

Vol. 2 Issue 2
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Honors Congress Magazine

THE HONOR ROLL

In This Issue:

Editor's Note

01

Roll Call

04

Upcoming Events

02

Time's Tips & Anonymous Asks

05

Memories of the Month

03

Creative Corner

06

CONTENTS



Editor's Note

Welcome back to *The Honor Roll*!
A note from our Director of Publications
& Marketing about this issue.

Upcoming Events

A look at the dates and times of the
upcoming month's events for Honors
Congress! Don't forget to mark your
calendars!



Memories of the Month

This past month, February, had so many
fun events from our Directors! Swing by
to see all the fun events that members
have attended!

CONTENTS



Roll Call

A new section dedicated to sharing what Honors Congress members are passionate about! Look forward to some great finds in the next issue!

Time's Tips & Anonymous Asks

Tips for the times: staying motivated and healthy while remote. Also anonymous student questions answered by Honors Congress!



Creative Corner

The space dedicated to artistry and creations from you and your Honors College classmates! Take a look at the upcoming month's creative prompt!

EDITOR'S NOTE



Welcome to Volume 2 Issue 2 of *The Honor Roll!*

Hello again! Thanks for stopping by *The Honor Roll!* I have to say, this semester is going by fast. It's been busy, but also incredibly rewarding to be a part of Honors Congress and further my academic goals at UCF. I'd like to welcome Lauren Blostein and Amanda Heermance to the publications committee--there already doing great in the short time we've been working together and I can't wait to work with them more! And I'd like to congratulate all the new committee members on their new positions!

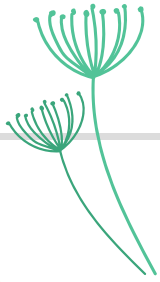
In this issue of *The Honor Roll* we have some firsts. With the first submission to Roll Call we're setting the pace to continue building this collection and sharing what we care about. Also, the first questions have been answered for Anonymous Ask! So don't be shy to submit to any of our sections--I'd love to hear from you!

Thanks again!

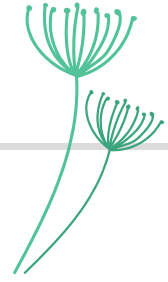
Sandra Ford

Director of Publications & Marketing

UPCOMING EVENTS



March



05

Packaging Day for SALT Outreach

3:00 - 4:00 PM

R4L Banner Contest Brainstorming Session

6:00 - 7:30 PM

05

10

Spy Adventure Virtual Escape Room

6:00 - 7:00 PM

Create and Donate!

4:00 - 5:30 PM

10

10

Children's Safety Village "Spruce it Up Party!"

9:00 AM - 1:00 PM

Pi Day Palooza & Pie an Officer

3:14 - 5:00 PM, voting from 3/4 to 3/14

14

15

UCF Art Gallery Exhibition

ENDS 3/25

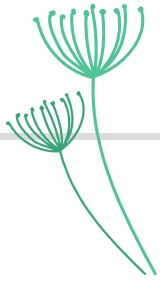
Minecraft Monday

6:00 - 8:00 PM

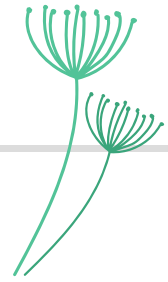
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Make sure to RSVP for events on KnightConnect. Note that any in-person events will have limited spots.

UPCOMING EVENTS



March



19

Bake Sale

1:00 - 4:00 PM

Hiking @ the Arboretum

8:00 - 10:30 AM

20

20

Knight-Thon Main Event

TBA

Creative Corner Brainstorming

6:00 - 7:00 PM

22

23

Relay for Life March Team Party

6:30 - 7:00 PM

Spelling Bee

7:00 - 8:00 PM

23

24

Campus Scavenger Hunt

4:00 - 6:00 PM

Relay for Life Event

10:00 AM - 4:15 PM

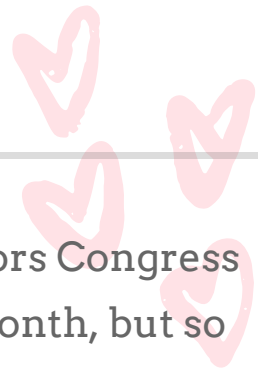
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Make sure to RSVP for events on KnightConnect. Note that any in-person events will have limited spots.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTH

Looking back at February...

