

Bridget Bronsdon

OUTGOING SPORTS EDITOR

Senior Column

• HOME WAS RIGHT HERE ALL
• ALONG. THANK YOU, UCONN

When I transferred to the University of Connecticut for the second semester of my freshman year, my life was full of uncertainties and questions. Will I ever make friends? Will I ever feel at home in Storrs? Will I ever enjoy college?

I was sure of one thing, though; I wanted to major in journalism and join the newspaper.

Upon arriving in Storrs, The Daily Campus was my first stop.

As most freshmen do, I lived in the Towers dorm, and I still remember that first long, cold and dark walk to the DC building downtown. Though freezing and blustery, that decision was among the best of my college career.

I attended the sports meeting on a whim. I was interested in practically all of the sections and wanted to dive in, but sports was my first stop. I've always been passionate about the Red Sox and Patriots, so I figured why not give writing about it a try?

After the first meeting, I called my mom on the long walk back to my dorm. Although I don't

remember my exact words, I remember the feeling — that

article to Stratton, the editor at the time, but his response validated my efforts. Not to toot my own horn...but he told me it was one of the strongest first articles he'd read.

Slowly and surely, the spark grew.

Flash forward one year, and several track articles later, to my soph-

omore year spring. Stratton was graduating and the sports editor position was opening up. Not me, I thought.

I'm still pretty quiet in meetings, I don't speak up that much, and I don't cover the football or basketball teams.

But when applications opened, Stratton texted me. He asked if I'd considered applying. "I think you'd be a great fit," he said.

Really? Me? Is he sure? I thought one of the more vocal and outspoken members of the section would surely earn the position. But soon enough, the call came. I got the role. I was shocked, but above all, thrilled.

Two years later, as sports ed-

itor, I've come to my Daily Campus finale.

Where has the time gone? When I first joined the section, it was slightly smaller but growing. At the time, Ava and I were the only girls, and it seemed like we barely had enough writers to cover beats. Now, our section has so many members we can barely fit in our usual meeting room. And when I look around the room at our meetings, I'm honored to see a group of talented women. Proud is an understatement.

So as the time quickly approaches to walk across the stage, accept my diploma and turn my tassel, I can't help but feel so deeply grateful and humbled to have experienced an extraordinarily perfect three and a half years at UConn. Though I don't know if any senior is truly ready to graduate, I know I have left this place a better person, friend and writer, all because of that first meeting at the Daily Campus.

I'll forever be thankful for that first community, that first group of people, and the first place that welcomed me to Storrs. Looking back, I can't believe I was ever uncertain about UConn; it has become my home, my family and holds my greatest memories. Those uncertainties and questions I once felt so stuck on quickly and easily slipped away. In the blink of an eye, I became certain, excited, and most importantly, a Husky.

Thank you to The Daily Campus. This is my family, my community and my home. Huskies forever, thank you, UConn.



PHOTO BY CONNOR SHARP, OUTGOING PHOTO EDITOR/
THE DAILY CAMPUS

spark. I think I'm going to like it here.

During my first couple of meetings, I just wanted to take it all in. Excited but a bit hesitant, wanting to write, but slightly nervous I wasn't good enough.

My first article, a track preview, took me about five hours to write, even though it's only supposed to take about one. I wanted it to be perfect, and in a way, I think it was. I remember feeling so nervous to send my