

## transformation

**"Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world." - Nelson**

**Mandela**

You know how adults say, "you can never be truly ready." Things like marriage, children, and leaving home. In a way, I can understand those things because they are life-altering. But if that's the case, then what's the point of premarital marriage counseling, parenting classes, and home ec in high school?

I knew at the age of 9 that college was where I was meant to be, and it would change my life. I was infatuated with the idea of university – it was always a part of the plan. I dedicated my entire life to getting to college and despite this experience being meant to be life-altering.

*I was ready.*

I was ready in a different way than other seniors would say that they were ready to graduate high school. Not only had I been searching for colleges and since I was a child began visiting them when I was 12 years old and had already applied and been accepted to several universities before I even started my senior year, but I also had meticulously planned out my entire senior year and how I wanted it to go.

My Senior High School was a great indication of who I was then. Looking back, it's a great way to get to know me. So, I will tell you about my Senior High School and hopefully throughout the rest of this project you will see patterns and bits of my personality echoed in different spaces.

A month into my senior year I published my first novel. This great feat that I had been planning for approximately seven months (and I spent my own personal car fund) was meant to be my kickoff into a yearlong transition to adulthood.

Honestly, my entire senior year like many other people was the beginning of a very long goodbye - a goodbye that I am still saying now. Saying goodbye to the person I was before a college education.

I announced that I was running for prom queen in September (keep in mind Prom wasn't until April) and decided to launch a full-blown campaign that challenged the 'entire' idea of prom queen. I wanted to show that I was committed to my community and committed to letting the entire world know who I was going to be once I graduated high school. A young woman who loved her community, believed in the power of service, flocked toward engagement and not apathy and someone with a voice. It really was a much bigger campaign than anyone could have imagined. I was covered on local news sites and the height of my book release tour all collided. It was a big rollout of who I was.

I really clung to this idea that university was going to change me, and I had faith that my experience in university was going to make me something even greater than I could imagine. So, in a weird way, I began to transform myself to become someone who was open, grounded, and willing to be molded. In fact, that is one of the things that drew me to Fontbonne; their mission statement promised me a transformative education.

And that's exactly what I got.

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## *service*

**“Change will not come if we wait for some other person or some other time. We are the ones we’ve been waiting for. We are the change that we seek.” — Barack Obama**

One thing I loved during my prom queen campaign during senior year high school was community service. I did a bunch of different things for service, and I wanted to continue that in my college career as well. I was a commuter for my first two years here at Fontbonne and felt disconnected from the community. I tried to be involved but I worked 30 hours a week on top of my 15-credit hour schedule, so I didn't have time to be on campus and invest. I spent a lot of time at home and when I did have free time, I hung around with my high school friends that stayed back home from college. In October of my first year, I bought my first car and from then on me and my friends were on the go.

Once I began driving regularly, I noticed on my commute many people who were unhoused or in need of assistance - who would be on the side of highways and roads in the areas that have high traffic. More specifically the areas where I am from but as around WashU.

We face an unhoused problem in Saint Louis but access to care and housing are an issue everywhere. I found myself seeing the same people on my way to school and different things that obviously needed help.

One day, I was driving passed Delmar Loop and past WashU - on my way to come to class and I saw the same unhoused woman on the corner of Skinker. Oftentimes I would give her some money when I would stop, and we'd chat when she would tell me about the things that was happening out there. This day I thought I should supply basic care materials to her, and other people like her. I was always driving past them, so why not help them besides just giving money? Money doesn't have value but when you have money you have to decide what to do with it. Sometimes having to stress between buying warm winter gloves and food can cause anxiety, so I figured why don't I give basic care items and then money if I have it.

That day, I went home went on Amazon and found as much bulk stuff that I could find and then ask my friends if they would like to pitch in some money for me to be able to buy the items, their contribution covered about half of the cost for all the supplies. I ordered it to come to my house and then I packaged them all up in my room with my mom's help.

I then distributed the packages to friends and families so they could donate to the people on their commute as well. That was 2019, I decided to redo again this year as a birthday fundraiser. This time I was able to raise over \$300 to buy all the items that I needed for over 100 care packages and this time I had my friends help me on campus make them and then I distributed them with anybody who was willing to take some in their car.