There were plenty sweet events cooked up by Honors Congress officers in February to enjoy! It was the shortest month, but so much happened! Take this chance to catch up!



Some of our Honors Congress members got together for a sweet chocolate making experience! They attended a 90-minute Farris & Foster's workshop and went home with A POUND of chocolate each! Our members really let their creativity shine with their unique chocolate creations at this fantastic event!



A Knight of Chocolate at Farris & Foster's



MEMORIES OF THE MONTH (CONTINUED)



Donation Drive for SALT Outreach

Honors Congress, in collaboration with SALT Outreach, were able to collect over 30 items for the local homeless community in Orlando. Thank you to all the members who donated!

Study Session

Honors Congress members got together for an relaxing and productive group study session in the BHC garden! We hope you enjoyed the to-go snacks and we look forward to studying with you all again soon!



MEMORIES OF THE MONTH (CONTINUED)

Cupid Bag Sales



Honors Congress members sent some love by ordering Cupid Bags! All proceeds benefited Knight-Thon and Relay for Life



Valentine's Day Party

With music, trivia, Valentine-making, and more Honors Congress members had a lovely time celebrating Valentine's Day together! Not to mention screening *10 Things I Hate About You* and some beary good prizes!

In Honor of Black History Month, Honors Congress members showed their knowledge in a kahoot match about Black History! Congratulations to the winner, Safia Centner!



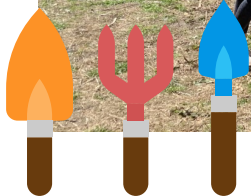
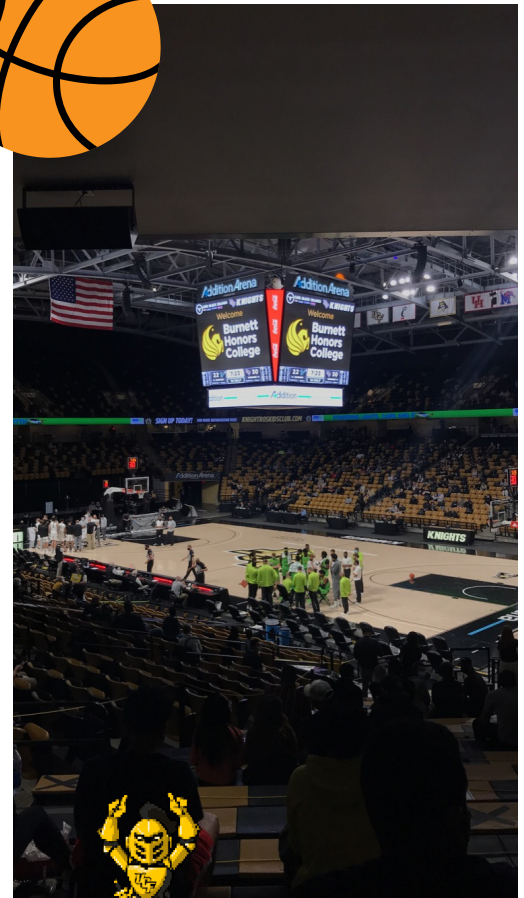
Black History Month Trivia Knight

MEMORIES OF THE MONTH (CONTINUED)

UCF vs USF Basketball Game



Honors Congress members showed their Knight pride while representing the BHC at the UCF vs USF basketball game! And we won!



Garden Volunteer Day

Honors Congress members came together to help refresh and maintain Audubon Park's community garden. Special thanks to IDEAS for Us and Poder LatinX for organizing and putting on the event as well as to the members who came out to support it!

