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## The Black Perspective March 2003

University of Dayton. Black Action Through Unity

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# The Black Perspective

Issue: March/April, 2003

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## Civil Rights Tour

*By Veronica Ford*

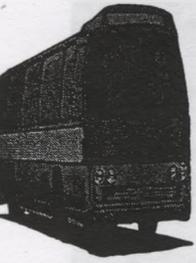
So what does it mean to be an **African American**? What does it truly mean to be "**black**"? What is our history? What made us who we are today? What contributions have we made to the world and to this country? We cannot find the answers in our history books; the bloody and cold side of the United States' history cannot be revealed because it contradicts everything for which "we" stand. For the African American, and any other racial group, it is difficult to take positive steps into the future without first knowing the past. It sounds like a cliché, but truth is truth. Truth is the same as the unrevealed, the unrevealed becomes a denial of something that molded us into the people we currently are. So, we have two options. One is to remain in darkness and the captivity of our own ignorance, while the other is to find out what the truth is so that nothing and no one can tell us what we are or are not.

I had the opportunity to go on the **Civil Rights Tour**, in which was a blessing but left a bitter taste in my mouth. During the tour, emotions became a mixture of frustration, anger, grief, and disturbance. The mood of the trip was set on the first day, in Atlanta, GA. Kimberly Todd, president of WJM (William J. Mayo) Innocence Coalition, Inc.,

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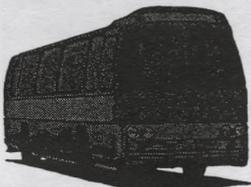
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BlackPerspective @yahoo.com



## ***Civil Rights Tour (continued)***

*By Veronica Ford*



told our group about William Mayo, a wrongly incarcerated man who has been serving two life sentences, two twenty-year sentences, and twenty years probation for armed robbery, burglary, and aggravated assault. The next day, we visited the **Ebenezer Baptist Church Horizon Sanctuary** and the **Martin Luther King, Jr. Visitor Center**, which depicted the roles of Dr. King, children, and the Jim Crow laws, among other significant things and events during the **Civil Rights Movement**. The following day, in Selma, AL we visited the **Slavery Museum** and the **Voting Rights Museum**, where a woman who took part in the Civil Rights Movement at the very young age, described her experiences during and near the time of "**Bloody Sunday**". Later that day, in Montgomery, AL, we all visited **Dexter Baptist Church**, where Dr. King was a temporary minister, and the **Southern Poverty Law Center**, where the many hate groups of today are tracked, and materials about tolerance are produced and exhibited. The day after, we traveled to Birmingham, AL where we visited the **Sixteenth Street Baptist Church**, where a bomb planted outside of the church by a KKK member in 1963 killed four little girls and injured twenty-two others.

Learning about all of these events and activities has moved me one step closer to what I want to do with my major's human rights concentration. More importantly, it has made me aware of my history, the history of African Americans, important aspects such as voting, are place in history, and where we need to go. I would recommend this trip to anyone of any background, especially African Americans because this is a part of our legacy.

For more information on the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Innocence Coalition Inc. check these websites.

Southern Poverty Law Center website- [www.tolerance.org](http://www.tolerance.org)  
Story and Petition for William J. Mayo- [www.freemayo.com](http://www.freemayo.com)



## *Just Like Poison*

*By Candace Watkins*



I'll never forget the disastrous chain of events that have put me in the place where I now stand. It all started with a nightmare I had the night before. I never saw the feminine mystique I was following through out the dream sequence. All I saw was the back of her head. Inevitably I was drawn to her like a crack addict. I was running incessantly after a need, an addiction. I could feel my body slowly deteriorating as I kept on. I was growing more and more tired as though I was dying. And finally the figure was about to turn and show me her hopefully beautiful face. Then of course I awakened to the sound of an irritating beeping.

I got up groggy and grumpy. I was not looking forward to the uneventful day that lay ahead of me. I took off my clothes and prepared to take my morning shower to hopefully lighten up my mood. It was the best part of my day other than the part where I fall asleep after throwing back a glass. But, of course, the shower was wonderful. As I let the hot water beat down on me I think I might have even let a smirk come across my face. It lasted for a few seconds and I went on with my grumpy feelings.

