

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT:

A Week in the Life of a Canisius Freshman



Typical to most colleges and universities, fall is one of the most exciting times of the academic year. That is when classrooms come alive again as students and faculty return to campus. At Canisius, we are proud to welcome our new freshman class, which is 719 strong. They, like the many students before them, are beginning a four-year journey that ends in self-discovery and maturation into adulthood – but often begins with anxiety and anticipation.

Which led us to pose the question: **'What is it like to be a Canisius freshman?'**

For the answer, we turned to Claire Welsh, from the Class of 2005. Claire is the daughter of Patrick Welsh, a 1965 alumnus who lives and teaches in Alexandria, VA. He is also a contributing writer to *USA Today*. In August, he wrote about the personal challenges he faced during his daughter's college application process. Much to her father's delight, Claire chose Canisius, "the small, nurturing Jesuit school she fell in love with." But now, as an incoming freshman, living away from her home, family and friends, Claire is facing new challenges. So, what is it like to enter Canisius in 2001? We equipped Claire with a journal and disposable camera and here is her account of **A Week in the Life of a Canisius Freshman.**



The Welsh Family: Claire, her father Patrick '65 and her mother, Angela.

Father Haus and Claire, his second generation Welsh



Monday, September 3, 2001

When my parents left for the airport in the afternoon, I thought there might be a lot of tears but there weren't. I think they knew I was happy to be here and that it was time for me to move on. My father

we went to the Residence Life Office and requested to be roommates in a suite. We joked about how the fourth girl that would end up with us would react to our friendship. But

when we met Casey two days ago, we couldn't believe how perfectly she fit in with us. (Thank you Residence Life!)



Claire and her roommates Carrie, Deborah (above) and Casey (left).

Tuesday, September 4, 2001

Today was my first class — math at 8:30 a.m. I was so excited meeting new people the night before that I stayed up talking very late. I realized that without my mom to tell me to go

to bed, I was really on my own. I was surprised that my teachers were so nice, not the stuffy "professor" types I thought they'd be. Tonight I went out to dinner with Jacky, Ray and Mike, three friends I met in the past few days. We compared notes on our first day and discussed our plans and hopes for the next four years at Canisius. We had such a fun time, we decided to make Tuesday dinners a weekly tradition.

Hard at work in class.



liked the fact that I was in Bosch Hall because he had a great time in Father Bosch's Greek course 40 years ago. Still, he couldn't get over the fact that girls and guys lived in the same dorms. I think he felt a lot better when he discovered that Father Haus, whom he also had when he was here, lived right across the hall from me. As my parents drove off and I went back to my suite, I felt a great rush of freedom — I was finally on my own. I love my suitemates — Carrie, Deborah and Casey. I met Carrie and Deborah on the first day of orientation during the summer. We stayed up all night talking and the next morning

Wednesday, September 5, 2001

After my classes, I went shopping with my roommates to look for accessories to add character to our suite. While shopping, I realized how big Buffalo was and that I hardly knew anyone except my roommates. I'm from Alexandria, Virginia, just four miles outside Washington, D.C. Though it has 110,000 people, Alexandria has a small-town feel to it and stopping to talk to a familiar face was a daily routine for me. Today I realized that it was up to me to start creating familiar faces by making new friends. But Canisius seems like such a friendly place that I don't feel I'll have much trouble making new friends.

Thursday, September 6, 2001

I'm just starting to get settled in. My room is very cozy and after decorating our suite Carrie, Casey, Deborah and I sat and talked for hours. We laughed about how similar the four of us are, and talked about our pasts and what the future might hold.

Saturday, September 8, 2001

I went to the bank and opened up my first checking account today so my parents could wire money to me. It was much easier than I thought. The people at the bank were very

friendly and helpful — like everyone in Buffalo seems to be so far. In fact, sometimes I worry that going to school here will spoil me. Everything is so close, almost at the tip of my fingers.

Sunday, September 9, 2001

I phoned some of my friends today who just started at colleges around the country. I almost felt guilty because none



Whipping up a late-night snack

of them seemed to love their schools as much as I love this place. Tonight I called my parents and reflected about my week with my dad, telling him about all my discoveries. When we came for orientation a few months ago he said the school had changed so much that he felt he went here in the Stone Age. But when I told him about the great teachers I have and all the great friends I was making, he said that the most important things about Canisius have remained the same. ■



A well-deserved slumber