



1982

Founders' Day Convocation (1982 Program)

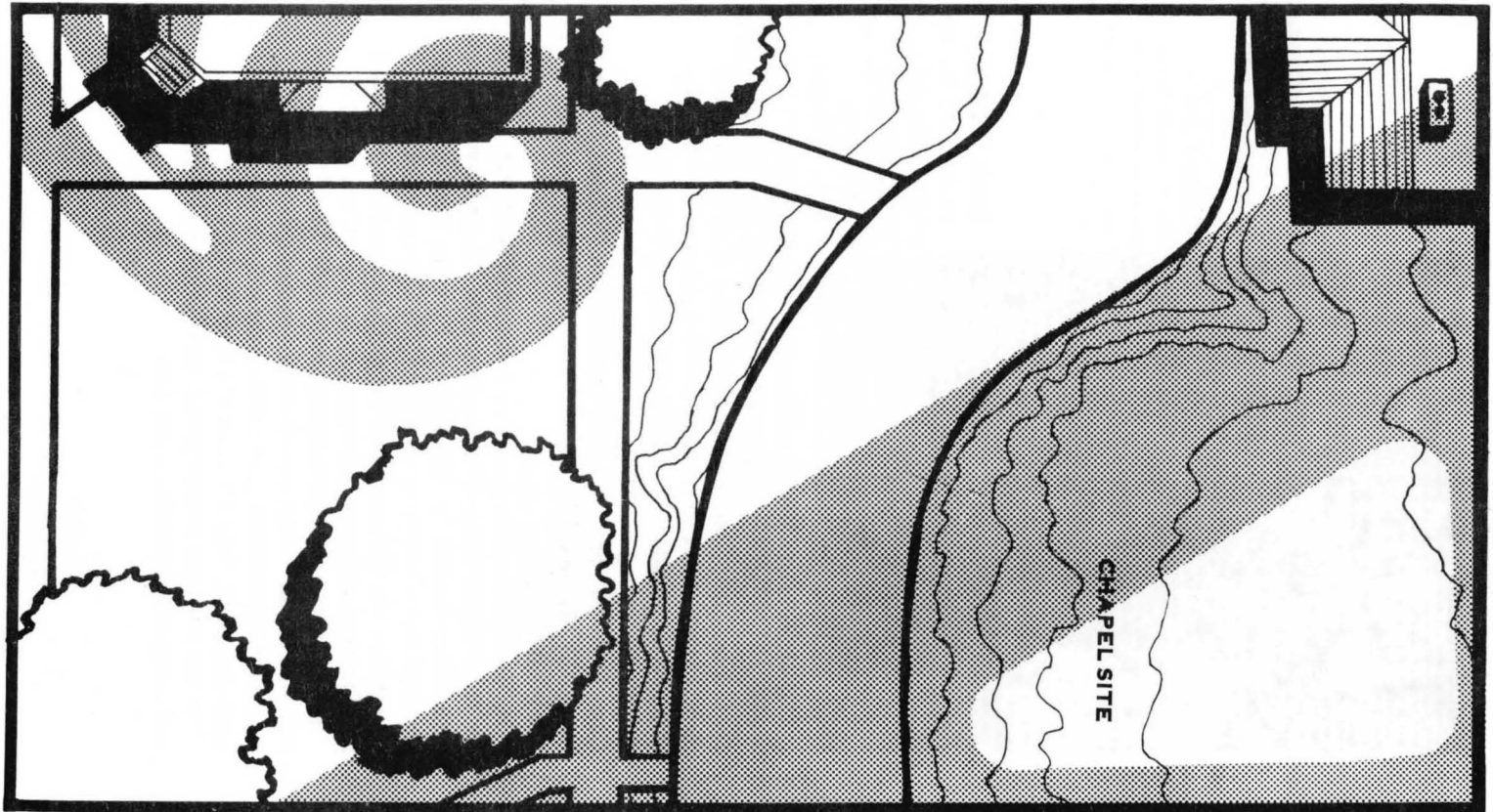
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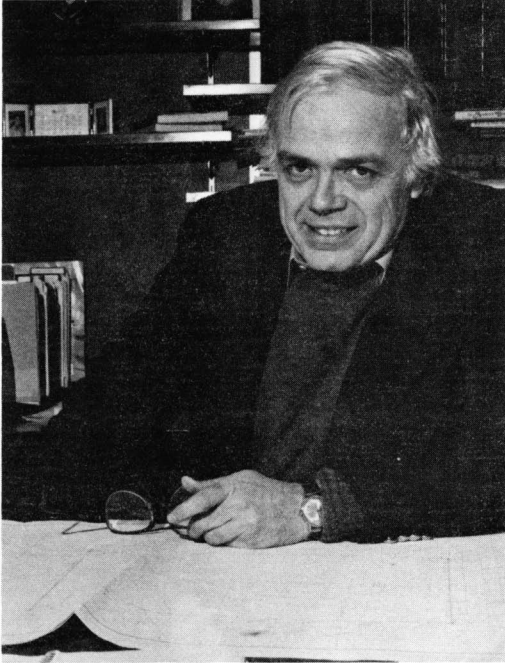
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Convocation Honoring the Founders

