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In Praise of Hospitality

John R. Rosenberg

April 2, 2014

Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration of the BYU-Public School Partnership

I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man is alien to me.

(Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos*)

Where shall I start? With don Quixote, of course. The knight is determined to explore the Cave of Montesinos. His descent will be Orphic: that is, like Orpheus and Aeneas and Christ and Dante's pilgrim, he will cross a threshold, descend into the underworld, and return a changed man. Loyal Sancho Panza reacts with admiration and fear:

O flower and cream and skimmings of all knights errant! There you go, the bravest in the world, heart of steel, arms of bronze! Again, may God be your guide and bring you back safe and sound and free to the light of this life that you are leaving to bury yourself in the darkness you are looking for. (Cervantes, 2003, p. 601)

Lowered on a hundred fathoms of rope, don Quixote drops into the blackness of the Cave of Montesinos. A half hour later he returns, to Sancho's relief: "A very hearty welcome to your grace, Señor; we thought you were going to stay down there and start a family" (p. 603). The knight, as usual, is not amused by Sancho's chatter; he has more important things on his mind: "In truth, I now realize that all the pleasures of this life pass

like shadows and dreams, or wither like flowers in the field” (p. 604). The crossing of thresholds defines don Quixote’s wanderings—none more mythic, or parodic, than his spelunking in Montesinos, and each crossing leads to insight. Cervantes knows that thresholds matter in human experience, that their crossing somehow goes to the heart of what it means to be human and to relate to other human beings.

A threshold is a boundary. It separates what is inside from what is outside, what is familiar from what is unknown, what is safe from what is threatening, what is self and what is other. Homes have thresholds. Countries have thresholds (called borders). Organizations have thresholds. Thirty years ago we laid down a threshold for the Brigham Young University-Public School Partnership and threw open the door to anyone who wanted to join us. By crossing that threshold we made promises of community and conversation and educational epiphanies. Come one. Come all. Well, not really. Crossing the Partnership’s threshold meant entering a specific moral realm, a realm that included expectations and commitments and grounding beliefs. There was an *agenda* to be attended to, nourished and lived by. Come one, come all—if you share our commitment to the moral dimensions of the educational enterprise. The conditional *if*—a short word long on implications—stretched across the Partnership’s threshold. It became the threshold. Paradoxically, it is this exclusionary *if* that has assured the Partnership’s longevity.

The founders of the Partnership used this *if* to make a *credo* (literally, an “I believe”) in four “moral dimensions”—four moral imperatives (that is, a set of “I musts”): *I must* ensure all students access to knowledge concerning every subject that makes up the human conversation; *I must* guarantee that access via pedagogies that nurture authentic learning; because I am committed to all students (not just those in my classroom), *I must* accept

personal responsibility and accountability (stewardship) for what goes on in my building, in my district, in my community; *I must* do all this because *credo* (I believe) that schools are the threads out of which healthy civic lives are woven. The Partnership's Vision Statement begins with "we believe" (a *credo*) and proceeds to five "commitments to our future," revised and expanded versions of the original four moral dimensions. I confess that I prefer "dimension" to "commitment." Dimensions are spatial: They suggest breadth and depth and height—the architecture of association. Crossing the Partnership's threshold we enter its moral space where we define, defend and extend its dimensions. When we insist that the dimensions are moral, we do not claim they are theological, or doctrinal, or confessional: They are not worshipful, as we might expect if we were to think of morality in a religious context. They are moral, however, in that they are instrumental in helping us answer questions about ourselves as educators: What must I be? What must I do? How shall I stand in relation to others? How shall I abide?

Educating is abiding; to educate is to abide with. In the late summer of 1996 I saw John Goodlad demonstrate educational abiding. Twenty strangers sat around a table in a Seattle hotel, sizing each other up, trying to find something familiar in the common strangeness. Goodlad led out in a discussion about a death, that of Michael Oakeshott, as narrated by Josiah Auspitz is his longish eulogy on the occasion of the philosopher's death. We had read the eulogy, touched to varying degrees by Oakeshott's life, but especially intrigued by the idea of that life as a conversation. John helped us work through the abstraction of conversation as an ideal by modeling its human face. My experience with John and with Oakeshott repeated itself for a number of years in our local associates programs, and over time "conversation" became a theme and a metaphor for the

