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The Everlasting Light

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YOU ARE WALKING down the steps of Home Economics Hall on a startling, bright, cold morning—almost noon. You are walking slowly because this was your last exam. Now you will eat some lunch, throw the last few things in your suitcase and, leaving your books behind, go home. For it is Christmas.

The Campanile strikes clear and calm over the walks, trees and buildings of your college, filling the space of central campus. You are alone with the world for a moment—to think about where you are, what you are doing and why the brilliance of winter white and blue seems so special now. . . . It is Christmas.

The week before this moment has been filled with the tinsel-glow of holiday formals and firesides, the warmth of the Commons and a cup of coffee after a long afternoon, and a walk from class in the last of daylight. The dormitory White Breakfast with the memory of candle glow on white dresses and familiar solemn words being spoken by the girl who lives across the hall. The performance of the Messiah in the State Gym on that same Sunday afternoon. The "ohhh . . . " that came the instant the tree was lighted in front of Beardshear.

And next week . . . you'll be home . . . among the smell of familiar food and the sound of your family, back to your beginnings, to the things and the people you learned to love first. It is Christmastime, again . . .

Perhaps this moment is special because you know it belongs not just to you, but to others, to the mankind of which you are a part. Yes, the subject of Christmas is people . . . and its theme is the very old and magical quality—human love . . . and its reason for being is to celebrate the greatest expression ever made of that love—"the greatest gift ever given."

Thus our Christmas should be a reaffirmation of our faith in humankind and its future, a rededication of all the energies and abilities that we have and all the training that Iowa State College will give us to a larger and more significant thing than ourselves—to others—to mankind itself . . . to the fulfillment of a career or the making of a beautiful home that will mean much to your own people and to others.

Christmas is a scene, an ensemble of sounds, a time of year with a flavor like no other. Christmas is a beautiful moment . . . a moment of inspiration.

This is Christmas for us of Iowa State.
To this Christmas, 1953, this issue is dedicated.

Elinor Holmberg

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