I got in my car and I tried starting it. Nothing happened. I glanced once at my dash bored and I saw the battery light blinking on and off. I dropped my head down with a sigh because my car battery was dead. I just knew by the way things were going for me already, my day was about to be an interesting one.

I stood outside of my car and waited two hours for AAA to come and jump-start my car. The attendant arrived bitterly on what was supposed to be, a sunny May morning. I cordially got into my car while the attendant slammed my car hood down and walked off with a dreadful wincing on his face.

The fluorescent lights in the basement of the Crew Tower were a pale mildew green. They blinked like an uncoordinated strobe light. I took in a deep breath before I walked into the doors that read "Sherman-Keyes Insurance Co." I got to my desk throwing my briefcase down onto the floor and took my jacket off. The flickering lights made it hard to concentrate on the work at hand. So my eyes began to wonder around our crummy office. As they glided from desk to desk I finally came to the shared office of Sherman and Keyes. My sight stopped there because something was out of the ordinary. They were staring out of the window talking and pointing in my direction. The next thing I knew Mr. Sherman began to stroll out of the office. As he opened the door the pit of my stomach fell to the ugly tile flooring. "Ira, how ya doing?" Before I could answer he went right into the run down of things.

Continued on next page

"Yeah... We won't be needing you services here at Sherman and Keyes any longer. It has been decided that your sales are dropping and your attitude is consistently negative. We don't need that in our growing business, so if you will please pack your things and remove yourself from the office it would be greatly appreciated," He callously added, "Just think of this being the vacation you have died for in the past three years you have been with us. Thanks!" He walked away with his teeth shining and his beady eyes shot around in his alien shaped head.

In my sickened jubilation I thought I might go to my favorite place in all of Cincinnati after the great day at work I had, which was Fifth and Vine. It was a small, comfortable, hole in the wall bar on the corner of Fifth and Vine Streets. It lies right across from Cincinnati's pride and joy... Fountain Square. I entered the glass doors right at noon. The drinks flowed cheaply and the food was free. For it to have been during the lunch rush, the bar was freakishly uninhabited. There were three of us, me, the bar tender and some female that I hadn't paid much attention to at first. I sat down and ordered my usual. The circumstances also called for my favorite drink. It really didn't matter what chased what. The effects would be the same in the end. I was about to take a sip of my drink when I heard a woman scream, "I got your hoe right here!" The Jerry Springer show was ringing in the silence so I turned my head to watch. I finally saw the mystique.

She was short and petite, about 5'1". She was wearing a small t-shirt, which allowed her belly, which was perfectly aligned with the piercing that lie in the center, to show. Her blue bandana was slightly tattered, yet it added to the atmosphere she was permeating. As I glanced, every once in a while, the skin on her neck, working all the way up to her lips reminded me of smooth, milky, caramel. I tried not to goggle at her. I couldn't help but notice how every time she blinked her beautiful eyes the sun came closer and closer to shining and kissing her soft skin. She wasn't gorgeous like a super model or Halle Berry but she was beautiful like an everlasting flower. You are in awe of its beauty but you also respect it.

Me being the man that I am I don't sit and stare at a beauty as such continuously. I took several broken glances. I was captivated and stimulated in ways not thought possible. She was sitting in my direction so I tried not to be that obvious in my looks. I could have sworn I was being the most discrete I had ever been. Right when I was examining her beautiful eyes, she raised her head from the *City Beat* she was reading. I knew I was in trouble at that moment, yet I couldn't move. I was a little boy in a candy store while being begged by his parents to leave. All I could do in the situation was shrug my shoulders and smile and hope she didn't give me a dirty look. It happened in slow motion... She raised her head and gently smiled. My God!! Her smile was a subtle poison. It killed me softly, slowly, painfully, and it came close to putting me into the final transition. It was like heroin. I was addicted.... to her.

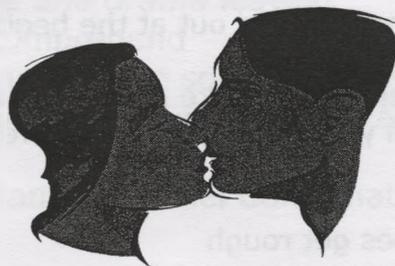
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In my moment of slow death, I noticed that she was getting up. She still kept eye contact with me as her small, petite body curved around the tables and chairs of the cluttered bar. Instead of walking to me, she walked past me to the door. I could have promised that was the end of it all. I turned my head back to my unfinished rum and coke and dropped my head with a sigh. I went through the biggest head rush ever experienced in my life. It was worse than any drug I ever tried in my youth. Just when I thought it was over I turned my head quickly to look at the place she had sat and saw that she left her glasses. I jumped out of the bar stool and ran to the table and grabbed her glasses. I fled out of the doors to hopefully catch her before she crossed the street.

