Ms. Ann Sullivan

Sandbox 101

February 16th, 2018

This I Believe-

CrossRoads Caffeine (A Joke)

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our university.

Five score years ago a great American in whose symbolic shadow we stand today signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Not any less momentous is when BYU declared that caffeinated sodas would be allowed to be sold on campus. This momentous decree is a great beacon light of hope to millions of overworked students who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But months later the BYU-I student still is not free. We are still crippled by the manacles and chains of caffeine less long nights studying to meet the demands of this great institution.

I say to you today, my friends, though, even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this university will rise up. I have a dream that one day on the snowed hills of the Benson building where faculty and student will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood and awakened state of Dr. Pepper. I have a dream that one day even the MC with the wear of both employees and students, will be transformed into an oasis of cola and justice. I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a town where they will not be judged by the brand of their soda but by the content of their character. l I have a dream ... I have a dream that one day in I will be sitting in the library and able to understand the words I am reading because I’m able to keep my eyes and mind open. I have a dream today ... I have a dream that one day every in-debited student like me working the grave shift and early morning custodial position while taking classes and coming home to a new baby and wife shall be exalted. Rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight. And the glory of the Mountain Dew shall be revealed, and all admissions shall see it together. This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to Walmart with. With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our sleeping studiers into a beautiful symphony brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go have lunch together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be caffeinated one day. So let freedom ring from 2nd street to the stadium, and we all will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual,

"Free at last, Free at last, Great God almighty, we have Pepsi at last."