

Dear LSC Community:

We are in the last days before our main event: Commencement. We can be LSC proud of the work we do to prepare students for the next stage in their lives. They know and are able to do many new things. They have new skills, new ideas, and hopefully an expanded perspective on the world.

I know many of us are sad at this time of year as well. We say goodbye to many familiar faces and hope they will remember to keep in touch. That feeling is compounded for me this year, as this is the last graduation I will attend as your president. Slowly, ever so slowly, I am letting go of the pace of my 38 years in higher education and moving toward a life in retirement. I plan to travel, reconnect with friends and family, take classes, attend concerts and lectures, and learn to play pickleball.

Time moves on. This month, we will graduate the class of 2025, tomorrow we continue the work with the class of 2026 and begin the work with the class of 2027. It is a big responsibility. It takes all of us in the community to ensure their future and all the while ensuring the health and wellness of our college. There will be a new president, new planning strategies, budget challenges, and new possibilities. I have no doubt that this LSC community will continue to rise and grow to the next level of excellence, even in these challenging times.

I know this because I have witnessed how this college community cares about its students, faculty, staff, administrators, facilities, and future. I witnessed the comments made at our recent retirement breakfast by folks who have been away for many years. Each of them still feels an ownership and connection to LSC and expects those of us still here to keep the promise they made back when they were here: keep LSC strong, resilient, relevant, and innovative. Keep preparing the best workforce and serving our business and industry communities. Be a good neighbor. Be welcoming.

We accept the challenge.

It Couldn't Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;

At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

-Edgar Albert Guest*

Be well, enjoy the spring buds and flowers.

Patricia L. Rogers, Ph.D.
President Lake Superior College

*Available at: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44314/it-couldnt-be-done>