Hastefully chasing after her, I failed to realize that I was running against the light. Meanwhile, a policeman sat at the corner looking for someone to write a ticket for something as insignificant as J- Walking. I suddenly screamed once I saw the tattered bandana just across the street at Fountain Square, "MISS! Your Glasses!". As if she had planted her glasses on the table, she turned around and suddenly jolted. Little to my surprise, the cop that was seeking to give someone a ticket, caught me. I began arguing with him and then he put his hands on me. I decked him right in his face and then turned my attention back to her. She was standing on the corner in awe of the scene that was happening. I threw the glasses into the air while being tackled by two other cops. Then she caught them in the air and said with an angelic giggle, "Thanks."

As I was being pulled off to the police car I still couldn't take my eyes off of her frame. I had to know one more thing. "Hey!!! What's your name??" She said, "Laura." As the cops continued to shove me, her attention was still focused on the scene I was making. Of course she was not the only person that I had an interest in yet, she had a different look ... she was intriguing. Soon after the police car pulled off.

Here I sit in the jail cell for three days now. They allowed me paper and pencil to write this down because the guards minding the cells think it would be a great story to document. The guards believe the events that happened were imaginable. Her sweet voice saying her name over and over again lulls me into a stupor. When I lie back in the bed and raise my fingers in the air I can feel her smooth skin beneath my fingertips. As I close my eyes Laura's smile melts into my soul, intoxicates my brain, and kills me subtly as I transcend into my next dream.



## *The Truth of Words*

### **Struggling**

*By Stephanie Davis*

It's hard to make a way in life  
It's hard to overcome heartache and strife  
But I still struggle  
For what I do not know,  
Because by now the struggle shows  
In my defeat, my anguish, and my pain  
How much longer can I sustain?  
But I still struggle  
I know I will survive and carry on  
Because I'm proud, black, and strong  
But I still struggle  
I know I'll never lose my way  
Because God has given me another day.  
But I still struggle.

### **Not the One**

*By Aprille Young*

What about your superwoman?  
Your superwoman is what you want me to be  
The one you call on in your time of need  
A woman I am  
Your superwoman I am not.  
I can't always be there to tell you everything is going to be all right  
Pat you on your back and say 'good job'  
Or even clean up your messes when you decide to trip up in the world.  
You want your breakfast on the table when you awake in the morning,  
And dinner when you arrive in the evening  
I'm not the one.  
You want your clothes pressed and laid out at the beginning of your day,  
I'm not the one.  
You want to lay with me when you feel like making love  
You want me to be okay with you going out with the fellas every night  
I'm not the one.  
What about my superman?  
Comforting me when the times get rough

Holding me when I need a male's touch  
You're not the one.  
Taking care of his responsibilities as a man and as my lover  
Admitting to his faults and weaknesses  
And ready to carry me through fire and rain  
You're not the one.  
The truth is I can't be who you want me to be  
I'm a woman who can do many things  
Yet I cannot be the one who rescues you from you.  
You are not the man that I want you to be  
I want you to be everything that I never had  
But I realize that you are a man of many strengths and passions  
Yet, not the one that I see only in my dreams.

**Conformation**

*By Rachel Lawson*

Its been confirmed by my actions  
And I keep on wondering  
Why can't others get it together?  
Its like people keep on going for transactions  
Trying to buy their esteem and make something of them by offering  
themselves  
When did being called a hoe equal wealth?  
I didn't know it was cool to say one thing and do another  
If you lie in filth it won't matter if you wash off with water  
People looking at you judging you by what they heard  
Nodding their head like a hypocritical person thinking they're a  
preacher giving the word  
If you haven't said a word besides hi and bye  
How the hell are you gonna offer to testify  
Thinking you know me because of what you observed  
Even thinking about that is wasting energy I want to conserve  
Drama equals drama it's a simple equation  
So why the hell would you add yourself in order to do an evaluation  
If you stay focused on self and achieving  
You'll find all that stress and drama leaving  
Its okay I completely comprehend  
That identity as a hoe and failure some people must defend  
Just wanted to point out that between drama and failure there is a  
relation  
You just received the Bank of Rachel Confirmation

