Dear <FIRST>,

Five years ago, we stood proudly at Commencement as the class of 2006, waiting for each of our names to be called, reflecting on all of the memories of the past four years, and wondering what the future would bring. We said good-bye to a place we called home for four years, where sandwich of the day was a lunch special, where brunch at the cafeteria was the best meal of the week, where dirty feet was an indication of a good time on Friday and Saturday nights, where the opportunities were many to grow personally and professionally, and where lounging on the steps of the patio or along the Commons to meet new and old friends and acquaintances was how we spent the time between classes.

No matter where life has taken us since that warm May day or how the campus has changed since 2006, part of our hearts is still lingering within campus. Think of the memories when you were lounging on those brick steps, studying in the library, lying on the Founder’s Green, or gathering in the cafe, wearing sweatpants and flip-flops, while being surrounded by friends, acquaintances, professors, and people-you-kind-of-recognize-but_don’t-know-their-names-yet…

Doesn’t that remind you of that unique Scranton love?

But we had to leave. We all had to leave. As a result, we brought the Scranton philosophy with us--to our jobs, our continued studies, our new homes in Philly, Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and the many other locations we dispersed-in the places we served: domestically and internationally. We brought it to our students, our customers, our colleagues, our peers. We’ve re-ignited the Scranton “Pride, Passion, & Promise” in each other.

But oh, imagine what it would be like back to those commons, Scranton on a warm Spring day, To see those same faces we saw five (seriously, five?!!) years ago. To feel that unique kind of love you can only feel at Scranton.

We get that chance--at our five year reunion this summer. The Commons won’t be complete without ALL of us. The fire burns stronger with every member of our class that comes. It’s like Father Pilarz told us at our Commencement, “Come home to Scranton, this University is yours now, more fully than it will ever be by mine. Come home and walk the Commons; come home and visit with faculty and staff, let them know where your life has led.”

It’s finally time to come home and find each other again, Royals!

We can’t wait to see you all in June,

The Class of 2006 Committee