This experience really made me appreciate those who make community service accessible for people who don't have time respond to need themselves. Canned food drives, sock drives, book collections days are amazing for curating servant mindedness. But if everybody found their own unique service or care projects, it would help the bigger organizations that do this for jobs. Which is the big picture.



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### *leadership*

**I wanna talk about what I have learned  
The hard won wisdom I have earned**

**As far as the people are concerned  
You have to serve, you could continue to serve**

**No, one last time  
The people will hear from me  
One last time  
And if we get this right**

**We're gonna teach 'em how to say  
Goodbye**

**— George Washington in *Hamilton***

I don't want to talk about my ex. Who does? But she's relevant. Despite my best efforts, I entered college in a romantic relationship. It was my first relationship. And I was queer and concerned. I had chosen to attend Catholic university and there was not a gay in sight. But I *knew* there had to be gay people here. Right? I sought out a community where I could discuss my personal life without fear of judgement or repercussions.

I knew that if I felt that way as a straight passing cis person there were others who may have felt worse. I wanted to find them, but I didn't live on campus and spent most of my time working.

Suddenly, a flyer was posted in the library just before the semester ended.

After a week, I was sitting in a tucked off room with five other people on the third floor of the East building. Walking into that room, I didn't know what I was expecting out of it, nor that I would gain friends, and that I was going to build something special.

In that room, we freely discussed about our wants and needs as queer people on campus. That was the first time we had all been in a queer space on campus. We establish a few things immediately for our budding organization. 1. We didn't want to hide; we wanted to have meetings where other student organizations had meetings and we wanted people to know that we were open to anyone open to us. 2 We understood that our image was going to be the most important thing about our organization, and we wanted to be respected. And 3, we needed to know that we had administrative support on this campus.

In that room, we hoped. We laughed. We *wanted*.

Wanted something different. Wanted to be truly inclusive. Wanted 'it' to be something no one else has ever seen on this campus.

And together we built that something.

The next semester, we were alive and officially on campus. And we had a mission...we didn't have to just survive as an organization we had to conquer things we couldn't even see like unwritten rules around marketing gay stuff, and watching what we said and who we said it around. Conquering beliefs, we *had* to be Open. Flexible. But most importantly, it had to be successful.

After our first year, all our founding members moved on by means of graduation, dual programs, and commuter life. By the start of our second year, I was the only one from that tucked off room on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor of East.

We had a good year, but the real question was, could we have another? I was offered two positions on two different exec board behind closed doors for our two most important

organizations. Big positions. Those that offered knew we couldn't succeed without me staying with our new queer organization but still offered anyway. I declined.

I took on the new mission. I had to recruit a new executive board to ensure we could sustain one I graduated. Ever since May 2022 I have been on constant 12-month countdown. Constantly assessing what we need. SAGA (Sexuality and Gender Alliance) became my child. And I refused to allow us to be a failure and tossed aside.

I am sure many people wonder why we are here at this school. Asking, what is the significance? Is this really the place?

My answer is:

SAGA is needed.

We are not just gay people. We are the most diverse group on campus.

We created Pride, Relationships, Friendships and Respect.

SAGA is me. Am I not significant? Is this not my place?

But it is also everyone else who dares to be a part of it.



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## exploration

**“I met a lot of people in Europe. I even encountered myself” — James Baldwin**

Did you know?

***Only 5.5% of the 13.3% of African American students enrolled in post-secondary education studied abroad in the 2019-2020. Compared to the 70% of the 54% of white students in enrolled in post-secondary education.***

In the Summer of 2021, I went to Spain to study Intercultural Communication at the University of Alicante. I went through a very great third-party company. I was a part of a group of 24 or so all from United States. Of that group there were only six people of color and of that six there was only two black people including myself.

Now, I have several experiences being a minority (I mean, I go to a PWI), so I wasn't too shaken by the demographic in fact I even expected it. Most of the students of color on the trip grew up in predominantly White areas or very diverse areas like LA or Miami. The one other black girl on the trip grew up in dense Black area had a strong connection to the community – like me.

Our first weekend there we decided we would go to the discotheque (club) where we met a few guys from France. More specifically, we met a group of black men from France. So, for the first time that week, myself, and my new friend (the other black women on the trip) saw someone like us. They were black through and through, (despite the fact we barely knew what they said.)

Now this story may sound like any other person's study abroad experience – a student goes abroad, they go for a night out, they meet someone cute... who cares about what you're studying? Admittedly that's what it started like...