ROLL CALL



What is Roll Call?

Welcome to Roll Call! One of the visions for the Honor Roll is to create a space where Honors Congress members can share what they are passionate about. We've accomplished this in part through Creative Corner, where members can share their passion through creative work. But, admittedly, that isn't for everyone--we aren't all artists after all. Passion doesn't always spark creativity--but that doesn't mean it isn't there. In our new section "Roll Call" we ask you to share what you are passionate about. Whether it's a show or movie you couldn't pull your eyes from, a book you couldn't put down, a journal article that showed you perspectives that you had never thought of before, a school event that broadened your horizons, or anything and everything in between, we want to hear about it. Think of it as sharing a review or building our Honors Congress library.

You can send submissions on the Honors Congress website--and we can't wait to hear from you!

(Oh, and there's a DM point in it for you if you do!)

Roll Call

- The Shelf -



Soul (Disney & Pixar film)

Pete Docter

There are virtually no Pixar films that fail to impress, but Soul is special. On the one hand, it's the story of a man who's overcoming obstacles as he pursues his passion for jazz. But, on a deeper level, Soul tackles really tough questions that we've been asking for centuries, like what it means to have purpose in life and what makes life itself worth living. I love Soul because it calls out the obsession

with "purpose" in our culture. People are defined by what they know, what their skills are, what their major is, what job they have, etc. To me, Soul is so beautiful because it reminds us that we can lose ourselves in the obsession with pursuing a goal, and we can forget to experience wonder and awe for the world around us. Of course, Pixar manages to dive this deep in less than two hours with animated, cartoon-like characters; it's just the Disney magic. Overall, I think that Soul appeals to an older audience, like high school or college students who are having to make decisions that will guide the directions of their lives. Warning - if you're an emotional movie-watcher, you may want to bring a box of tissues. (I may have had to run for tissues during the movie.)

-Seva Reilly

TIME'S TIPS & ANONYMOUS ASKS

What is TT & AA?

For TT & AA, we will include little tips and anonymously sent questions.

Anonymous questions/tips may be submitted to *The Honor Roll* through our website or this link: tinyurl.com/THRanons. These questions may touch on any topics you are curious about; our Honors Congress officer board and committees will do our best to answer them or find a way to get them answered for you!

Honors Congress members will be able to receive 1 DM point for submission.

TIME'S TIPS

(Also featured in the February issue)

Reflecting back on January, I think the best lesson I learned was that humility is an important trait for professionalism. Sometimes (especially as an honors student) it feels like we're supposed to always know what's going on. I joined a new RSO this month that is different than others I am part of, and acknowledging that I was confused and asking questions helped bring me up to speed with the rest of the group. In the professional world, we talk about having important skills like time management, communication, organization, etc., but I think that humility and the self-awareness to know when you need guidance is also important! You don't have to "fake it 'til you make it" if there are people around you to guide and help you.



TIME'S TIPS & ANONYMOUS ASKS

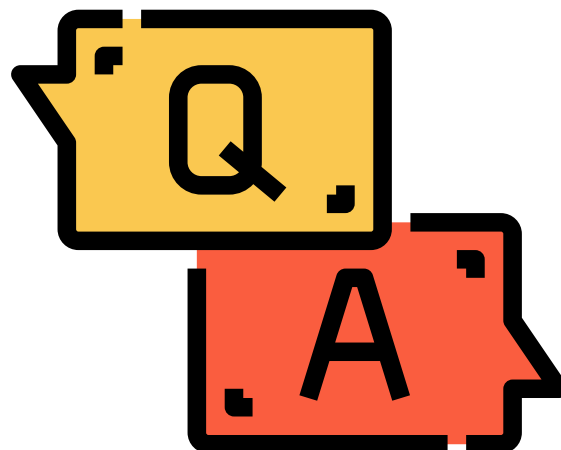
Anonymous Ask

Answered by Honors Congress Officers!

