



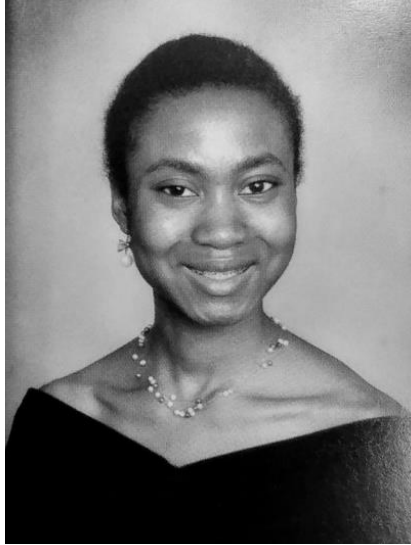
Lindy Li

2012

Politician/
Writer

When I arrived on campus as a 17-year-old, I ran for class government with nothing but starry-eyed hope and little bits of candy and handwritten notes for classmates who were willing to hear how I planned to serve them and the Class of 2012. I'm forever grateful to my classmates for giving me the chance to strive to make their lives better. Little did I know that I would continue on as class president for the next four years, give a speech on Class Day, and serve as alumni class president (I'm now in my seventh year). Sure, class government may have been playground politics, but it bolstered the confidence I needed after graduation to maneuver around a world of male-dominated politics.

Princeton is the bond that never ever dies. My dearest friends are those who have also shared this extraordinary and singular experience.



Isabelle-
Emmanuella
(Isabella)
Nogues
2015

Scientist/
Mathematician/
Violinist/
Daughter

My undergraduate career at Princeton paved the way for my growth as an independent scholar. Not only was I fortunate to receive strong academic training, but I also received invaluable research opportunities, which allowed me to translate my newly acquired skills into original work.

In my courses at Princeton, much of what I learned derived not only from my instructors and textbooks, but also from my peers. The strong culture of collaboration – evidenced through homework review sessions and group attendance of office hours – enhanced my sense of belonging in the broader academic community at Princeton. By frequently studying with my classmates, I was exposed to diverse yet complementary perspectives, which would ultimately enrich my research in my area of study, Mathematics.

In the Math Department, I received invaluable support from the faculty. I am eternally grateful to Dr. Christine Taylor, my mentor, and to my thesis advisors, Dr. Manjul Bhargava (2014 Fields Medal Laureate) and Dr. Ana Caraiani. Their advice allowed me to push against the boundaries of established knowledge with greater confidence, a skill I have found most crucial in my subsequent research as a Biostatistician.



Becca Noelle
Keener

2017

PhD Student/
Friend/
Adventurer-in-
Training

The world Princeton opened up to me was foreign territory. While others seemed to have arrived knowing the landscape and deftly navigating its jagged edges, I was quaking in front of them with unknowing terror. Worse than this paralysis was knowing how much I didn't know. I channeled all my energy into creating a map of the landscape so exhaustive that there wouldn't be so much as a pothole I was unprepared to dodge. I wanted to know everything before doing anything.

Time and body were obstacles. Time was the engine of possibility but there was never enough; my body was the vehicle for the journey but it needed to be tyrannized into submission. Head down, shoulders hunched, eyes on the clock: I traced the outlines of the terrain, paced around the periphery, and mimicked the movements of the confident.

It took the disquiet of inefficacy, the compassion of mentors, and the joy of community to draw me down from my watchtower and loose me from my ritualized confinement. I gradually learned to move in new ways and before I felt ready—step by step, day by day.

From disassociated map-maker to savvy adventurer, I learned how to bring my vision to life at Princeton—to speak and move it into existence.

While I still hear the siren song of my supraterranean perch, I have the lingering taste of bittersweet embodiment from my time at Princeton to draw me back down to the land of terrible, wonderful uncertainty.

Shea Marie
Minter

2019

Ph.D. Student/
Artist/Reader

I felt grateful to attend Princeton. I felt grateful that I was born in the timeframe that would have allowed me, as a woman, to attend. Grateful, after hearing alums reflect that they could never imagine women in their eating club, that they were wrong, and that I fit in nicely. I was grateful that my academic experiences usually—but not always—weren't compromised or affected by my gender. At Princeton I found my best friends, professors who inspired me to continue on in academia studying what I was passionate about, and an environment of inspiring people. During my four years there from fall of 2015 to spring of 2019, the country did not vote for a first woman president, but the student body voted for women for USG president in every election that I remember.

I think it can be easy, in a largely progressive and nurturing environment such as Princeton, to get complacent. To take this milestone of 50 years and chalk it up as a win. But part of why I'm grateful for Princeton is that it taught me not to settle, which is a standard I apply to Princeton as well. We need to continue to strive for milestones, Title IX reform for survivors, a better environment for gender and racial diversity. I'm grateful to attend Princeton, and I'm grateful that like the alum who couldn't fathom a Cannon with women in it, it will look very different at my fiftieth reunion.