Partnership. Oakeshott (1991) understood conversation as a curriculum and as an ethics, or maybe as an ethical curriculum:

Civilization . . . may be regarded as a conversation being carried on between a variety of human activities, each speaking with a voice, or in a language of its own; the activities (for example) represented in moral and practical endeavor, religious faith, philosophic reflection, artistic contemplation and historical or scientific inquiry and explanation. (p. 187)

Education is “an initiation into civilized discourse” in which one strives to cultivate and validate the various voices that comprise the conversation of mankind. Oakeshott (1991) describes the ideal of general education, or liberal education, or the aspiration older than our republic (as old as the idea of a republic or even of a public) of broadly educated citizens who are stewards of civilization, nothing less. One place where this plays out, Oakeshott tells us, is the university, charged “not merely to keep an intellectual inheritance intact, but to be continuously recovering what has been lost, restoring what has been neglected, ... repairing what has been corrupted, reconsidering, reshaping, reorganizing, ... reissuing, reinvesting” (p. 194). In other words, *renewing*—one of those words that is part of our *credo*. He tells us that education is an “initiation into the skill and partnership of this conversation” (p. 490). So what we are after isn’t just a skill, the ability to engage the voices of science and technology and the arts as participants in a single conversation, nor is it just a collection of contents (information, facts, knowledge), but conversation is a *partnership*. It is a *pedagogy*. It is the voice of *leadership* when leadership invites rather than insists. Conversation flows from the “loyalty and affections” its participants feel for each other; it is not rigidly hierarchical. The verb *converse* is a descendent of a venerable

patriarch of a Latin word, *conversārī*, that, among other things, suggests *turning with*, and is a cousin to *convertĕre* from which our word *convert* derives. Conversation implies conversion, the change that takes place by crossing thresholds. *Conversārī* also denotes the experience of dwelling with, keeping company with, abiding with. Thus educating is abiding; to educate is to abide with. It is, Oakeshott says, a “meeting place” (pp. 489, 490). A meeting place. Thresholds. Dimensions. Architectures of association.

Conversation is a compelling metaphor and it is an ethical practice, and we rightly are fond of inviting others to join the conversations that thrive throughout the Partnership. But after 30 years, it strikes me that this is a metaphor that is weary and that it may have lost (or never acquired) the conceptual richness imagined by Oakeshott and by a long list of other theorists who have written about conversation, dialogue and dialectics for many decades. Let us consider, instead, the virtue of *hospitality*, which I believe is prior to, and a condition for, fully realized conversation. Conversation depends on the open arms of hospitality.

A few years ago my wife Gaylamarie and I wandered the bottoms of Bryce Canyon in the pleasant company of the Spanish ambassador to the United States. Running out of superlatives to describe the park’s formations, our conversation turned to other things, like this story.

Once upon a time, but not that long ago, the King of Spain greeted his guests at a state dinner in honor of an Asian dignitary. Presumably *cigales* or *langostinos* or other shellfish delicacies were on the menu; that would explain the fingerbowl brought to each guest before dessert. The head of the Asian delegation, the story goes, picked up the fingerbowl, and believing it to be a lemon-garnished broth provided to prepare

the palate for dessert, drank the water intended for sticky fingers. The other guests glanced briefly at each other and then down at their plates, not sure how to react to the unexpected breach of etiquette, and surely wondered how the host would respond.

The king picked up his own fingerbowl, and without comment drank down the water.

The story's moral? There are many rules of etiquette, but they all derive from one undergirding commitment: to welcome one's guests, even when, especially when, their behavior may not conform to the host's norms. One begins with hospitality, and then figures things out from there. As it turns out, we can find variations of this story on the internet. Maybe it is nothing more than urban myth. Maybe the ambassador was pulling our leg. Maybe someone pulled his leg first. Maybe the story unfolded just as he told it, and the urban legend circulated out of something that actually happened in Madrid. It really doesn't matter, because even if the story isn't historical, it is true.