To set the scene we are inside of this club, the music is loud, it's dark and it's crowded. In an effort to get to know us they begin to ask, where are we from so in my elementary level French – I explain I am from St. Louis and her, Alabama. They murmured amongst themselves and then proceeded to ask “Yes, but like where are you from – like your family.” I answered again, St. Louis. Then, he gave examples of what he really meant to ask “Yes, we are all from Paris but he's Ghanaian and he's Nigerian. So, what are you?” From there things went downhill. I explained that we didn't know. So, instead of leaving it alone they asked why. So again, in broken French, I explained slavery and its impression on our heritage ignorance. Awkward conversation to have in have in a club, right? And just when, I couldn't be more embarrassed and uncomfortable – they decided to play a guessing game to see what we ‘looked’ like. For 20

minutes, they examined our faces and bodies and subscribed ethnicity and nationalities like they were shoes we could try on. We knew they meant nothing bad by it, but it will forever be something I will never forget.

Here I was talking to these men who looked like me and liked the same music as me. For a split second, they were where I found myself in a foreign place, yet they showed me just how different we were. They weren't just black. They had more to them, and I guess I did too, but I didn't know what it was.

That encounter was the most significant memory I have from Spain. My experience abroad was different for many of the other students who left the US for a similar trip because of my race and ethnicity but like all of them I was able to explore outwardly and inwardly.

### **occupation**

**“Before you find out who you are, you have to figure out who you aren't..”**

**- Iyanla Vanzant**

I am one of the few students who has remained with the same major they started with. Although, I will give credit to the major itself because it is made to be broad and applicable to several occupations/careers. My major has stayed the same, but I can't say that what I wanted to do has remained the same. Honestly, I didn't know what I wanted to do specifically coming into college – my answer was always something like “I want to help people through speaking and writing.”

Somewhere along the way after taking some of my favorite classes like Political Communication, Advanced Public Speaking, Social Movements, and African American Studies, American Social History – I developed a desire to work in civic engagement, policy advocacy, and social justice.

The summer after my junior year, I applied for a rigorous program that helped me to solidify what kind of work I wanted to do. Prior to that summer I had had several internships, but none were quite like this one.

Black Organizing Summer School trained me to become an actual organizer through those who actively participated in the Movement for Black Lives and the Ferguson Uprising. In my world, these people were real life heroes, doing THE work and they taught us for a summer how to be like them. For two weeks, we went through the intense campaign, political, and canvasser training. Then for six weeks, I worked for Freedom Community Center (FCC). A new non-profit organization aimed at “to dismantle systems of oppression that inflict harm and trauma on Black communities in St. Louis City, particularly the police and the criminal punishment system.)

Here, I was given the genuine experience of this work. This work doesn't really operate on a time schedule like others. It's not about deadlines or specific processes. It's about the people and mission only. Anything could happen at any moment, and you had to be able to adapt.

During that summer, a young boy stole a car, picked up his friends and child cousin, and accidentally crashed. He was charged with manslaughter – everyone died but him. FCC took up the difficult case, fought for his freedom, and helped to restore the emotionally devastated family. I sat with the younger cousin's twin sister days after the accident – we sang songs and talked about school while her mother worked with my supervisor to discuss their family's needs. The experience was bizarre because I knew she didn't really understand her brother being gone and the position her family was in. And as I sat with that reality, I was her personal karaoke DJ for the afternoon because that's what she needed from.

Our organization provided them with temporary housing and helped coordinate the funerals as a medium between the courts and the family. We also actively worked on the release of the young driver by finding him representation. Our phone was always on, and our ears were always open. Our sole purpose was to help them get to a space where they could heal and get to peace.

That experience showed me how important that work is but also how I was going to need to find a path that provided a balance between helping create and implement policy and building personal relationships.

It was that day I realized three things. My career had to be in the service of people because there would never be another path that would fulfill me. Two, I needed to pursue a job in an organization like this one. An organization that had little bounds and creative solutions. Three, my career was never going to be boring or repetitive, in fact it would be a lot more like my 5 years in the service industry. The job was simple in many ways, you just had to want to do it and be good at it.

Occupation is something I'm still learning about.





