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From the editor

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THIS IS A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR THAT GOES OVER A LOT IN A SMALL AMOUNT OF SPACE.

This is the part where I tell you what I'm going to do with my life when I graduate. I have no idea. But I'm hopeful it includes this: Find a job. Buy a good bike and continue listening to good music and even some bad, but kind of loving it anyway. Live somewhere cool, near friends and family. Love my life.

This is the part where I tell you to read this whole issue. But if you have to choose, choose the whole thing. I will say it ends on a powerful note—one I think we all need to become familiar with.

This is the part where I tell you how proud I am of what you have in your hands. What you have in your hands is the third issue of the magazine I founded a couple years ago, and I am so proud of it—mostly of the people who helped put it together.

This is the part where I don't stop talking about my college memories, even though the entire thing was too great to even try to start writing about in the first place. This is where I talk some more about something, probably my great family (I have a great family!) and how I'm happy to have followed in my dad's Cyclone footsteps. Here, I will talk about how lucky I am to have met and learned from the late Barbara Mack and so many other incredible and actually unique professors who changed my life. (Getting to sit in the row where I met my girlfriend in one of Mack's classes may have been the luckiest part of it all.) I'll talk some more about how I became a true Iowa Stater (take your pick), met cool people and some other stuff you probably don't want to read.

Now is the part where I tell you what I've learned, right? What I've learned is that I'm still not good at math, and I really want a dog. And a good bike. And a good job. And a good life.

This is the part where I tell you what I've learned about being a man and how my grandfather, for whom I'm named and with whom I share a birthday and a mutual love for my girlfriend, died in March. Now, I wear around my neck one of his rings on a chain I bought in Campustown. I never wear jewelry other than a watch, so it was weird at first. But now, I'm reminded of this guy I shared so much with every time I feel the ring hit my chest when I walk to class or when I make my next move in life.

He asked me of my plans often during the past year of his life, which was more

communication than our birthday-card-relationship in the past. But now, I realize I regret not asking him the questions I thought I could ask the next time. Or, maybe after I graduate, or after I figure out what I'm doing after graduation. *What's your biggest regret? Best advice? Best story about Grandma when she was alive? Have any good stories about my mom? When did you know you were a man? If you could live your life again, what kind of man would you be? Have any advice for a guy who needs to figure things out?*

This is the part where I tell you something vaguely inspiring and cliché: Be who you need to be when you're done with Iowa State, and make sure you live the hell out of your time here. Ask questions you need to ask before you can't and can only write them for yourself, and figure out the kind of man you want to be—as long as he's a good guy, a Sir. Make us proud. Make someone proud. Make yourself proud.

Cheers,
JOHN LONSDALE
EDITOR IN CHIEF



Photograph by TAYSHA MURTAUGH