

## Farewell to my Seniors

Ester Fletcher  
Guest Writer

The year is coming to an end and the day that I have regretted since freshman year has almost arrived: graduation. When I was a first-year student, I made friends with no one but upperclassmen. They became the helping hand I needed to get through college and now these friendships seem bittersweet. Nonetheless, I have special goodbyes for the people who have influenced my college career the most.

To the Awkward Black Girl who's Insecure like Me,

I will never regret following you to this isolated tundra. Thank you for finding me in the middle of the forests of California and surviving this six year friendship. We have bonded more than humanly possible—seeing each other through our worst, best, tears, anger, boyfriends, random midnight juvenile dance parties and serious conversations about our lives as young black women. From bonding by friendship to bonding by sorority, you are the big

sister I've always wanted. Hopefully I've been the little sister you've needed. There's so much I'd like to say to you that would never fit into this one article. I can only hope that you keep some part of me with you as you go out into the world. I can't stop the urge to stay here with you for your last semester, but I know you'd hate me for not leaving to go to Brazil. Hopefully we'll meet up in Houston and shovel Shipley's Donuts down our throats soon, laughing about the adventures we had in college.

To the Boy Who Watches Naruto and Loves Orgo Chem,

Thank you for being my geeky friend. Your blunt and quirky personality has kept me going throughout this disaster we call college. Thank you for letting me tease you about your love of anime as you called me out for the very same obsession. While I wish I could tape you down and force you to stay with me another year (because Lord knows

I need your calm and levelheaded comments to help me survive), I know medical school is calling your name. You are dorky and corny, yet confident. I admire you for that. Thank you for being my wingman and my dance partner, my hype-man and my confidant. You are my big brother away from home and I couldn't have asked for a better friend. You'll be a great doctor and hopefully you won't forget about the little people. I can only wish that I can lean on you from afar during my own senior year.

To the Boy I Dated for Three Days,

I hope you read this. While life is weird between us now, I want to thank you for becoming my first crush in college. Thank you for always making me smile whenever you saw me around for the past three years (we could even count it as four since I met you as a prospective student your freshman year). I'm sorry things didn't work out between us, but know that you'll

always have a place in my heart. I will never be able to watch Big Hero Six and not blush over the memory of calling you Baymax. Nor will I ever be able to watch Moana without thinking of you and our first date. Even the anatomy of flowers still makes me laugh until I cry. While life didn't give us a fair trial, I hope our friendship survives the turmoil of life and I'll be able to send you my writing that I'm too afraid to show anyone else. When you're working in Florida, I hope you become successful and maybe even take me to Disney World when I come to visit. While I'll still be able to beat you in a gif war, you will always be a Drift King to me.

To all of you,

I hope you do great things and make even the smallest change in the world which we live in. May you all live great lives and live up to your full potential. I'll be cheering for you from here. Love ya'll and be safe. I'll see you guys on the other side once I graduate, too.

## A snapshot of advice

Amanda Lowry  
Features Editor

I'm taking a senior seminar right now where we take a picture every single day. The idea is that you take time to reflect on what is the one "thing" or moment of each day that means enough for you to capture it. I was excited and apprehensive when I first joined the class because I wasn't sure my lack of photography skills would hold my pictures up, and in general I am really bad at remembering to take pictures. It's true. I want to be that person that documents every single exciting thing in my life, but I think I am often too in-the-moment to stop and capture it. This class has challenged me. Some days, I do five exciting things and I want each one to be my photo of the day, however I have to pick just one. Other days I struggle to find something unique about my day, other than the homework, to capture. My friends are very aware of my struggle. I often remind them to remind me to take a photo because I am not confident in my memory.

The take-away from this class goes well beyond the ability to look back on my last semester of college. I am excited to have these moments and to share them with my Facebook friends, but I am mostly grateful for the reflection it has given me. These past four years have gone by faster than I could have ever imagined, and I really wish I had taken time to dwell in the little moments as a freshman, sophomore, junior and even a first semester senior. Taking a picture each day has inspired me to think about what I am doing, and really enjoy the brunches or the coffee dates or the walks.

I challenge you to do the same thing. You don't have to post the pictures for the world to see. Instead, take a photo of the day or a second of the day to really remember your college years. This is a weird transition time between the rigid structures of high school and an adult job. You get to sleep in, stay up late, go on donut runs because you feel like it or drop everything and hammock in the Pine Grove. You'll be able to look back on your pictures and remember the stories each one has behind them. You don't have to be in the senior seminar to do the homework. I encourage you to think about each day, and really take time to find the positives!

## One last farewell

Stephanie Arndt  
Voices Editor

As a Creative Writing major, I'd never considered writing for a newspaper before last year. In fact, it was one of the lowest on my list of choices in how to progress in the writing world. Still, I began by writing a few articles for the Arts section my sophomore year, not knowing what would come of it. Before I knew it, a friend of mine actually suggested that I join The Anchor newspaper team for my junior year. He said that it would be some extra money, which I seem to always be in need of, and that it would gain me invaluable experience when applying for writing jobs.

So, here I am. Somehow, I managed to join as the new Voices Editor who makes a (hopefully) appealing page every week. Thankfully, I found that joining The Anchor meant joining a family of people who love to write and edit. It actually pushed me to grow outside of my comfort zone as an introvert that can easily slip by in English classes. Joining The Anchor has led me to actually get to know many of the people that I knew from class but had never officially talked to.

Still, the blank pages don't fill themselves every week. It took me a while, but I realized that it wasn't enough to be visually creative and friendly in order to do this job; one must also have the content. Something that is visually appealing is only as effective as the words that keep the reader going. When I began, there really wasn't a definition for what the Voices page is, was and could be. I came back to it every week and I still couldn't pin-point what this whopping two pages of blank space was for because no one seemed interested in sending work. For some reason, in this time of Trump and other tragedies, people seemed unopinionated.

As a result, I've spent my weeks filling these pages with as much content and as many articles as I have been able to get people to write. I can say with all honesty that it's more sweet than it is bitter to say farewell to Voices after today. It's not nearly as sad for me to become the editor of a new section as it is sad to say goodbye to what truly matters when it comes to Voices and The Anchor: the people. So thank you to all the wonderful writers who have put up with my pestering. Your voice is always welcome here. But thanks most of all to those who are leaving our newspaper and moving on to better things. The office and my classes won't be the same after you've all gone.

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