Joel Stein of Time Magazine recently epitomized the year 2000 as, "The year that wasn’t-". The advent of a new millennium and its simple transition from the numbers 1,9,9,9 to 2,0,0,0 were supposed to usher in measurable Pandemonium throughout the nation, the world, and the universe. People prophesized everything from technological mayhem to the end of the world. Consequently, with all of this hype, many could not help but feel in some way excited for this momentous new beginning. We all threw around the term “Y2K” like it was the newest phenomenon, rather than just an ornate synonym for the upcoming year. And, we all braced for something wondrous to happen, although we did not know what, where, when, or how that something would come about.

And then 2000 came. And then 2000 went.

Bedlam never struck as some thought it might. And, while many memorable circumstances did occur throughout the facets of human existence, I myself don’t recall anything distinctive enough to deem 2000 at all worthy of its inflated potential. So, now as we face just over eleven more months of 2001, technologically the first real year of the new millennium, we realize that the physical number of the year is never as noteworthy as the events of that year. 2000 is just a number that eventually turns to 2001; that’s all it is if we don’t have anything else to show for it.

On that account, what could we possibly have to show for 2001? Is there anything outstanding enough in our grasp to give this commencement of the true millennium any prestige? In the scope of America, perhaps the Bush Administration’s recent occupancy of the White House will trigger great tumult in the nation’s course of events. Maybe something completely amazing or completely awful will come about. Or maybe not.

Yet, regardless of 2001’s memorable prospects in the margin of public society, I am sure that 2001 holds some remarkably memorable capacity in the margin of Holy Cross society—specifically for the senior class. Yes, January 2001 and the year 2001 signifies the beginning of the last semester for my class’ career here on the hill. Yes, the end is approaching.

With this foreseeable conclusion, I find myself in a most interesting position. As a senior in my last semester at college, I hold the role as co-editor-in-chief of The Crusader (an obvious statement if you notice the heading of this column). My point being that I have in front of me this amazing outlet to voice the expance of wisdom, views, and feelings I have compiled throughout my time at Holy Cross. I also feel fortunate that I can dispense to my classmates, as well as all of my schoolmates, the demeanor of that population at Holy Cross that is on their way out of this place. I can be a voice from those on the last leg of the proverbial undergraduate journey, a voice from those facing the crossroads of a new life chapter. And, ultimately I can be a voice that illustrates at least one perspective, but hopefully represents many, of the complete Holy Cross experience— to the very end.

Therefore, it is now apparent that 2001 will at least not let my classmates or me down as far as notoriety goes. The new millennium inadvertently falls on the same year as the new beginning of our last semester, and then as an even newer beginning of our “real” lives. With that said, I will safely say that at least in the microcosm of my world and in those of many that read this newspaper, 2001 will definitely not repeat Joel Stein’s aforementioned year when “things didn’t happen.” Things will always be “happening” at some time to some person or persons that will remain ingrained in their consciousness’ forever. This year guarantees the Class of 2001 some significance in their life histories—specifically for the senior class. Yes, January 2001 and the year 2001 signifies the beginning of the last semester for my class’ career here on the hill. Yes, the end is approaching.

So, go on and brave this momentous year, however it reveals momentous in the scope of your life. And, I will express, throughout the next ten issues, how it proves memorable in mine as a senior at The College of the Holy Cross.