Hospitality has been a topic of much discussion over the last couple of decades (see Derrida and Barnett). What drives much of this work is the vexing question of immigration (in Europe in these cases). What are the practical limits to hospitality when one's national thresholds (borders) are crossed by people *not like us*? A premise: Our sense of self is "constructed in relation to other identities, in a simultaneous process of identification with and differentiation from selected 'others.' . . . Identity formation works primarily by excluding some element that takes on the role of the Other" (Barnett 4). If one's identity derives from the company one keeps on the familiar side of the threshold, in what ways is that very identity called into question—gets threatened by—others who look, speak, behave and believe in ways that are *foreign* (from the Latin *forīs*, outside) but who want to

cross from the outside to the inside? These are not easy questions and they help us understand why the debate about immigration policy is so deeply felt.

Part of the debate on hospitality turns on the difference between pure hospitality and conditional hospitality. We extend *pure* hospitality with no expectation of return, no conditions, no implied reciprocity. *Conditional* hospitality assumes that my invitation comes *in exchange for* something *from* you: obeying the laws, not drinking out of the fingerbowl, upholding the agenda. Conditional hospitality is pragmatic. Without limits on hospitality our capacity to be hospitable is first diminished and then destroyed. But conditional hospitality runs the danger of turning wine to water, of transforming the virtue of hospitality into the half-hearted accommodation of mere tolerance. Conditional hospitality acquires its most grotesque form when it is nothing but a transaction. I offer you this (a bed, a meal) in exchange for that (a price and profit). Students earn college degrees in hospitality studies and hospitality management. We sell and buy hospitality, and we speak of the hospitality *industry*.

Some even dispute the possibility of pure hospitality. A gift given “anticipates a return,” a “credit of some sort”(made possible by another’s debit), “if only for being generous” (Barnett, 2005. p. 10). However, pure hospitality has an honored place in most religious traditions. An ancient Sanskrit text reads, “be one for whom the Mother is God. Be one for whom the Father is God. Be one for whom the teacher is God. Be one for whom the guest is God” (Taittiriya Upanishad, Shikshavalli I.20), putting parents, teachers and guests on the same plane as godly recipients of hospitality. Tradition attributes to Mohammad this injunction: "Let the believer in Allah and the Day of Judgment honor his guest." The widow of Sarepta’s hospitality saves Elijah, and in return it saves her (1 Kings

17). According to the Book of Genesis, Abraham *runs after strangers* and brings them to his tent to dine. Why? Because Abraham, like followers of many world religions, believes that by entertaining guests, one entertains angels unawares, or perhaps even God himself (Matthew 25.40): the stranger is himself (or herself), but she or he also is something bigger, something immanent. By welcoming the foreigner across our threshold, we take a step toward another threshold that separates what is merely human from what is humane, and perhaps from what is divine.

But what does all this have to do with partnership and conversation? A lot, I think. Our schools have marked boundaries (on-campus, off-campus) and our classrooms have thresholds (literal ones and ethical ones). How and when we invite and welcome strangers—new teachers, new students, parents, members of the community—to cross our thresholds goes to the heart of moral education. Philosopher Simon Critchely recently told a BYU audience that the heroes from Greek tragedy all ask the same question: “What shall I do?” That is why classical tragedy is universal, because *we* ask the same question, and it is a question that I think begins with hospitality because “what shall I do” is really the question of “what shall I do *together with you?*” I will suggest four possible answers for that question. I cannot take the time to apply each move to the school setting, but I hope the applications will be apparent.

First, I shall not treat you as an alien. Hospitality begins by dissolving the strangeness of the alien. Alien and alienation come from the same word. More than stranger, they suggest strangeness, something distasteful that must be kept at arms distance, sometimes with codes and gates and walls. In the opening lines of one of Terence’s plays, the Roman playwright from the second century BCE stages a dialogue

between two characters, Menedemus and Chremes. Menedemus is a nobleman, sixtyish and prosperous, who, in spite of wealth and numerous servants, works from sun up to down on his estate—as an act of penance we learn later. Chremes, his neighbor, worries aloud that the old fellow is working himself to death, and that by working himself rather than supervising his indolent laborers, not much is being accomplished. Somewhat peeved, Menedemus retorts, “Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others—those which don’t concern you?” To which Chremes responds, “I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man is alien to me” (I.i). Chremes may be a busybody and his methods and motives of interestedness may be flawed, but he is on to something. He rejects strangeness and difference (alienation) in search for a common denominator, which in this case is a common humanity. That recognition made explicit (I am a man, and so are you) makes conversation possible. Monologue is alienating; the speaker perceives the listener only as a vessel into which he can pour his words.