### *exploration*

**“I’ve learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the right decision. ” — Maya Angelou**

Life on was never part of the plan. I was told to go to college my whole life. So, that’s what I did. I planned for college my whole life. It never really clicked that I would have to move on past it. Of course, I thought about it, but it was usually just an image of me at a desk typing something while drinking coffee. I never thought of where that office was located or what I was typing or who I worked for. It was just ‘a job.’

Exploring life past college was a thing that I did – throughout college periodically, but it didn't hit until senior year. This year... was filled with fear, confusion, and pressure.

I walked in with the realization that I could do *\*anything\**. Like, anything – I could fly or fall but either way I had to leave this bird’s nest of an institution. I was ready to leave high school but college – I didn’t feel like I had enough time to do what I had to.

I had to finish my studies. Set up my organization for me to leave. And prepare my next place to land.

So, in the effort to find a solution I went back to ‘elementary school’ to do three T charts to compare my options.

Grad School. Gap Year. Full Time Job.

It was hard but I eventually figured out my three options in order. What my mistake was – is that that was only the FIRST STEP. Because either way I went there were more steps. And that’s where the hell started.

For example, if I pursued Grad School – I had to investigate programs, prepare applications, find housing and funding and more.

It was overwhelming. Also, what they don’t tell you is that things don’t go easy – I had a post grad opportunity that I was going to take and then I had the blessed curse happen. More options came.

In total I had five different options – full times jobs, internships, different programs, and locations. It was exhausting.

This has been my biggest test of faith.

Faith in my capabilities. Faith in my institution that was supposed to prepare me for this. And faith in my divine purpose.

As I write this it’s March and I am less than two months from graduation and I am still interviewing, assessing, and all. I have a backup plan, though.

My mother is hoping I will move back home. She is doing something many black families won’t and can’t - allowing me to move in with no strings attached until I figure it out. And honestly, that’s been my scariest option. Why? Maybe it’s my hyper-independency, or cultural pressure to get out of my home, or the fear of letting my supporters down by getting stuck in a rut mentally and at home physically.

This is a different kind of exploration that we don’t discuss often. I wish we had.

### *occupation*

**“The vision of justice for us allows us to walk in our communities with safety and dignity for all Black people: those that are differently abled, Black women, Black children, queer bodies, trans women. All of our brilliance deserves that. That is public safety.” -**

**Mary Hooks**

Like most seniors finishing off their degree, I had to complete a senior thesis research project. This project was meant to test me on all the skills that I learned throughout my degree and push me academically to prepare me for pursuing a graduate degree later that may require me to complete an even larger thesis. This thesis was meant to be 16 to 20 pages on any communication topic that interested us if we had communication theory to back it.

With my other occupation entry, I talked about my experience in the Black Organizing Summer School and how that really tied to me wanting to be a part of civic change and have my career somehow tied to liberation work. Now as I complete my requirements here, I realized that there was another side of me that I really loved, and I want to be a part of my career one day. That is the scholarly academic side. I love theory, knowledge building, asking questions and writing papers. Many of my professors have admired I love and passion for social justice and understand the work that I do with organizing to be important, but they have been very vocal that I have a brain and a knack for scholarly work, and I shouldn't let my enjoyment of it go to waste. So, this leads me to the other side of my occupational goal which is completing scholarly research.

I remembered entering Fontbonne knowing that I wanted nothing to do with research because the only concepts of research that I had known was scientific research like labs you would do in chemistry and then data research which I became all too familiar with during my statistics course in my first semester. I hated it. It wasn't until about junior year in one of my major classes that I realized that there is a different kind of research and that's research done by rhetorical scholars in the critical field.

One of the things I remember from the Black Organizing Summer School that they taught us that education was very important and that you may not always receive your education from a book sometimes you have to do your *own* work and your *own* research and use your own experiences in order to continue learning and I like to think that that's what I did with my senior thesis project.

From the jump, my thesis was different...

Now, I'd be lying if I said I didn't get a kick out of saying my senior thesis was about school shootings. The person's face of who I'm talking to always deadpans and there is always this awkward silence as the word shootings hangs in the air, and then as I begin to laugh, their face turns to concern. My dry sense of humor does really carry over well.

Disclaimer: my project wasn't about school shootings. It was about how our mainstream news sources tell us how to think about school shooting using this rhetorical tool called framing.

My job as the rhetorician was to examine several articles following a recent local school shooting and how two different news stories created perceptions for the readers. I learned a lot during this entire process as it took me about six months to complete but the biggest lesson I learned was

Write about your passions but know there are implications.