Q: This is a question for Honors Congress officers - I would love to hear what is the greatest lesson or skill you have learned while serving in Honors Congress.

A: The greatest skill I've learned thus far has been both delegation of tasks and time management! As a director and now secretary, there have been a lot of generating ideas and general responsibilities that need to be completed. Some weeks, you really can't do a lot yourself (with balancing school and whatnot) and those were the times I had the assistance of others with me. It started off with me forcefully reminding myself to not do everything, and now I've got a much better experience with delegation.

A: Serving in the Honors Congress has allowed me to develop a stronger work ethic and time management skills. Being in a position of leadership has allowed me to reflect continuously on how I can improve on myself and make both my fellow officers and members' experiences the best that they can be.



TIME'S TIPS & ANONYMOUS ASKS

Anonymous Ask

Answered by Honors Congress Officers!

Q: What is your favorite coffee shop and/or study corner in the UCF area?

A: My favorite study spot would have to be the BHC reading room or computer lab (for maximum attending school vibes) or the study rooms in Trevor Colbourn Hall!

A: While I never stray far from my staple Starbucks order, my favorite place to study on campus is the tables scattered throughout the Academic Village. Living in Neptune, groups of these tables along the paths or located in the breezeway are never a far walk from my dorm. This paired with the peaceful scenery surrounding Lake Nerites makes for the perfect spot to sit down and get my work done.

Q: What's your favorite thing about being a UCF student?

A: I'd say all of the great opportunities I have access to--whether academic, professional, or social. I've been able to grow as a person thanks to my time at UCF, and I know I'll be able to grow even more!

A: My favorite thing about being a UCF student is the community. I have made several friends through both Honors Congress as well as just being around campus. With daily issues and concerns during this pandemic, the people that I have met along the way have made all the hardships worthwhile.

CREATIVITY CORNER

Last Month's Prompt

What do you find inside the secret garden?

FEATURING WORKS

Pollen' in Love

Art by: Lauren Blostein

Among the Roses

Written by: Giovanni Taylor

Garden of Memories

Written by: Seva Reilly

Lady Macbeth

Written by: Sandra Ford

From NYC's Central Park to the Secret Garden

Written & Illustrated by: Jennifer La Scala

CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

POLLEN' IN LOVE

Art by: Lauren Blostein
1st Year, Forensic Science - Biochemistry



CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

AMONG THE ROSES

Written by: Giovanni Taylor
1st Year, Digital Media - Game Design



"Hey Dad, why is my name Rosie." A young child looked up at her father.

The father sighed. "Well it's a long story but I guess I'll tell it. So once there was a magnificent garden, or at least that is what the rumors said. No one had ever been to the garden before so many doubted that it was real and no matter how many searched none could find it.

This changed in an unexpected way. There was a man who took a wrong turn on his way home one day. He wandered around the city trying to find his way back to the main streets and eventually found a hole in the wall. Now at first glance, the hole wasn't anything special but the man smelt the scent of flowers coming from the hole. Curiosity caught the better of the man and he entered into the hole. He walked through the darkness for a while and just as he thought of turning around he saw a light and continued on. When he reached the light he was completely shocked. He wasn't anywhere in the city but instead a grove of countless flowers and trees. The man explored this strange garden for a while and eventually stumbled across a girl.

'Oh hello,' said the girl. 'it's been so long since the last visitor.'

'Who are you?' the visitor asked. 'Are you the gardener?' He looked at the girl and noticed she had fiery red hair, verdant green eyes, and was wearing a dress made from flowers.

'You could say that...' The girl started to walk deeper into the garden. 'Come along visitor... That's such an impersonal way of talking to you, do you have a name?'

'I'm Will. What's your name?' He started to follow her.

The girl paused. 'I don't have a name... I wasn't lucky enough to get one...'

They continued walking deeper and Will started to notice more and more beautiful flowers. 'These are amazing flowers... What are they?'

