue to serve as a multi-purpose facility for gatherings and special events, it will be closed on Friday evenings, Saturdays and Sundays. Harbor Lights will continue to be open for all meals. As you can see from the rendering above, the interior décor will be warm and inviting. Dark wood trim and furnishings will be complemented by ceramic tile, wall coverings, and elegant window treatments along with tray ceilings to add height and light to the room.

[\[Faculty/Staff Home\]](#) [\[The Mainsail\]](#) [\[CNU Home\]](#)

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