

Seniors share words of wisdom

By Bailey VenJohn
Online Editor

Wouldn't it be awesome if a charter bus could just pick up the seniors and take us to where we want to be? Ideally a trip to a new house and a dream job with significant pay.

For now we should probably just keep dreaming.

Flashback to a similar situation more than four years ago when we first stepped foot on the charter bus headed to Builder Camp. None of us knew what we were doing then either.



We left Builder Camp a family and for the next four years we have built on that foundation. Now it's time we all go our separate directions and begin again.

We quickly learned that Winfield had its own ups and downs.

The first one being that you better like Mexican food cause your restaurant options are Mexican, Mexican and surprise! more Mexican.

If you like to watch March Madness but are stuck on campus cable don't expect to see all four channels of games. It won't happen and you'll miss the Bronson Koenig buzzer-beater three.

There's also the one channel on campus cable that never has sound. The only time I have found myself thankful for the silence is when Dicky V is commentating.

Winfield isn't all bad. For us seniors it has been home.

It is where we learned more about ourselves in freshman year than we have in the 18 years previous. After too many trips to the caf we regretted taking mom's homecooking for granted. The Walnut Valley Festival always brought in an interesting crowd during September but it also was a guaranteed good time.

Along with Winfield's up and downs, we have had our own ups and downs in our successes and failures. I can't be the only one to have failed my first writing assignment in a non-English related class because I wasn't expecting to be graded tough grammatically.

Dr. Frederick or Pat Ross were scary names and we avoided classes with either unless forced.

But, the successes outweigh the failures twentyfold.

Academically, we eventually signed up for those Frederick and Ross classes and (hopefully) passed.

Athletically, we succeeded on the field, court, pitch and course. Multiple teams made trips to the National Tournament, some teams punched their tickets more than once.

Overall we succeeded to build lifelong friendships. We grew up and became individuals capable of stepping into the world of adulting.

All of this would have been impossible without starting a new beginning years ago on that charter bus. That second bus, as mentioned before, can come pick our class up any second now.

Southwestern presented us the opportunity to make a name for ourselves in a new environment. A place where no one knew our story.

We embraced the chance and now it's time to close the pages to that book and start a new one once again. Another clean slate, hundreds of new faces and immeasurable opportunities for success.

Four years we spent working towards this opportunity and now it seems it has arrived too quickly. Walking across the stage is simply us walking into a new beginning and exiting an old one.

Bailey VenJohn is a senior majoring in communication. You may email her at bailey.venjohn@sckans.edu.

By Maggie Dunning
Editor in Chief

It's terrifying and exhilarating all at once.

In just three short weeks, seniors will experience the exhilaration and terror of impending adulthood that feels as though it's being thrust upon us too soon, even though it's what we've wanted since we were little.

Now we are realizing that adulthood is not all that we thought it would be. In fact it's nothing close to how we thought it would be.

There are other realizations that come about during this time as well. Realizations like we're never going to live with our best friend(s) any more. Then there's the dreaded thought of "Oh, yeah I have to pay off that debt now."

Maybe it will be the realization that you can't take a hard nap to shut down and relieve stress after a hellish exam or day. Maybe it will be the relief of knowing you'll live somewhere you can actually be able to shop or eat out after 6 p.m. on a weekday.

Whatever the realization is, it all comes from an ending that ultimately turns into a beginning.

To those of us wondering what the heck we are going to do now, there are some questions we should ask ourselves.

Where are we heading with our lives? Where will we end up? What does this new phase of our lives mean?

Will we live in a place that has an incredible music festival that lasts for days every fall?

Will we be in a place where everything closes up way too early but feels so quaint and homey that we forgive the shop owners for their ways?

Will we be able to take a jaunt down to a park that is bursting with energy and life?

Transitioning into a new home and city can seem daunting at first, but eventually the newness fades and we are able to see if this place is really our home or if we are just strangers taking an extended vacation there.

Then there's what we will be doing for a living in this new place. Will we work in a place that brings us joy? Will we like our bosses and coworkers? Will we have our lives together or will our lives be controlling us? These thoughts run through our heads in never ending waves until we start that new job and find out if we made the right decision or not.

Then adulthood comes into play.

It slaps us all in the face and says "catch me if you can." We are all standing there trying to figure out if we even want to be adults yet. What does adulting even mean? How is it even done? Does it come with an instruction manual? Why did I want to be an adult again?

We will find the answers to these questions in time. Along with more questions about what the heck we are all even doing with ourselves, no doubt.

That's okay. These questions and answers make our lives real. They remind us that we matter. What more could anyone ask out of life?

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