Feb. 17, 1982



BEN WEESE
Partner,
**Weese Seegers
Hickey Weese
Architects,
Ltd., Chicago**

Mr. Weese is an alumnus of Harvard, where he earned bachelor's and master's degrees in architecture, and the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Fontainebleu. For twenty years he pursued a distinguished career with Harry Weese & Associates, Chicago, resigning its presidency in 1977 to establish his own firm of architects. Among his clients in academe are Beloit, Carleton, Cornell, Forest Park (St. Louis) and Williams Colleges, Drake University, Rochester Institute of Technology and the Latin School of Chicago.

He is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and has received numerous AIA design awards. His professional associations include the AIA Chicago Planning Committee, the National AIA Committee on Design, the Chicago Heritage Committee, the Chicago School of Architecture Foundation and the Chicago Landmarke Commission Advisory Committee.

In addition to these outstanding credentials, Mr. Weese brings to his Wesleyan commission the experience and distinction of his position as consulting architect to the stone masons of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City.

He has also been a visiting critic and lecturer at universities and colleges in the Midwest and East.

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

CONVOCATION

HONORING THE FOUNDERS

Westbrook Auditorium, Presser Hall

Wednesday, February 17, 1982 11:00 a. m.

President Robert S. Eckley, *presiding*

Professor Emeritus R. Dwight Drexler, *Mace Bearer*

ORGAN PRELUDE Professor David Gehrenbeck, *Organist*

Sonata III: Con moto maestoso *Felix Mendelssohn*

PROCESSIONAL

Trumpet Tune and March in D *Jeremiah Clarke*

INVOCATION The Rev. David P. Dees

*Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Normal, Illinois*

SPECIAL MUSIC The Chamber Singers, Professor David Nott,

Director

Three Thomas Hardy Songs (1978) *Donald Waxman*

Let me enjoy the earth no less
To a joyful Lady, singing
First or Last

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

ORGAN SOLO Professor David Gehrenbeck, *Organist*

Carillon de Westminster *Louis Vierne*

PRESENTATION OF SPEAKER President Robert S. Eckley

ADDRESS Ben Weese

“Architecture and Faith”

ALMA WESLEYANA

From hearts aflame, our love we pledge to thee
Where'er we wander, over land or sea;
Through time unending loyal we will be —
True to our Alma Mater, Wesleyan.

When college days are fully past and gone,
While life endures, from twilight dream til dawn
Grandly thy soul shall with us linger on —
Star-crowned, our Alma Mater, Wesleyan!

ORGAN POSTLUDE

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God *Jean Langlais*

Feb. 17, 1982

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I

Let me enjoy the earth no less
 Because the all enacting might
 That fashioned forth its loveliness
 Had other aims than my delight

About any path there flits a Fair,
 Who throws me not a word or sign:
 I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
 And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
 Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,
 I'll pour out raptures that belong
 To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence toward Paradise
 And all its blest - if such should be -
 I will lift glad, afar off eyes.
 Though it contain no place for me.

II

Joyful Lady, Sing!
 And I will lurk here listening,
 Though nought be done, and nought begun,
 And work - hours swift are scurrying.

Sing, O lady, still!
 Aye, I will wait each note you trill,
 Though duties due that press to do
 This whole day long I unfulfill.

“- It is an evening tune;
 One not designed to waste the noon”,
 You say. I know: time bids me go—
 For daytide passes too, too soon!

But let indulgence be,
 This once, to my rash ecstasy:
 When sounds nowhere that carolled air
 My idled morn may comfort me!

III

If grief come early
 Joy comes late,
 If joy come early
 Grief will wait:
 Aye, my dear and tender!

Wise ones joy them early
 While the cheeks are red,
 Banish grief till surly
 Time has dulled their dread

And joy being ours
 Ere youth has flown,
 The later hours
 May find us gone;
 Aye, my dear and tender!

Thomas Hardy