



that, what pain they feel belongs to them, what special victory, what secret memory, and they create art. In advertisements, in films, essays, and research papers, they find something shared in experiences so personal. In the eyes of our Arts majors, life plays out in this fabric of stories and meanings—in what we all talk about, in what we deem acceptable, in taking to the streets, and silencing ourselves in prayer. In arguing and defending a truth, in refusing to ignore, bury or forget.

Our Science majors, on the other hand, usually, overworked and empathetic, find themselves bound by concepts, systems, and processes—convinced that nothing is ever believable sans proof or practice. Ingrained in their consciousness that nothing ever happens without reason, they rarely dare to interpret something without a theory or model at hand. They stand by time-tested and continually replicated techniques to explain and/or predict people's actions and decisions. They live in a world where data and statistics are often associated with truth and reality. In this world, they observe, dissect, and replicate one person's experience to understand another's. They thrive in research, experiments, questions, and outlines. Action is considered foolish without preparation and factual backup.

But a Science major also learns to appreciate the beauty of unpredictability and spontaneity, knowing that no two human beings are alike. They see the depth of the human mind, immeasurable and unfathomable by any known concept or theory. Behind every patient and client is a person with a story, essential to understanding and resolving the issue at hand. They see the vast possibilities, the numerous probabilities, the boundless interpretations. They believe that an anomaly is not settled after it is reported, but it must be acted upon, investigated, taken to the streets.

Our Arts major can also find their place in the numbers, the dates, the statistics, and the formulas. They can see the power in currency, the weakness in our collective memory, the invitation to ignorance from information. They understand reality through studying the past. They learn to work with the people they at first sought to “help.” They grow critical but not rigid. They can see the world as predictable and comprehensible, but not closed. A dialogue open for those willing to listen, to take part, and to challenge.

This is what SOSS has introduced to its students. This is what we learned from the

four years we've spent here, whether as an Arts major or a Science major. We don't just see, but we look: at the person, the people, the relationships, the society. We look with confidence, with clarity, with full intention. We observe the surface and beyond. We learn to appreciate how art meets science, how one is not quite complete without the other, how both can lose their impact if not used together. SOSS teaches us that there is no one way to understand and explain society, that one discipline is not enough to account for all the events that take place, and that everything works through interaction.

At the end of the day, SOSS or not, we hope each Loyola student has been immersed in this holistic Ateneo experience. From Tuklas, we explored and discovered beyond our wildest dreams and expectations. Now, in Tagpo, we meet and encounter the newer (hopefully better) versions of ourselves—molded, broken, and pieced back together. As we culminate this college journey, may we continue to discover and meet what society has in store for us. Armed with the knowledge and perspectives of the Social Sciences, may we spark and fan the fires of change as we set out onto the world.