'Oh those are dahlias and those over there are hyacinths.'

'What's your favorite one?'

CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

'... I really love all the plants here, I don't have a favorite.' They arrived in a clearing surrounded by roses and a table in the middle. 'Sit dear Will, I'll prepare some tea.'

'So you really don't have a name?'

'No... Is that strange?' The girl started to boil some water.

'Yeah it's strange, do you want one?'

The girl looked up. 'A name? Sure, if you want.'

Will sat there for a bit and thought up possible names. None really fit, but he made a connection between the girl and the nearby flowers. 'How about Rose?'

The girl set down the tea. 'Like the flowers? A bit corny isn't it?'

'Maybe but you do look like them.'

'Very well I'll be Rose then.' She seemed extremely happy with this name.

The duo sat and drank the tea and chatted. Eventually, Will had to leave to go back to his home, but he made a promise to visit as often as he could.

Over time and countless visits, Rose and Will grew closer and closer until they were almost like siblings. On one visit, Rose gave Will one of the roses from the clearing, which some instructions. 'Keep this rose with you and ill always be with you.'

When Will left the garden that day someone saw him exit the hole with the flower and with that the secrecy of the garden was broken. Will found it harder and harder to find Rose as more and more people kept trying to exploit the garden.

One day conflict between some groups broke out over the garden and it was destroyed. Will discovered what happened and searched as hard as he could for Rose but found nothing among the scorched plants except for a strange brooch." the dad leaned back his chair. "I don't know why but your grandma Wilma loved that story, so I thought it was appropriate to name you after the story."

"Oh, that's cool, thanks Dad!" Rosie smiled.

Later that day Rosie walked up to a mirror in her room holding a strange rose she found in the attic. The was a strange girl in the mirror, she had red hair, green eyes, and was wearing a dress of flowers. "Are you Rose?" Rosie asked.

The girl had a slight grin and giggled. "Yes."



CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

GARDEN OF MEMORIES

Written by: Seva Reilly

2nd Year, Communication Sciences and Disorders



I am having one of those dreams, one where you know that things seem a little off, but you're still not sure it's a dream. I am sitting in a coffee shop, the wisps of steam swirling throughout the cafe. I looked down, my cup empty, and stand up, my stomach full of disappointment. I don't want to go; this is the place I've wanted to be for almost a year, ever since the pandemic began. I've missed listening to the sounds of milk being aerated, coffee beans being ground, the clattering of spoons hitting mugs and plates hitting tables. I could stay here forever.

Pushing the exit door open, I suddenly find myself in a much different place than where I parked my car. I stand amidst a wondrous garden, swathed in the burnt sienna and golden amber colors of autumn. Leaves sweep the ground in a patchwork blanket that crunches beneath my every step. Amazed, I explore the garden - it extends as far as the eye can see.

I duck beneath the branch of a tree and suddenly find a mysterious, closed door that stands stately, still, and alone, without a wall attached. I turn the rusty handle and find myself in a greenhouse full of rows upon rows of dahlias. They each are different colors and heights, but the contours of each blossom are exactly the same. I reach out to touch one, and I'm struck with memory, the way that your favorite childhood foods unleash a deluge of memory in your mind. *I hear the sounds of children squealing, playing on a playground, dashing through a field.* I run my hands along the flowers, their tips barely kissing my palms. I feel the warmth of each memory vibrating through my mind - *summer days playing in the heat. The warmth of cuddling a fuzzy dog. The sound of rain on the roof. Pencil's graphite crawling across paper.*

I keep walking through the greenhouse, my eyes closed as I relish each memory in this garden of the mind, when my hand snags on the gnarled mass of a flower I hadn't noticed before. I open my eyes. It is a dark blue flower, a violent indigo hue, its leaves dripping in a droopy wilt. It is twisted upon itself, the grip of its own stem strangling its

CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

stalk. I reach down and touch the ghostly bloom, and my mind is filled with the memories of what wasn't, what could've, what shouldn't have ever happened. I am angry. I tug and pull and strain, trying to uproot this creature, but its roots refuse to loosen. I yank at the stem again. I can't allow this blemish, this blight on the beautiful garden.