## **Home**

*By Candace Watkins*

Home sweet home, the place where sad memories lie.  
Only to return is to dissatisfy. At least that was what I thought until we  
arrived in a different light.  
Home wasn't home any longer. Like a jogger in an unknown neighborhood....  
I was just a passerby.  
The building I know as Princeton High was now just a carcous where ghost  
reside. Walking through our hang out also known as the mall was the same  
as walking through the Congo.  
Shh... Hush up as I stare at the view out the window. I'm trying to figure out  
if those are shadows or people. Things change so fast and constantly it's  
hard to make sense of reality..... when going home.  
Driving down the streets of the city. I sit back and think how it's so pretty.  
What was I missing all those years? Was I too caught up in my own tears?  
The oak trees that used to lean into the sun beams and the children's voices  
dancing through the park are still there now but covered.... In the dark.  
But hush... as I try to listen to the aflutter. I am trying to figure out if those  
are whispers or laughter. Things change so harsh and dramatically it's so  
difficult to find reality... when going home.  
On our way back to the new location.  
I'm not sure if what I feel is devastation. In departure, I catch a last glimpse  
of the place that's filled with emptiness.  
I tried to capture the senses last stimulated.  
Joy, pain, fun, disdain- all a glimmer. Now stuck in situations that shimmer.  
Being away from that hell of a place I have found the will to take up my own  
space.  
SHUT UP!!! I'm trying to remember if these are dreams or true thoughts.  
Things change full circle and whole heartedly.  
Maybe it's not that bad to find reality... when going home.

## **The Search is On**

*By Jose Juan Pomaes*

I loved you,  
always will.  
You're in through,  
but I don't know your will.

Life is hard,  
things keep us apart.  
Where are you my heart?  
The one thing that I love

You are out there  
and so am I,  
but you don't know how hard  
it is not having you in my arms.

I lived for you  
because I know it's true,  
For the belief  
That, my life is with you.

Alone I walk,  
alone I go,  
Believe my love  
that you're not so far from the shore.

My loneliness is killing me,  
and my strength is limiting.  
But my faith is sacredly,  
healing my hearts weakening.

The search is on.  
I haven't given up.  
Because I know my love,  
that my faith is strong.

I am here,  
Where do I go?  
Night and day,  
sacredblue.

A kiss, a hug,  
an image or dream.  
You are worth waiting for,  
so please wait for me.

The one who loves,  
the one who hates,  
God is watching  
so let it be fate.

Search in day,  
search in night,  
The search is on.  
But, where is my life?

## ***From the Classroom to The Board Room***

*By Rachel Lawson*

Every day thousands of students attend classes at the University of Dayton. The major difference between them and myself is the fact that I am an African American female. While other students can freely attend classes as individuals, I find myself answering questions because I am African American. Although at times this does not necessarily upset me because it results in stimulating and informative conversations, overall I would rather be seen as an individual rather than a representative for African Americans. This leads me to ask: what will happen when I graduate and eventually enter the work force. Will I still be seen just as an African American woman? Although being African American can have benefits because companies are always hoping to increase diversity, there are drawbacks. Having more minorities can be pointless if there is not culture awareness and enforcement of no tolerance for racism, bigotry or sexism. Obviously I cannot predict the future; I can only change the present so that it might affect the future. I hope that my actions as a student at U.D. and the lessons I have learned are useful when I enter the workforce.

### **To BATU and the Black Community:**

Many would agree that **BATU** has not had the best year in 2003. The reasons for this vary from ineffectiveness of the executive board to lack of participation on the part of the black community. However, one factor that holds true, regardless of personal opinions, is that there is an abundance of things to be done within our community, which includes our black community as well as our entire campus, that are not being done. Let me pose to you a few questions to bring my point across. Why do we not have an African-American senator, although SGA elections have already taken place? Why did we have the same problem last year? Why is it that we have the same people screaming and complaining about efforts to help our community and young people, yet never get involved in any community service? Part of BATU's purpose is to affect both the UD community and outside community. I know there are students on this campus that want to impact their community.

