

Sarah Barker

senior column

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a bittersweet ending

Ever since I found out about senior columns, I've been dreaming of the day it would be my turn to write one, partly because I love to talk about myself and partly because I love a chance to reflect on the past.

The Daily Campus building was technically my backyard for two years (shoutout to The Oaks, thank you for the in-unit laundry). Even though I never thought of myself as a writer, after an interesting first semester at the University of Connecticut, I decided on a random Sunday in late January to go to a meeting for the Life section. I was really nervous, like most of us probably were, but everyone was so nice and welcoming. I didn't pick up any stories that first week, but I knew that I'd be coming back every week after that.

And now it's been two and a half years since I made one of the best decisions of my college career and if I had to do it over again, I just wish I had walked into the building sooner.

It's been such a pleasure to write for the DC. Like I said, I never saw myself as a writ-

er, but that has changed. I'm no journalist for sure, but I've been able to find this passion I never knew I had, and I've been lucky enough to grow as a writer while having the most fun being able to write about everything under the sun (perks of the Life section).

I want to quickly shoutout Ben, Karla, James, Sam, Dan and Maleena for being some of the best editors the Life section has ever seen. Thanks for reading my work even when it's way too long (sorry <3).

My college experience didn't go the way I thought it was going to. I thought I'd have the best four years of my life that everyone talks about at my "dream school" in my dream city, yet here I am, writing a goodbye for the newspaper of the school I ended up transferring to after taking a year off between my freshman and sophomore years. It hasn't been perfect or easy, and probably not the best four (or five) years of my life, but I wouldn't trade coming to UConn for the world.

I think me at 20 and me at 22 are very similar people; I'm still anxious as hell and live in

my head a bit too much, but I also know that I've grown and changed into a better version of myself leaving here.

It's bittersweet knowing that this chapter of my life is closing; on one hand I can't wait to leave, and on the other you'll have to drag me off this campus kicking and screaming. To everyone who wants to know what's next for me after I walk across the stage, thank you so much for asking. I'll actually be packing up my apartment and driving 12 hours home (I wish I was kidding).

On a more serious note, I don't know what's next for me, which is a really scary feeling as I'm someone who needs a plan. But I know I'll figure it out. One of the biggest things I've taken from my college experience, as someone who's always thinking about the next thing, is that it's okay to take things one day at a time and just focus on the things that are in front of you.

Oh, and to those who are interested in joining The Daily Campus:

just do it.



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