I jerk the stem with a final effort and shred my hand across a thorn. The pain blooms in my finger. I look down; the incision bleeds clear blood. *Drip. Drip. Drip.* They feel like the first drops of a storm, or the first oozes of a loosening dam.

I look up again at the sinister flower. It looks back at me. I reach out and, holding the flower, unravel the knots and kinks in the stalk just like you would untangle a cord or a jewelry chain. I feel a haunting chill run up and down my spine, but I finish untangling the flower and point it up again, towards the sun. *It is hard to say this, I think, but you belong here.*

I hear the splash of water as I move my feet. The water is up to my ankles, then my shins, then my knees. Before I know it, I am drowning. I hear the rush and crash of watery rapids echoing in my ears; my head goes down below the water. *Alice in Wonderland swam in her own tears, I remember, and I am going to drown in them.*

I dive beneath the water and catch one last glimpse of the dark blue flower. Even as the current snatches me away, I look and see that it seems oddly peaceful, its petals and leaves billowing in the water. It looks right, just being there and floating among the sweet pink and gold and scarlet and plum of all the other dahlias in the garden.

I feel myself drifting away...

I woke up. Snuggled beneath a thick warm blanket, I am in a sunny room, not the dark room I fell asleep in last night. I lay still and quiet, then sat up. The memories of the dream were fading fast, like soft sand between squeezing fingers. Before I knew it, I couldn't remember anything.

I turned to get up. There, on the floor beside my bed, was the bud of a deep Pacific-blue dahlia.

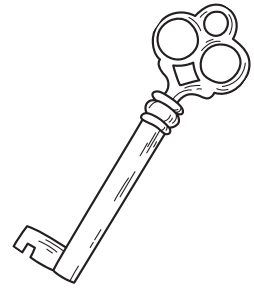


CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

LADY MACBETH

Written by: Sandra Ford

1st Year, English Creative Writing



I needed a secret kept. Lips cannot be trusted. They're too loose, the key long gone. Walls, of course, have ears and cannot be relied upon. Pillows will take your whispers, but freely give them to any whom lay upon it. Even my face betrays me; the red rushes to it too easily.

And there's that damned spot on my hand.

I rub it as I walk down the narrow, twisting streets, as tangled as gnarled tree roots. I walk fast and faster, keeping my head low as a scratch at the spot until my fingers turn dark with it.

I turn a corner and then another. Someone must be following me. Someone had to be following. But it's impossible for anyone to know what I've done.

Or didn't do.

I walk faster. The cold bites through my jacket even though its spring. Even though I live too far south for it to be cold in spring. Even though ac units are puffing out their exhaust all around me.

It's freezing.

The shadow of nothing looms above me.

There's a bottle of bleach peaking out of a garbage bin like a holy grail. I grab for it, shake it. It's a gallon bottle and still a quarter full. I untwist the cap; it smells more like salt water than bleach. I hold out my hand. That damned spot is staring at me, daring me. It doesn't know that I dare!

I pour the bleach over the spot. Pour and pour until there is no more. My skin burns and cracks. But the spot it still there. Mocking me. Daring me.

I slam the empty bottle against the concrete as it coughs up the lingering drops. It bounces once, twice, then falls. Hitting something that isn't there.

But something was there. A door, invisible to my eyes just a moment before. It isn't attached to any building or wall, simply hanging in the middle of the alley like a phantom.

CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

I don't hesitate. I grasp the handle and pull with too much force. My shoulder pops as the door to Eden flings open.

I don't hesitate. I step inside the garden that shouldn't exist. Not in the middle of the alleyway. Not anywhere.

