Vol. 1 Issue 2

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Honors Congress Magazine



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Closing remarks from our Director of
Publications & Marketing for the end of
Volume 1.

President's Letter

A letter to Honors Congress from our 2020 President, Padmavathi Ganduri. A look back at her HonCon memories, accomplishments of the 2020 Officer Board, and a letter full of thanks.





Memories of the Month

This past month, November, had so many large-scale and fun events from our Directors! Take a peek at them, especially our Winter Formal!

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Time's Tips & Anonymous Asks

A section dedicated to tips for the times: staying motivated and healthy while remote. Also anonymous student questions answered by Honors Congress!

Winter Chronicles

What are you doing to unwind and enjoy your winter break? Let's share what our HonCon members are up to! Send in photos, writing, anything you would like!





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 1 Issue 2 of The Honor Roll

As this semester with all its challenges closes up, I wanted to take the time to thank you for being a part of Honors Congress and reading *The Honor Roll!* Although it started out suddenly and wasn't as refined as other publications, my committee members (big shoutout to Sandra Ford and Jacey Koo!!!) and I are grateful that you have taken time to read or just take a peek! We hope that for the years to come, this creative magazine will thrive and become an integral part within our Honors community so we can continue highlighting the arts and the creative spirit within Honors students.

Thank you for hopping on this journey with us and I hope to see you and your works of art on the next volume and issues!

Janice Zou

Director of Publications & Marketing

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Naverber 2017



I attended my first Honors Congress event in August 2017 during my first few weeks at UCF. What started out as me trying to make new friends as a quiet and introverted freshman grew into one of the most incredible leadership experiences I've ever had as I served as the 2018 Director of Fundraising, 2019 Treasurer, and was eventually elected to serve as the 2020 President of Honors Congress.



Over the past 3.5 years, I've watched this organization grow immensely, and I'm incredibly grateful for the chance to have played even a small role in that process.

February 2018

PRESIDENT'S LETTER (CONTINUED)

While I didn't know what exactly 2020 would have in store for me, I definitely did not expect to be leading a student organization of almost 700 members during a global pandemic. When the COVID-19 pandemic first began, I remember feeling worried that no one would want to get involved in a student organization during one of the craziest and most difficult years many of us have ever experienced.

This proved to be the exact opposite as I began to hear from our members how nice it was to still be able to get involved, meet new people, and feel like they were part of a community, even if that community was mostly virtual. I think that just having people to talk to - whether over Zoom or socially distanced on campus - helped everyone with maintaining some sense of normalcy during a year that could only be described as anything but normal.



tebruary 2020

PRESIDENT'S LETTER (CONTINUED)

Tanuary 2020



Here are a few of the things we got to do this year despite the many challenges we had to overcome along the way:

- Create our very own logo
- Celebrate Honors Congress's 19th birthday
- Expand our online store to include newly designed T-shirts, mugs, and face masks by some of our very own Burnett Honors Scholars
- Grow our HonCon family to include 236 new members
- Raise and donate over \$5000 to the American Cancer Society,
 Children's Miracle Network, and several other organizations
- Host over 80 events, both virtually and in-person
- Launch our very own creative magazine: The Honor Roll

PRESIDENT'S LETTER (CONTINUED)

I want to say a huge thank you from the bottom of my heart to the 2020 HonCon officer board for all of your efforts this year. I'm amazed at how resilient, creative, and adaptable each of you have been throughout the year and I hope you know how honored I am to have worked with you. I also want to thank our advisor, Rex Roberts, Dean Sheila, Dr. Dupuis, and the Burnett Honors College for all of your support. Lastly, I want to thank all of our members because none of this would be possible without all of you.

As we get ready to transition our newly elected 2021 HonCon officers into their roles, I wanted to take some time to reflect. Over the past few years, Honors Congress has given me the opportunity to grow personally and professionally in ways I could've never imagined, and I am so thankful for every moment of it. It was an incredible honor to have served as the President of Honors Congress this year and I can't wait to see what the future has in store for this amazing organization!



Sincerely,

Padmavathi Ganduri

President of Honors Congress 2020

MEMORIES OF THE MONTH

Looking back at November...

November was an important month this year! This month is also typically associated with fall and Thanksgiving but that didn't stop us from infusing some winter holiday spirit with our last events of the semester!

One of the biggest events this month was Adopt-A-Precinct!
On Election Day, November 3rd,
Honors Congress members ran two voting precincts in a partnership event!

Adopt-A-Precinct





Under the direction of Director of Volunteer Affairs, Alik Manoogian, and Director of Fundraising, Brent Feldman, HonCon volunteers signed up back in September and attended trainings for their positions all throughout September and October in preparation for Election Day.

The day of, members worked from 5:30 am to 8:30 pm, giving voters a chance to vote!

Thanks to the entire team's hard work, HonCon was able to earn funds for organizations of each member's choice, and our Knight-Thon and Relay for Life teams!