Hospitality asks us to accept the alien as listener *and speaker*, and to willingly stop talking to attend to another. Michael Naas states it this way: “Hospitality requires that a guest be treated as a Somebody, not as a serialized Nobody” (2003, p. 159). Our schools and communities are populated with “serialized Nobodies,” categories of faceless people (immigrants, the poor, the eccentric) who as long as they are faceless cannot be engaged in conversation. Hospitality teaches us that our knowledge matures as we acknowledge others.

A few years ago David Brooks of the *New York Times* invited fellow columnists to write a “life report,” to give a sense of the meaning of their life up to that point. One of those who took up Brooks’s challenge was a well-known literary critic, a man whose books

were read in nearly every English Department. If I didn't want to sidestep accusations of ageism and sexism, I would describe this fellow as a grumpy old man; I will more safely assert that he was a senior professor. But the account of his life he published in the *Times* was astonishing. It was reflective and confessional. He wrote about how uncomfortable he had been his whole life at parties and other social gatherings, at the amount of energy required to try to come up with the right thing to say, with the charming witticism that would reinforce his standing (and his distance from others). But then he confessed, "If you regard each human interaction as an occasion for performance, your concern and attention will be focused on how well or badly you're doing and not on the people you are doing it with." When the Critic writes at the end of his essay about "the fellowship of fragility we all share," he crossed the threshold from monologue to conversation, and from alienation to hospitality (Fish, 2011).

Second, I shall be host and guest. A few years ago I was reading a novel in Spanish when I ran across the word *huesped*, used by this particular author to mean *host*. I found that curious, because in modern Spanish *huesped* means *guest*. How could a word's history contain both the thing and its opposite? *Huesped* comes from the Latin *hospes*, from which we get English words like host, hospital, and of course, hospitality. For ancient speakers of Latin, *hospes* might mean either host or guest (OED). In English we have a second *host*, one that marks the sacramental emblem used by Catholics, tracing its origin to *hostia* (victim or sacrifice). It would be a lovely thing if these *hosts* came from the same root. They don't. But it *would* be lovely because in the Christian tradition the host of the Eucharist is literally the body of Christ, and in Christian writ Christ's body played the triple role of sacrifice and host and guest (or would-be guest). The Christian narrative begins with a threshold

withheld: there was no room in the inn. It develops across thresholds unavailable: “the Son of man hath not where to lay his head” (Matthew 8.21). It ends with a threshold borrowed: a tomb that was not his. And yet, the would-be guest invites all to come to him for rest (Matthew 11.28), and promises his followers mansions (John 14.2). He is the perfect host and the perpetually needy guest. For the Christian this is rich theology perhaps because it is also psychologically authentic. Anthony Gittins explains,

Unless the person who sometimes *extends* hospitality is also able sometimes to be a gracious recipient, and unless the one who receives *the other* as stranger is also able to *become* the stranger received by another, then far from “relationships,” we are merely creating unidirectional lines of power flow. (1994, 399)

Redeeming hospitality requires reciprocity, not in the sense of conditional hospitality (I expect something in return for my welcome), but in the sense that I am willing to become the alien, to cross your threshold, to receive your gift. That is why conversation requires two alternating moves, speaking and hearing, in which we play out the reciprocal roles of host and guest.

Third, I will attend to the spaces of hospitality. Conversation requires a setting—a time and place for it to develop. It also requires that the space be hospitable. Christine Pohl (1999) describes some of the characteristics of hospitable settings:

- “They are safe and stable, offering people a setting where ‘they can rest for awhile to collect themselves’”(152). Hospitable places are not necessarily hushed, just as rest isn’t always passive or always still. But they are safe for stasis. Safe for things to be like they are and for people to be who they are—while they figure out where they want to go. Pohl talks about “collecting oneself”—an interesting metaphor. We

collect stamps. And coins. How do we collect ourselves? We also “gather ourselves” and “pull ourselves together,” necessary responses to being “beside ourselves” and occasionally “out of our minds.” These metaphors that suggest otherness from self (as opposed to alienation from others) are ubiquitous. The spaces of hospitality welcome all strangers, including the strangeness in ourselves.