I am glad I got to write about a topic that interested me on an academic and personal level but because of the content, it presented challenges. The work I was doing was not just for a project I

was creating work that adds to a bigger field trying to address a big problem. School shootings are real. Death is real. Biased news reports are real.

Throughout the process, I found myself having to disassociate myself from the events I was researching to find the rhetorical markers, and at times I felt guilty for that. I took weeks off from writing at times which made my writing process different than my classmates who did 'lighter topics.'

This was realization for me that no matter if I am marching for Black lives, canvassing for voters, or writing long projects about liberation. This work is going to be emotionally taxing no matter what and I will have to accept that now.

### *social justice*

**I looked in the mirror for the first time and saw that**

**Hey (hey)**

**I am not my hair**

**I am not this skin**

**I am not your expectations, no (hey)**

**- India Arie**

One thing about attending a small school is the feeling of entrapment. I think when you go to a small school like Fontbonne and you live on campus, it is easy to experience this bubble effect. It's like everything you do and everyone you know happens/exists here. For some, this may be comforting and helpful for study focus but for others like me I can feel stifled and oblivious to the world around me.

It's for this I am very glad that Fontbonne tries to emphasize the importance of social justice in curriculum across majors and even in the academic pillars. Then outside of classes, there are multiple avenues to get involved in. Admittedly, one of my critiques is that our organizations tend to have small scopes. For example, we have two days every year where students' campus-wide can volunteer – the opportunities are always in the same area doing the same thing. But, nevertheless, it's important work.

I am often outreaching from Fontbonne trying to be involved and rooted in St. Louis as a whole and that work finds its way into my academic work. As I reflected on my experiences creating this portfolio – I noticed that schoolwork often had themes that were reflected in many of my projects and written assignments. So, for this entry I want to share my first theme.

As a freshman, I worked at a local hospital as a dietary worker. It was a simple job and convenient until the pandemic) - I enjoyed working there but there was one thing that bothered me so much. The hospital was my first job with a big company which means this was my first

formal set of protocols and they were strict about how we wore our hair. The dress but obviously not written with me nor the entire dietary staff in mind (who were black). I found myself not being able to wear certain hairstyles and fighting hairnets that didn't fit my hair. It was a minor inconvenience, but I was aware that if I didn't comply, I would be sent home for not being in code and written up. At the same time, just a few months prior there was all this commotion in the news about the CROWN Act being passed in the California legislature. (The CROWN Act is a California law that prohibits discrimination based on hairstyle and hair texture.)

I guess it consumed my brain so much during my free time when I wasn't in class – outreaching from Fontbonne – that it became my first theme.

I decided to write about hair discrimination in corporate American for all my classes that semester. In a weird way – it was like my first thesis. For my Comm class, I wrote a 10-page literature review, and then for my COMP class I did my annotated bibliography for my literature review. For Gender Communication, I wrote about intersectionality as a theory and argued by it belongs in Gender Comm.

What happened subconsciously in my first semester freshmen year became a routine for me. Allowing my outside world to shape my inner Fontbonne world which is what made my education more special. I want more students to take advantage of that here. Fontbonne is not separate from the world nor is the world moving without Fontbonne. In my reflection on this, I realized that really, we are the bridge between what happens here and out there. We are the ones that are meant to blend the two and shape both.

## *transformation*

**“Sometimes you have to be willing to let go of something old to grab onto something new.”**

**Lisa Nichols**

For the past two years, I have been prepping my metaphorical baby bird wings to fly from the Griffin Nest and as I write in this in May 2023. I can fully say: I'm not ready.

One word that I always found so hard to define was readiness. I remember in high school how my principal would say we specialize in college readiness, and I would think how does the school get to determine when a student is ready for college? As if it's this standard thing that can be measured objectively. I guess, readiness was the purpose for the last two years of my degree here at Fontbonne.

When my junior year started everything changed, college was no longer a fun time with easy classes - the pressure was on. That year I switched to a faculty academic advisor, with 300-level courses and then people started asking me the most dreaded question.

Are you going to grad school?

There is nothing that made me more disappointed or annoyed than when people asked me if I was considering going to grad school as if I didn't just finish my second year of undergrad. Granted, even this shocked me because I had always loved school I found it challenging and exciting and it was the one place where I belonged so of course you would imagine that after spending most of my life dreaming about college that I would want to savor every single moment but that got ruined every single time someone asked me that dreaded question.