MEMORIES OF THE MONTH (CONTINUED)

November is a month of expressing thanks to those around you and giving back.



Harvest Time International

Our HonCon volunteers gave their time to help at Harvest Time International by sorting donated items (food, clothing, household goods) for those in need.









MEMORIES OF THE MONTH (CONTINUED)

Winter Formal



Members got to groove to music, take pictures at the photo booth, watch a movie, be in the company of friends and other Honors Congress members, and grab winter treats for later. Money raised went to our Knight-Thon team, benefitting the Orlando Health Arnold Palmer Hospital for Children.



Many freshmen didn't get the chance to enjoy typical high school celebrations and events like prom due to COVID-19. This year, we altered our annual Yule Ball event to allow everyone to experience prom and/or a formal event again; but of course in a safe way outdoors!







WINTER CHRONICLES

Chronicling your Winter Wonderland

What are you doing to unwind and enjoy your winter break?

Let's share what our HonCon members are up to! Send in photos, writing, anything you would like that represents the time you have spent out of school!

Send pictures and other items to honorscongress+publications@gmail.com!









TIME'S TIPS & ANONYMOUS ASKS

Anonymous questions/tips may be submitted to *The Honor Roll* through our website or this link: <u>tinyurl.com/THRanons</u>. 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

Writing down small & big tasks for the day on a post-it note helps to keep me on track and feel productive when I can cross stuff off!

I have been learning in my class on the psychology of behavior modification about how influential reinforcers are for establishing new behaviors. It might sound silly, but promising yourself rewards (whether that's a food you like, an opportunity to socialize with friends, a walk outside, etc.) for doing difficult tasks increases the likelihood that you will actually complete the activity. Sticker reward systems aren't just for kids - the concept still works on college students and adults too!

CREATIVITY CORNER

Last Month's Prompt

Tell us about a change, an end, and/or a new beginning!

FEATURING WORKS

Change

Art by: Hailey Tanchin

Change

Art by: Brianna Bergman

Where Are You From?

Written by: Bethany Bradshaw

The Edge of Dusk

Art by: Jacey Koo

Cold July

Written by: Sandra Ford

Hidden Hope

Written by: Abel Birchfield

New Beginnings

Photo submitted by: Dagny Noce

The Transition in Reverse

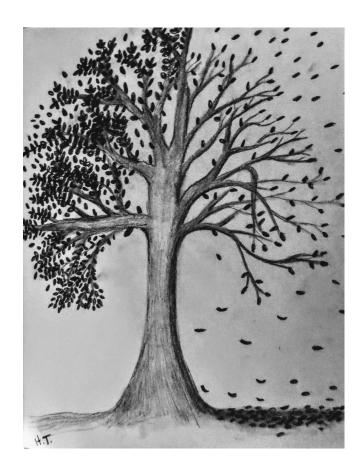
Written by: Sandra Ford

Memory

Written by: Seva Reilly



Art by: Hailey Tanchin
1st Year, Accounting







Art by: Brianna Bergman
1st Year, Health Sciences

WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

Written by: Bethany Bradshaw

1st Year, Aerospace Engineering/Biotechnology

"Where are you from?"

This question seems simple to most; however, it is a question that continues to leave me perplexed as a military child. Yes, I can point to a map and show you all the places I have lived. I can rattle off a simple answer such as "I was born in New York, but grew up mostly in Virginia. I met some of my best friends in New Mexico, and now I've ended up in the sunshine state of Florida." Eighteen short years has revealed shapeshifting surroundings and people within a world that is telling me that consistency is the key to happiness - consistency that hasn't necessarily existed for me. My life has been a paradox where the only constant is change.

I have realized that I define home as a feeling of jubilance and bravery, persistence and kindness that I take with me wherever I go. It's a feeling I strive to evoke in others. The meaning of home, for others, is a physical place, but for me, the meaning of home is an emotional place. Movement from place to place has changed my definition of stability. I have learned to anchor myself within my family wherever we go.

Home is my mother's warm smile surrounded by a relentless embrace, no matter how many times I spill the brownie batter on the floor or make a sarcastic remark which I know I will regret. It is the happiest of tears after seeing my father finally return from his service in Afghanistan. I am from what feels like the comforting warmth of a crackling bonfire with the smell of toasted marshmallows and looks like the sun setting in ribbons of pink clouds. I am from what sounds like the peaceful patter of rain amidst chaos and the smells of cookies baking downstairs on Christmas morning.

I have and will always be a part of such a beautiful chaos. It is no wonder why the dandelion is the flower of the military child; we are blown in a million different directions and must grow where we are planted, then uprooted, and planted again. An unknown future does not scare me because I know that home is always with me. Regardless of everything else, I will make my own happiness without the burden of momentary bursts from tangible things and locations on a map. Home has taught me that I can carry the weightlessness of these qualities and choose to be happy for me.



