

Western Kentucky University
TopSCHOLAR®

WKU Archives Records

WKU Archives

1965

UA3/3 Faithful to Our Trust

Kelly Thompson
Western Kentucky University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records

 Part of the [Higher Education Administration Commons](#), and the [Speech and Rhetorical Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Thompson, Kelly, "UA3/3 Faithful to Our Trust" (1965). *WKU Archives Records*. Paper 3614.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/3614

This Transcription is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact connie.foster@wku.edu.

"Faithful To Our Trust"

The founder of Western Kentucky State College, Dr. H. H. Cherry, who pioneered so much of Kentucky's educational progress, often illustrated speeches with a statement derived from the thinking of one of the world's immortal philosophers: "Ignorance is the night of the mind--a night in which there is no moon, or stars."

We gather here today in another community effort toward the eradication of ignorance, and that there may be less and less "nights" of minds.

We know that ignorance is not only the night of the mind, but that it is also the greatest curse of mankind. We know that where there is ignorance, there is no vision; and without vision, the people perish.

I am confident that as we look backward, it seems a very short time indeed since the first shovel full of dirt was turned, marking the beginning of this building. That occasion was symbolic of the planting of a seed--a seed that has since unfolded and pushed its way toward the heavens. From that humble beginning, there has grown upon this site, nurtured with good planning and supervision, this magnificent structure--magnificent

not because of physical ornaments, but magnificent because of the service which it now performs and is to perform in the years which lie ahead.

One man lays brick.

Another man makes a living.

Another man helps to build a cathedral.

To many perhaps this is only brick; perhaps other efforts have been only for the passing hour. But to so many it has represented the building of a cathedral of learning for the children now and for those of the future, including thousands yet unborn.

Dedication is a word which in its full meaning has overtones of things sacred. Let us therefore solemnly and reverently dedicate this building.

Let us dedicate it to the building of strong minds-- never forgetting that the dissemination of knowledge through the teaching of truth must always be first in our educational objectives.

Let us dedicate it to true scholarship and academic attainment.

Let us dedicate it to the creation of and appreciation for honesty and integrity.

Let us dedicate it to uncompromising opposition to cheating, falsity, and injustice--within its walls, within our community, or anywhere else.

Let us dedicate it as a temple of learning, which will brighten the lives and increase the horizons of those who come within its portals.

Let us dedicate it to the ideal that the strong body must be kept strong and that the weak body may be made strong, remembering well that no body is strong unless it is strong of heart.

Let us dedicate it to the inspiration which will provoke high ideals of patriotism, great desire for service, and ambition toward useful citizenship.

Let us dedicate it to beauty, not only in things physical but more so in things spiritual; and in so doing, may we remember that there is no beauty of greater splendor than a life well lived.

And finally, let us dedicate it to the overall good of every child who enters here; and as we do so, let us direct a humble and earnest appeal to God that all associated in any way with the life of this building, may be faithful to our trust--a trust

vividly portrayed in the words of inspired poetry:

"They come to me,
This living clay,
With joy and hope and love,
Unblighted by the cynic's doubt,
Untouched by grief and care.
With eager faces turned to mine
They seek my help; and there
Mute before such utter trust
I bow my head in silent prayer.

"Lord, help me make this living clay
Into works of art supreme--
Being wrought by patient toil
As vital as the humble soil,
And yet, in part, for beauty made.
Let me not my trust betray
As with this plastic mass from day to
day, I mold pulsing souls,
And send them on life's complex way."

In conclusion, let us depart this dedicatory hour with the feeling that no greater gift can man bestow than giving of himself to help others grow. May the future of this community and this county, and especially of this beautiful educational edifice, be both brightened and warmed by the continuous fire of dedication on the part of all who care, as we remain faithful to our trust.