Eric Tosi  
CRUSADER OPINIONS STAFF  

As we near the halfway point in the fall semester here on the Hill, the same questions seem to proce- cupy the minds of much of the stu- dent body. How impossible is my Ecom midterm going to be? What happened to all those fun off-cam- pus parties on the weekends that were everywhere at the beginning of the semester and have since all but disappeared? Why do those damn campus computers never work? Will my fake ID that says I was born during the Nixon adminis- tration work at Plantation Thursday night? Or, even some of the—we’ll call them “less focused” students—the even wonder, where is the best place to go for Spring Break? 

On the surface, these five ques- tions appear to be quite unrelated. But a closer look reveals that they all have something in common. They are all results of the same common vernacular. This man was…

Eric Tosi

THE CRUSADER OPINIONS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 2001

CRUSADER OPINIONS  

SARA D’ALLESSANDRO  
CRUSADER OPINIONS STAFF  

Never before has the absence of the First Year Program from my life been more obvious than these past few weeks. I noticed it the first week of school certainly, when girls who were in my hall found it odd that I tried to discuss homework with them while we were brushing our teeth in the bathroom or trying to sort out which readings to discuss, I realized…

Then there was the lack of dorm gossipy that anyone could discuss in the lounge. And, I’m sure, knowing that most of the surroundings rooms with open doors knew the same story anyway. An obvious amiss thing to happen from FYP 2000-01 expected this feeling when the majority of us bailed on the last required event of the year last spring. 

But we miss Hanseleman. 

I say that with more confidence today than I might have a week ago. As with most gifts in life, one does not realize how good it was until it is gone. Now, all of a sudden, I see what was so phenomenal about the Program. Holy Cross handed the FYPers a network of people to connect with, giving us the common ground of schoolwork, but knowing that we would fill in the blanks of the relationships with our own share of charm and individuality. We were a network, albeit a dys- functional, bitter network at times, but a network nonetheless. And, for the purpose of the uncontrollable destruction of familial networks from all over the nation on Sept 11, we can all appreciate more the gift of connection.

I was at the Hartford bus station a few days ago, heading home for a fall reunion. This was a family reunion necessitated by the Navy urgently informing my brother An- thony that he only had a few days to be in his "home," the USS LaSalle, at some undisclosed location in the middle of the ocean. Our natural situation was, of course, on my mind as I stood with my steaming cup of hor- rible coffee and waited for my ride. But my naturally observant nature was kind of out of commission due to the view out over, and instead of contempl- ating the logistics of "smok-