Art by: Jacey Koo 2nd Year, Health Sciences





Written by: Sandra Ford
1st Year, English - Creative Writing

She couldn't help but wonder when The cold would go away. July had come and gone again, Yet the winter clung, content to stay.

HIDDEN HOPE

Written by: Abel Birchfield 3rd Year, Mechanical Engineering

It seems as though the pillars of the world have broken; Better seasons yet remain for us to hope in, Even if the stubborn door won't open.

Little triumphs scarcely match the feats that have been tried; If only we could let the course of chance decide, Even when it's cold and dark outside.

Very soon our bell will ring; we'll sound clear the amen, **E**ven while the fist of failure knocks again.

In the end, what consequence? What have we to show?

No one keeps the truth we used to know.

Hidden hope, our only motive, fraudulently bred,Or passed along in mantras, budding in one's head.Praise the one who's constant in this uncertain game,Even though the rest is not the same.

NEW BEGINNINGS

Photo submitted by: Dagny Noce
1st Year, Physics - Astronomy

"Rest but never quit. Even the sun has a sinking spell each evening. But it always rises the next morning. At sunrise, every soul is born again."

– Muhammad Ali

THE TRANSITION IN REVERSE

Written by: Sandra Ford
1st Year, English - Creative Writing

I follow you into the cold, but forward there is nowhere else to go. I can't follow you anymore, so instead I follow you in reverse.

In the winter I see you for the last time. Snow blotches out the skylight and turns the room to gloom until the snow falls up from the metal roof. You are wearing blue and red. I wear red too. It recedes across our cloths and hands like disappearing ink and, with arms outstretched, I step backwards away from you.

Before and after that comes the fall. The leaves as red as your hair, the same burnt shade of cinnamon, float up into the boughs of the trees. We sail a boat backwards out to sea one night and snuff out your mother's candle there. The stars reflect upon the waves and the moon in your eyes. That morning the sun fills their hazel as you keep them poised on the horizon and drink it's blue. The fireflies flicker out then in.

Then comes the summer. It feels somehow short to me (I look ahead; the winter felt short too). I never liked the heat. You rub the sleep from your eyes then close them for three days. I look out over the golden valley as the gold you gave it fades into the future. I say no and you offer me your water as we walk away from the town we are heading towards and transition backwards into

Spring. In spring you dance like a record in reverse around the festival with ribbons on your wrist as I watch silent from the side. You haven't touched your wine. The glass brims full, forward and back. You unravel red flowers into my hair and take a crown of blue buds onto your own. Our journey is getting shorter, more left ahead than behind. A tree pulls itself up from the road as we walk backwards to your house and I meet you for the first time in the spring.

I'll follow you. Like a broken child, I'll follow you.

MEMORY

Written by: Seva Reilly

2nd Year, Communication Sciences & Disorders

This semester, I have been studying the neuroanatomy of learning, cognition, and memory in my courses. When this month's prompt asked about the influences of beginnings, endings, and changes, I thought about the way memories are formed and lost, especially since our class has examined case studies of amnesia, Alzheimer's Disease, and similar conditions. I've learned how fragile memory is, but also how crucial it is to our identity and self-awareness.

Even though you may forget the words in this poem, I hope you take something away - some emotion, thought, or inspiration - that you remember:).

It starts with just a splash, a spark -Reverberating through your brain; Mysterious river in your head Where memories are bred.

Currents of electric fire Running down the neural wires, Housed inside an ugly lump Of grey upon a stump.

The running rivers in your brain Remember time, remember name Bathe your mind in things you know, like Sunlight, salt, and snow.

I see faces, places, faintest traces
Of memory drifting through your mind,
Terms you've learned and news you've heard
All tumbling through the tide.

It's strange to think that deep inside this pregnant fountain births our minds With words, dreams, and wildest schemes Renewing every day.

But rivers of youth all find their end,—Beyond the turn and downward bend To Hades, Styx, a river dead Where memory drifts away.

Memories born, they river through and Fade each day, as all thoughts do,
Today so close, tomorrow far
In the place of no return.

Some people mourn for memories lost, Forgetting looking backward's cost. Yet others live today, denying The loss that comes someday.

I guess birth and death are confusing -When every day, our memories change Our brains can never stay the same, Bodies born, they live and die, And so do memories inside our minds.

A birth is lovely, a death is tragic? Yet without the two, there'd be no magic In the interlude that's called Right Now -And maybe the Now is enough.

Though the Now's remembered is the future's forgot It's no less lovely, when all the memories
Of past have made us who we are Though beyond reach, they're never far.





PROMPT OF THE MONTH

The past year was a time of new challenges and growth in different directions. And with the end of that year comes a lot of new changes, challenges, and experiences!

How do/will you persevere in the face of a new year and new challenges?



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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 with our new 2021 Officers!

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