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## ***The Logic of Love***

### **Prologue**

The dress code at Phillips Exeter Academy required coats and ties above the waist, but permitted jeans, even shorts, below the waist. This administratively adopted schizophrenic approach to apparel represented an attempt at balancing Ivy League intellects with adolescent bodies. The academics were advanced and the facilities were fantastic, but aside from that, it had all the same social dynamics as any other high school in America.

Culturally speaking, Exeter was the epitome of preppy, and anyone who broke out of this stereotype assumed certain risks. Adolescence, of course, provided a heaping helping of ostracism for deviants. But attendance at Exeter was supposed to be a ticket to the good life. So, the price of nonconformity had a premium attached. Nonconformity was blasphemy because it meant a rare opportunity was being foolishly squandered. We were being prepared for corporate culture. The name of the game was *Coloring Within The Lines*.

Consequently, an expectation of the ordinary pervaded the student body whenever student council presidential candidates gave their campaign speeches. Our highest hope was to be amused. This usually came in the form of watching a peer sweat under the pressure of public speaking. They tried their best to be compelling, and we tried our best to be polite. The only thing out of the ordinary the year my classmates were running was that Scott Greene sat on stage, waiting his turn.

Scott was not your typical student. There was nothing preppy about him. His hair was long. He often wore it under a bandanna tied gypsy style. That's why Scott had been affectionately nicknamed *Gypsy*. To those of us who knew him, he was a bright light of kindness. But as a candidate in this race, he was a dark horse indeed.

When it was Scott's turn to speak, we could see immediately that his agenda was bigger than the election. He was writhing with excitement and consumed with passion. Neither protocol nor preparation could shepherd him through the experience. With a certain degree of reluctance, he apparently allowed a desperate muse to enter his body. He seemed both possessed and self-aware.

At first, he tried to use the microphone. Then, he apologetically cut loose from the tether and, stepping away from the lectern, made sure that his natural voice could reach the ears of all those present. Unprotected by the lectern's safe harbor, he began tacking back and forth across the breadth of the stage. We all watched in amazement as Scott sailed forth with a plea for a student body dedicated to the values of love, honesty, and forgiveness. He spoke briefly on the importance of these values as they related to student life and ended his talk by affirming that his purpose was to deliver the message, not to get elected. In less than one minute he accomplished what he had set out to do. So, with touching humility, he thanked us for indulging him and returned to his seat.

Scott won, and I learned something. Love transforms the individual and transcends cultural differences. It empowers people and unifies communities. Love accomplishes more than it sets out to do; it is the self-created miracle in our lives. Scott's election inspired hope and revealed the good in others. I had never witnessed a friend take such an extraordinary stand for love. His willingness to do so opened the doors of opportunity wider than imagination.

There is a direct connection between that day and this book. Scott was a catalyst for helping me focus on what I had been striving to create in my life. He took the ethereal sentiments of the heart and crystallized them into expressible values. His courage was inspirational and his election affirmed the transformational power of love. On that day I learned that with love, anything is possible.

Thanks Scott.

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