Everything is gold and blinding, sweet and burning. I throw off my jacket as the vines embrace me. I pick a golden flower. I eat a golden berry. I lean against a golden tree as its golden leaves caress me.

"What you did was right," the garden of secrets whispers in its golden honey voice. "God has chosen you."

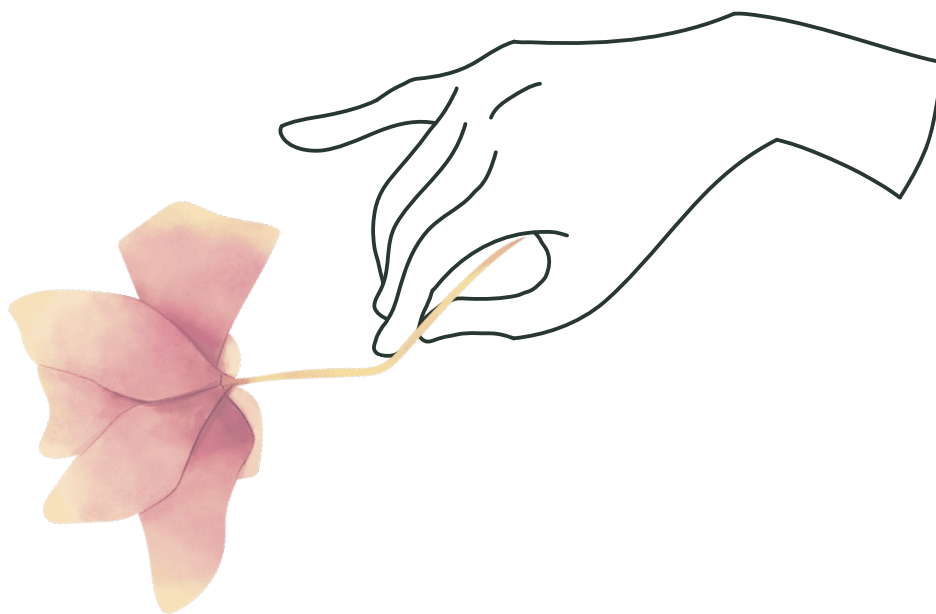
I nod in agreement as I drink its golden nectar. "God has chosen me."

The golden boughs swayed as I spoke. A golden bird chirped its golden song.

Lips are loose, the key long gone. I tell the garden everything. My secrets are well kept.

I am invincible. God has chosen me.

The damned spot is still on my hand.



CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

FROM NYC'S CENTRAL PARK TO THE SECRET GARDEN

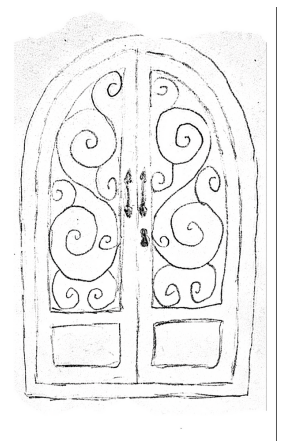
Written & Illustrated by: Jennifer La Scala
4th Year, Communication Sciences and Disorders

I was sketching Bow Bridge from across the lake at the Bow Bridge Boat Landing in Central Park's lush 38-acre woodland area called the Ramble. It began to rain, so I packed up my pencils and sketchbook and started walking to my home; Hampshire House on Central Park South. I followed the winding path adjacent to West



Drive and as I rounded the curve near the ancient bedrock protruding from the earth called Umpire Rock, the lightning crashes down. It was so strong that I could feel the rumble beneath my feet. I ran to the closest place to provide shelter from the storm, Dipway Arch, made of brick and granite, there are 7 archway niches on each side of the tunnel. As I approach the most southern archway, I stumbled upon a strange door. Just a block from home, I walk under the Arch every day, but this is the first time I've ever seen a 7-foot-tall door made of a beautiful, weathered oak topped with a classic wrought iron scroll design. There is nothing behind it, no walls or building attached. Cautiously, I grabbed the iron handle, pushed open the door, and step inside. Struck with amazement and curiosity, before my very eyes...I found myself inside...a secret garden!