I think this was the beginning of the process of readiness. Simply asking the question are you going to grad school is just the beginning “to get you thinking” about your options once you've been released from your sentence of undergrad.

Don't get me wrong, there were some parts of my last two years that weren't as painful as I'm making it seem. For example, I began to actively network with people who could potentially give me jobs once I graduated and unlike before - they actually took me serious and said they wanted to keep in contact with me suggesting I reach out to them when I graduated this was not the response I got when I was a freshman. Huge upgrade.

I also had more things to put on my resume and my LinkedIn page. I could say I developed public speaking skills in organizational communication with experiences to back them up.

So, I guess by my advisor and Fontbonne's standards I'm ready to graduate. I'm ready to enter the workforce or continue my education in grad school. They've done all they can do for me. They fulfilled their promise of transformative education and for that, I can't be mad at them. But I still can't help feeling like I'm not ready.

I still want one more year in a dorm. One more coffee from the coffee house. One more Taco Tuesday. One more challenging class. One more boring book. One more missing assignment.

I hope that if I could add up all the one mores it will equal forever, but I guess I'll have to be OK with the little infinity that Fontbonne gave me.

## **leadership**

**“I try never to take myself for granted as somebody who should be out there speaking. Rather, I'm doing it only because I feel there's something important that needs to be conveyed.”**

**— Angela Davis**

Since I was 17, I have had the pleasure of serving with Missouri Leadership Seminar every single year as a facilitator. For one weekend I get to travel to the middle Missouri for and teach high schoolers on how to be a leader. It's my favorite weekend out of the entire year and every year I feel like I come back stronger as a leader myself.

One of the things that I despise about leadership is the fact that mainstream media has told us that a leader has to look a certain way and they have to do certain things and that can be further from the truth. You don't have to hold a position on the exec board of some organization. You don't have to have years of experience or pay dues. You don't even have to call yourself a leader.

I think one of the things I'm most proud of from my experience here is my exemplification of non-organizational leadership. That may seem confusing since I have served as the President of SAGA since its inception. But that's not what I'm talking about.

I think some of the best leaders that I look up to are the ones that you don't see doing the things you don't really notice but make an enormous difference. For example, Ella Baker was a black woman who was the mother of the civil rights movement and a huge player for the Southern Christian leadership conference and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in the 1960s. She was a huge driving force during the civil rights movement, yet most people didn't know about her - she inspires me a lot in my leadership.

I know organizations give people a platform to highlight their leadership and to get some credit for what they do. I acknowledge the benefits of organizations in that function but it's important to know that that's not the point.

The following day after the Central Visual Performing Arts High School (CVPA) shooting on October 24th, 2022, I woke up and immediately got dressed like I would any other day and I marched in the rain to Ryan Dining Hall on campus. It was lunchtime. I entered the lunchroom and said hello to a few friends, and I asked them to hold my umbrella and my phone.

The next thing I did completely shook the entire room and people's perception of me. I demanded space and silence in the room and took three minutes to critique my peers and my institution on how they handled the school shooting that took place a day before less than 5 miles away.

Something like that has rarely if ever happened on Fontbonne's campus. What I did was a form of direct action which is an organizing/protest tactic used in social movements.

People didn't know how to respond. I was quick but I know that administration was notified immediately, and security was called in case I or the 'situation' got out of hand.

But less than two hours later, Fontbonne released an official statement to address the school shooting. Safe space was provided for anyone (especially CVPA alums on campus) to talk about the school shooting, and I was asked to have a private meeting with the executive leadership team to discuss my concerns about our crisis response protocols (which I declined.) I am confident none of this would have happened had I not taken that action, or it would've taken longer.

This may have seemed like just a blip in some people's day for whoever caught it in the lunchroom but what I managed to do was to start a conversation for students' staff and faculty about how we respond to crisis when it can directly impact our students and how can our biases impact our crisis response.

To me that was leadership. I did not know what the repercussions of that action were, but I knew I had to say something in a way that would get people's attention and start a conversation. Many people may not know that that happened. Some people may have forgotten but to me, that is a kind of leadership that I feel like we should honor and respect more often. Inside and outside of Fontbonne. Not everything fits into pretty bullet points going on a resume and not every action of leadership is politically correct or picture worthy.