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I live justice at Loyola through compassion and service. I see the realities of suffering in my community daily. As I bike down York Road to work each morning, I am reminded of the reality of homelessness and addiction. Observing countless individuals sleeping on benches, in bus shelters, rummaging through trash cans, asking for money or help, serves to grow my compassion daily. Wisdom reminds me that I cannot help everyone; compassion provides me with hope to at least do something. I pray for shelter for the homeless, substance for the hungry, and most of all comfort for the addicted. One morning I walked East Campus down Notre Dame Lane through the McAuley lot over the Library Bridge to Homeland Avenue, which I then followed back to Rahner Village. My privilege afforded me to be greeted seven times and be offered numerous rides. After chatting along Bokel Court, which runs parallel to York Road, I reflected on our neighbors in need standing along this route trying to survive another day. Would they have been greeted in the same way?

Being a member of the Loyola community has allowed me to realize my greatest joy arises from being of service. I commit to service whenever asked and would like to believe I have universal compassion, but in reality I have much room

for improvement. My inclination to serve moves me to smile and say hello to someone who may not have another personal interaction all day. As I ride on my bike to work every day, I see up close many of those who experience need in our city and say good morning or hello as I pass by, a nicety many of them may not be afforded. This small act of compassion, of treating those in need with dignity, no longer allows these individuals to be faceless to me. I try to give whenever asked and attempt to keep bottled water or packaged snacks in my car to provide for the growing number of those experiencing homelessness, addiction and hunger along our roadsides. Service has allowed my compassion to grow to the point that I now find myself exuding as much compassion for my neighbors experiencing homelessness and addiction as I would for a family member suffering a tragedy. Seeing someone exhausted by the elements or passed out in the hot sunlight, reminds me of why the work of social justice is such a vital part of my path. Being mindful, paying attention and putting others before myself are some of the aspects of the Jesuit tradition that I greatly admire and try to put into practice daily, sometimes simply by recognizing those human beings suffering right in front of me.