- “In such places life is celebrated, yet the environment also has room for brokenness and deep disappointments” (152). In hospitable places the rhetoric of success does not displace relief of distress.
- Hospitable places “are alive with particular commitments and practices, however guests are not coerced into sharing them” (153). We recognize these commitments and practices as the moral dimensions and commitments that ground the Partnership. I noted that the threshold to the Partnership is marked by the conditional *if*: join us if you are willing to judge all you do in light of our moral architecture. This is as it should be, and teachers, schools and districts are free to come and go with the tides of their commitment. But the students in our classes have no choice. They must be there, and the hospitality extended to them must be, at least at first, pure and unconditional. To put it another way, our welcome is steadfast and our attitude of hospitality is unrestrained, even when the realities of implementing hospitality in a living classroom are messy.
- Hospitable places make “provisions for rest and renewal” (182)—for the host and for the guest.

Fourth and finally, I understand that true hospitality fosters empathy. One of the oldest metaphors of the Latin west is that the “whole earth is a book or a library ‘in which

the pages are turned with our feet,' which must be used 'pilgrimly'" (Curtius, 1953, p. 322). The end of all *literacy* is reading the book of the world. Ignatius Loyola, the sixteenth-century Spanish soldier who founded the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) taught his followers to make reading a prayer. He called this *lectio divina*, or sacred reading. He intended his method to be applied to reading the scriptures, but it works well for any conversation in which the conversants have something serious to say to each other. One unpacks a story (any story) by applying all the five senses to understanding the scene: what do the characters *look* like, what do they *sound* like, how would their clothes or their beard feel to the *touch*, what does the food they are eating *taste* like, what *smells* might I expect in the room? The exercise is designed to dissolve distance between my world, the world of the reader, and the world inhabited by the actors in the story. The consequence of the exercise is empathy, and empathy necessarily involves leaving my space and crossing a threshold into yours. This *lectio divina* leads us to through a question explored 60 years ago by Simone Weil in her provocative essay "Reflections on the Right Use of School Studies with a View to the Love of God."

In the first legend of the Grail, it is said that the Grail...belongs to the first comer who asks the guardian of the vessel, a king three-quarters paralyzed by the most painful wound: "what are you going through?" The love of our neighbor in all its fullness simply means saying to him, "what are you going through?" It is a recognition that the sufferer exists, not only as a unit in a collection, or a specimen from the social category labeled "unfortunate," but as a man exactly like us, who was one day stamped with a special mark by affliction. (1951, p. 65)

The *lectio divina* is a strategy for reading relationships and leads the reader through a

series of wonderings: What does the scriptural text say? What is God saying to me through the text? What would I like to say to God about the text? What does this sacred conversation suggest that I should *do* (Martin 157-59)? What is good for God is splendid for his creatures. The questions of the *lectio divina* are a script (when not a scripture) for hospitable conversations: what are you saying? What are you saying to me? What do I want to say to you? What action do these sayings lead to? Hospitality is prayerful and reverent and dependent on respect, wonder, openness and availability. What are you going through? is the first question of morally grounded conversations. What shall I do (together with you)? is the concluding question.

And it is a curricular question. For the last dozen years we have advocated for education shaped like a “T” in preference to training imagined as an “I.” I-shaped learning is deep in one subject area and produces the isolated specialist, what Morten Hansen of U.C. Berkeley calls the “Lone Star” (Craven, n.d., p. 3) and what Greg Clark of BYU calls the perennial soloist. T-shaped education tops off the vertical staff of the I with a horizontal bar that marks the space of fluency in a second domain of knowledge or human system. The point of the horizontal bar is to transgress thresholds, to move across various domains, to translate from one system, one geography, one age group, one cultural set to another. In other words, the horizontal bar describes the virtue of empathy—the discipline of seeing from a foreign point of view. The Oxford English Dictionary gives us this telling definition of empathy: "*Psychol. and Aesthetics*. The quality or power of projecting one's personality into or mentally identifying oneself with an object [or person, I might add] of contemplation, and so fully understanding or appreciating it. Now *rare*."

University education since World War II has focused on the I at the expense of empathy—

at the expense of providing experience in crossing thresholds. Fluency in the human conversation is the product of intellectual empathy.