I say all this in hopes that BATU elections are successful. Last year we had positions that people did not even run for. Out of **300 black students** will there be **20 students** running for various positions within BATU? Will there even be people at elections to vote? Does anyone care?

Looking out side our immediate community, that being UD, we as black people need to learn to pull together instead of tearing each other apart and what better time to begin to do so but now. It is **OUR** responsibly. Yes we are all busy. That is the nature of how life works, keeping you busy, but until we as black people, even more so as young adults, put our priorities in order and realize that we are to be the movers and shakers of our community our community will continue to suffer.

BATU is just one source of many on this campus to get involved and make a difference. Elections will be held on April 9<sup>th</sup>. Be at BATU elections, run for something within BATU, mentor a child who really needs you, be a voice for what you believe in. **STEP** up and change **YOUR** community.

Look past the writing of the article and the things you don't like about her and really hear the heart of the article.

**Lachelle Barnett**  
**BATU president**

## Music Reviews

*By Shannon Shelby*

Ginuwine – *The Senior*

Ginuwine takes us to the next level with his fourth album, *the Senior*. He has preserved his reputation for having constantly sexy, romantic, and club hittin' songs. In this album, he hides his goody two shoes image and trades it in for the thug appeal image. His first single off the album is "Hell Yeah" which features Baby from Cash Money, which was written by R. Kelly. He brings back the classic Ginuwine with his song, "Stingy" which was featured on the *Barbershop* soundtrack. *The Senior* shows his versatility by using new concepts and staying away from his usual formula. The only downfall on this album is all the unnecessary interludes. Besides that, this album is a definite pick-up for any Ginuwine fan.

Lil' Kim – *La Bella Mafia*

Ok, honestly I thought that Lil' Kim's lyrical skills have weakened since her Jr. Mafia days, but I think I might have been wrong. The effort on this album is so much better than her last album, *Notorious K.I.M.* Her first single off the album, "The Jump Off" featuring Mr. Cheeks is very real, raw and good for the clubs. Her album would have been almost a Lil' Kim classic, if it wasn't for those weak thrown-ins such as "Shake Ya Bum Bum" and "Can You Hear Me Now". Regardless, this album is worthwhile for any hip-hop or Lil' Kim fan.

Jay-Z – *Blueprint 2.1*

It was disappointing for me to go from a classic album, such as *Blueprint*, to *Blueprint 2*. Jay-Z just couldn't make an double CD like his mentors, Biggie

or Tupac. A lot of fans were saying that *The Gift* was better than *The Curse* disc and vice versa. Jay-Z decided to put out another album, called *Blueprint 2.1* with some of the best tracks on *Blueprint 2* with a few new songs that have never been heard. It has fourteen already heard tracks and two hidden ones. One of the hidden tracks includes "Excuse Me Miss (remix)", which was produced by the Neptunes and is strictly for the clubs. "Stop" is another track that features Swizz Beatz. This song kind of reminds me of DMX's "Ruff Ryder's Anthem". If one should already have *Blueprint 2*, I wouldn't recommend getting *Blueprint 2.1*, because you would already have most of the songs on the album.

#### Fabulous - *Street Dreams*

His debut album, *Ghetto Fabulous* brought out hits like "Young'n (Holla Back)," "I Cant Deny It" and "Trade it All". No one seemed to recognize him as an MC, because he just had punch lines, catchy hooks and his cute looks. From his not so good reviews and sales, you would expect him to come up with another game plan, but we get the same flavor in his sophomore album, *Street Dreams*. His first single, "Its my party", didn't get too much radio rotation. It is obvious that Fabolous isn't too good at putting together an entire album. Luckily, all of the downfalls of this album, is made up by the guest appearances of, Snoop Dogg, Ashanti, Lil' Mo, and Missy Elliot.

