

Blue Ingram

My Reflections on being an Honors Ambassador

Time Frame: 2022-2024

My time as an Honors Ambassador at Johnson County Community College is something

I miss more and more with each passing semester.

As someone aiming for a Bachelor's in Computer-Science, that might be surprising to hear. I was not hired to write software or help maintain some kind of database. Instead, to put it as simply as possible, I was hired to *help* people. While that may be an oversimplification of the duties of an Honors Ambassador, when looking back on my experience, it's the truest way I can describe it.

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While a major responsibility was to suggest and take on organizing events and projects related to Honors, I found the majority of my day-to-day work was spent helping to complete small tasks assigned to us. From guiding lost students to writing scripts to fix spreadsheets for faculty members, each of those little moments of just *helping* people was something I looked forward to each day. Even replying to student emails sent to the shared honors inbox gave me that joy. Yes, *even the emails!*

I was planning to be an Honors Ambassador until the day I graduated Johnson County Community College, which I know may be hard to believe. Even with classes getting harder and the long commute from Lawrence, the thought of leaving my position wasn't something I had even considered. I never could've expected that I would become a part-time caretaker to a newborn.

Due to a variety of circumstances including postpartum medical complications and busy work schedules; me and my parents found ourselves being the temporary main caretakers to my sister and her husband's first child. While the responsibility of caring for Praxton wasn't too bad during that first semester, it was clear by the time he was six months old that *something* had to give. I was juggling too many plates, and if I didn't put one down they were all going to shatter.

Looking back, to call it a choice would be more than a little inaccurate. I needed to help my family, and I didn't want to sacrifice my education anymore than I already would be, so resigning as an Honors Ambassador was the only choice left. I still have a box full of my

personal Honors Ambassador business cards in my closet, the same kind I would hand out to people with pride in my heart.

It's easy to feel helpless in this day and age. With near-daily news of human rights being revoked, people being imprisoned without due process, and genocide being committed, it's hard not to. I've heard many times that during times like these that it's important to be active in your community. To *help* those around you.

While I was an Honors Ambassador, I was helping students and faculty. Now, I'm helping my family, helping Praxton, day by day. The scope of my community has shrunk, but my endeavors remain the same. It's thanks to Honors that, no matter my career path, I know what brings me joy.

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