Though we generally think of hospitality in terms of space or geography, the empathetic exchange of ideas also involves crossing conceptual thresholds through openness, curiosity and acknowledgement. Consider these two examples:

The tortoise and the tiger were friends who lived in a village where not much happened. One day, fatigued from boredom, they determined to organize a dance to entertain the villagers. The tortoise and the tiger agreed that each would prepare one instrument for the dance: the *nkú*, a hollow wood instrument shaped like a small box, and the *mbañ*, a kind of drum.

The tiger decided to make his instrument in the forest, where no one would bother him, while the tortoise chose the road on which his neighbors walked to other villages so that he could take advantage of their suggestions. While the tortoise worked on his *nkú* he did the following: when he saw that someone approached, he hid near the *nkú* so that he could hear the comments of the traveller; when the traveller had passed, the tortoise came out of hiding, modified his design as suggested by the passers-by, and in this way perfected his work. By heeding criticism the tortoise created a beautiful work of art praised by all.

In contrast, the tiger assembled a defective instrument because he didn't seek out the opinion of others, and when he had finished, he delivered to the village a horrible *mbañ* that his neighbors mocked as they tossed it away. In this way the tortoise became known as the best artist of the animal kingdom, by heeding the suggestions of his neighbors. Criticism is not always bad; occasionally we must

tolerate it and it will expand our knowledge and make us stronger. Great works of art are the fruit of different points of view that the artist fuses in his work. (N'gom and Nistal, 2012, p. 101; translation mine)

The fable of the musical tiger and tortoise comes from the Fang culture of West Africa (recorded in Spanish in Equatorial Guinea). The teachable tortoise reminds me of an anecdote from Pliny the Elder in Book XXXV of his *Natural History*. I might add that making a connection between a folktale from Africa and a Latin text about personages from Hellenistic Greece is to attend to two different voices of the human conversation. Pliny praises Alexander the Great's favorite painter, Apelles of Kos—a peerless artist who enjoyed a privileged relationship with the king (and who later became a model for artists of the Renaissance who aspired to be the “new Apelles”). Pliny tells us that it was a practice of Apelles

when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself [like the tortoise], concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it; it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one shoe-string too little.

Moral teaching requires that we extend hospitality to *learners*, but the anecdotes about the Tortoise and the Greek demonstrate a hospitality to *learning*. And that can be a hard thing. For some, it may be easier to open the door to a stranger than to a strange idea. We can feed and dismiss the stranger, but the strange idea, once admitted to our conceptual space lingers and wants to rearrange the furniture. This is a good thing, though it does not

suggest that we surrender our power of discrimination. Some ideas are worthy friends, others not so much. Indeed, Pliny continues the story of Apelles and the shoemaker by noting that the next day the shoemaker, puffed up with success from having corrected the great painter's depiction of a shoe, turns to critiquing Apelles's rendering of the leg. Apelles rejects the criticism, rightly discerning that the shoemaker's expertise ended with the footwear. One of the products of education is discernment that allows us to make good decisions about the company we keep (ideas and the people who have them). But education is abiding: that is, a "being with" in an initial move of openness that makes us available to surprises. This is what E.B. DeVito was after in her poem, "Graduates."

Knowledge comes, in a way, unsought,
as in the Chinese tale
of the youth who came for daily lessons
in what there was to learn of jade.
And each day, for a single hour,
while he and the master talked together,
always of unrelated matters,
jade pieces were slipped into his hand,
till one day, when a month had passed,
the young man paused and with a frown,
said suddenly, "That is not jade."
As Life is something, we are told,
that happens while you make other plans,
learning slips in and comes to stay

while you are faced the other way. (1989, p. 282)

The “other way,” I think, is the way that is unfamiliar, strange and foreign. Facing the other way, opening to the other way, makes us available to learning and to learners. Facing another way is the posture of hospitality.

Oakeshott (1991) tells us that education is an initiation into the conversation of mankind. An initiation, by definition, requires the crossing of thresholds. Clive Barnett (2005) writes that “Thresholds are the very scenes for the drama of responsiveness, hospitality and responsibility” (p. 13). This drama of responsiveness, hospitality, and responsibility sounds a lot like schooling. Schools are thresholds. They are thresholds not easily crossed. Some students are hesitant. Some parents are suspicious. Some policy makers are misinformed. Some university faculty don’t have the time or the interest or the freedom to cross. That is why we have a Partnership. Through it we collaborate. By means of it we renew. But mostly, the Partnership is the institutional gesture of hospitality.

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