I stepped onto the cobblestone pathway, surrounded by a canopy of lush and blooming cherry blossom trees, unknowingly dropping the bag housing my sketchbook and supplies. As I walk further into the garden, I can no longer see the stormy weather I left behind. Instead, I'm surrounded by dozens of colorful birds and butterflies in vibrant hues of blues, pinks, yellows, and oranges, fluttering above me. They circled around as to welcome me then flew towards a small hedge maze with a beautiful fountain in the center. The water glistened like a sea of



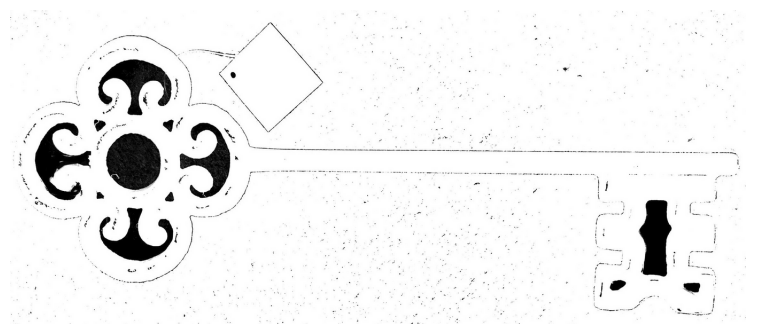
CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

diamonds. On my left was a bench, and on my right was a wooden swing hanging from a matching pergola. Opposite the pathway I entered which was framed by multi-colored striated hibiscus trees, was a wooden, lighted boardwalk. As I approached the boardwalk, white eyes appeared at the entrance. As I stared curiously into the bright eyes, they began to fill with color, transitioning first to light aqua and then into a blue as bright as the water around a tropical island. The eyes slowly moved toward me and revealing a peach colored



triangular beak. It was the most beautiful white and apricot spotted snow owl I had ever seen. It turned, slowly flapping its wings, and soared ahead as I followed. I walked what seemed like 10 short New York City blocks, remembering that I entered the secret garden under Dipway Arch. I wondered how much farther this path could lead, and how impossible it must have been that I have walked this far already. I continued on until I stumbled down the hill, passing rows of grapevines, orchards of fruit trees, then a meadow that seemed to go on for miles and

miles filled with wild horses, deer, cows, dogs, rabbits, and even chipmunks, and they all seemed to get along well. I began to slow down, finally landing at the base of a waterfall that appeared to be as tall as the 36-story building I live in. I wandered around the edge of the waterfall's pool gazing at the array of rainbows formed by the prismatic water. There was a small cottage with a door identical to the one I used to enter the garden. I opened it, stepped through the door and found myself...back under Dipway Arch with my bag. The door was no longer there, and the rain slowed down so I put my hands in my sweater's pockets finding a mysterious key inside. It had a little tag, that read: "You are special and treat all creatures with equal kindness. Take this gift and visit the garden on any rainy day."



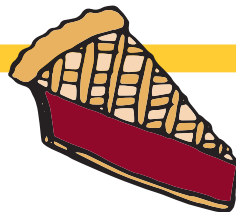
CREATIVITY CORNER (CONTINUED)

PROMPT OF THE MONTH

Pies typically have slices (even if its one really big slice and one tiny one) so do a lot other things, like cake. How about a slice of life or a slice of a story? A slice of another perspective or an image? Where you have a piece of a metaphorical pie without filling up on the whole pie. (This doesn't have to be pie by the way.)

Show/tell us about a slice of something without revealing the whole of the situation.

Submissions close Friday, March 26th at 11:59 PM.



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A THANK YOU



Thank you so much for reading The Honor Roll!

We will work hard with the upcoming issues and bring you a new side of Honors Congress and the Burnett Honors College. See you next month!

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