## Truth of Words (continued)

### Pacified

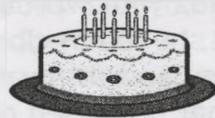
By Cherita Borders **\*Winner of Poetry Contest\***

We are a pacified people  
 Pacified even when no one is around to oppress us  
 We lull each other with our sneaky poisons of envy  
 We silence the loud passionate beat of a heart that is too full  
 Because we can not stand the noise of someone else  
 Having the guts to say it first  
 We crush ourselves with oppression  
 Blinded by that green demon's dust  
 Sniffing the hate in while its potency numbs  
 The humanness in us  
 Thick daze caused by a strange drug  
 That pacifies us  
 Stripping us of love  
 Losing touch with reality  
 Massaging lies into the back bones  
 Of our brothers

Pacifying them  
    Numbing them to the reality  
        That they are being eaten alive  
Binding them to bondage and bandaging their mouths  
    With the cloth of a country  
        That doesn't care that sees but ignores them  
    Because they are pacified  
We've become transparent seen only through our souls desires  
    Shot through prisms of poems  
        Creating rainbows seen only through eyes  
    That have not yet been burned with that  
        Sulfuric smoke that chokes dreams into oblivion  
Through throbbing-popped veined eyes, we see ourselves  
Through mirrors of sub consciousness and can do nothing  
    To help our present state because we are pacified  
        Dignity is lost in clouds of self-doubt  
            Strangers to our selves  
            Puzzled searching for a soul  
    Murdering our friends with words said in silence  
    Because secrets were shoved in closets torn down by  
        Jealousy and disloyalty  
Clawed to death by hands that promised only to scratch our backs  
    And there we are Pacified  
    Chopped down to the root of our existence  
        Watching roots  
    Becoming full with a sickening nostalgia  
For a past that we are constantly losing touch of, losing ourselves  
    With minds full of confusion we unload the anger of our souls  
Onto each other – hearts still bulging with passion that has nowhere to go  
    The path is completely destroyed and we have lost all direction  
    Too lazy to make our own we stand together but alone  
        Caught in the branches of a wild dark forest  
    Afraid of the shadows of our wild oppressed hearts  
    Not knowing where to start, so we are finished  
    We can no longer tread the footsteps of great men  
    Because we are afraid of falling into the depths  
        Of self revelation  
    What we need is fearless men and women  
    Those whose legacies last those that embrace the past  
        We had them in Malcolm and Martin  
    They were men that sang to the rhythm of their  
    Free souls and were not afraid of that song  
But they are gone - their legacies lie in the silence of our voices  
    Now whispers-choked back with poison  
Drowning ourselves in tall bottles of liquor lamenting quietly  
    In caves of consolations

We try to forget their throbbing realities because  
They conger up memories of a time  
When our forefathers we not afraid to act  
Reminding us of our passivity  
So we dance and bite the worm and are hooked by its soft slithering lie  
Still numbed by the alcohol of its body  
Fighting each other over who gets it – still not getting it  
And we are drowned in delusion  
Fooled by the illusion that we have come to a conclusion  
But in reality we are just swallowing passivity.

***Say Happy Birthday To Me!***



*By Sarah Harris and Rachel Lawson*

March

2- Aprille Young

5- Robert Knighton

8- Jennifer Jones

11- Khadijah Qadeer & Khaleelah Sneed & Destini Perkins

19- Williams Perkins Jr.

21- Joe Hill

April

6- Marie Pettijohn

7- Lisa Melton

29- Sarah Harris

May

10- Jason Chapman

14- Sherunda Smith

23- Kyla Seabeary

(If you would like your birthday to be included in upcoming issues  
email: [BlackPerspective@yahoo.com](mailto:BlackPerspective@yahoo.com))

\*We apologize for any names not included

## **Congratulations . . . .**

All Graduating Seniors:

***Marissa Joy Williams***

***Sakinah Patton***

***Joe Hill***

***Bernard McClellan***

***Maury Richardson***

***Wendy Spencer***

***Heather Nooks***

***Ephraim Cubol***

***Kristle Stewart***

***Marcus Miller***

***Lekeisha Adams***

***Clarissa Goosby***

***Thalia Leisinger***

***Domini Malcolm***

The Men of Kappa Alpha Psi:

***Ephraim Cubol***

***Kiffle Abebe***

***Charles Kellom***

***Jerron Parker***

***Ivory Penamon***

***Jerome Jenkins***

***Ryan Jones***

***Tim Wilson***

The Men of Alpha Phi Alpha:

***Demetrius Loyd***

***Gregory Williams***

***Cliffton Parks***

***James Carter***

***Robert Knighton***



\* We wish all of you the best in your careers and future.