

# Amid Ring Day’s 25th anniversary, four editors get their bling

## Almost didn’t pull up

Football and more galore

By **Pranay Dhoopar**  
*Graphics Editor*

In the great words of Jordan Terrell Carter’s song “24 Songs,” “I can’t believe we made it this far.” This Friday, I will be stepping through the grand doors of The Association of Former Students to claim a symbol of pride, culture and tradition — my Aggie Ring. It’s surreal to think about how involved I’ve become with Texas A&M’s culture, especially when there was a time I was considering not even coming here at all.

Flashback to high school — growing up in California, all everyone knew was the UCs and the Ivy League. I’d never really heard about A&M, only seeing its name briefly during player introductions on Sunday Night Football. I was set on studying engineering, and my dad recommended a few colleges, helping me form a list that included A&M.

Not really knowing much about the school, and wanting to go to a UC, I waited until the last day to apply — and almost didn’t, because I had a physics test the next day. I didn’t even submit my transcript for two months in the separate A&M application portal because I had missed the emails.

Then one morning, while in the bathroom, I casually checked my inbox and was pleasantly surprised to see the A&M acceptance email. Of course, I thought this was super cool because they have an amazing engineering program. However, as more collegiate responses rolled in, I was still set on staying in California.

My parents booked a tour for A&M over spring break, and I was telling them to cancel it because I was stuck on the idea of staying in state and didn’t want to miss a friend’s birthday party. But my dad forced me to go on the tour, and that changed everything.

Not only does this school have an amazing engineering program, it has an amazing school culture. There is a story about every corner of campus. I was already half sold from all the traditions, because no other school has a culture like this. Then, the tour turned into walking in front of Kyle Field.

This is when the deal was sealed. I grew up watching a lot of NFL and love football but never got into college football since both my parents immigrated here, so I didn’t have a team to root for.

The tour guide talked about the walkout song and had us do the mini Yell Practice. At that moment, even though it would be far from home, even though I would not know anyone else attending, I was set on going to A&M.

It’s turned out to be everything I was excited for on that tour and more. Immediately meeting a lot of very nice people, the Southern hospitality was real. Going to Fish Camp and learning more about the traditions, and then going pond hopping with them and even joining a Freshman Leadership Organization; all great memories.

Going to every football game with my roommate and our friends, screaming our heads off to “POWER” and all the yells. Rushing the field freshman year when we upset LSU. Camping out for tickets rain or shine, making sure our ratios were right and, of course, the great t.u. ticket pull are all memories I will never forget.

Rain or shine, I’ve gone to every single football game I was in town for since I started here, and it’s definitely one of my favorite parts of A&M.

The work-life culture here is phenomenal. Because of the people I’m surrounded by and the culture, I’ve been able to manage engineering, hanging out with my friends, going to events and even maintaining a side business of graphic design and art, of which a lot has been showcased here at The Battalion.

Being able to make artwork for all the major football games and bringing back the BTHO papers for basketball games has been so fun. Seeing the BTHO papers go up the first time at the Alabama game freshman year, I got chills.

I’m glad to have been able to work on artwork to encapsulate the amazing A&M culture, and continue this as I transition my brand to music. I actually think I wouldn’t have been able to do any of this at any other school, and The Battalion has been a great part of the tradition and culture that A&M offers.

This ring represents the traditions, the culture, the friends, the hard work and the memories all made here at A&M. It’s crazy how I almost didn’t end up here by waiting until the last day to do my application, forgetting to submit my transcript and then almost cancelling the tour. That’s why I say I truly believe I was meant to be here, and I am so grateful for my time here at A&M. Shout out my dad for real. “I can’t believe we made it this far.”

young age, barely making enough money for food for him and his family.

Once he came to the U.S., he was truly alone with no family or friends, barely making enough to survive. He got a job to provide and make better for himself.

He always thought of the U.S. as the American Dream and wished nothing more than to make things better for his children and to provide for them the things he didn’t get to have.

From working hard labor from sunrise to sunset, he always made sure we were getting by. Even with multiple jobs, he made time for his family to display how he will always have me and my siblings backs any and everyday or time.

To this day, my dad is the hardest-working man I will ever know, working multiple jobs so his family can have more than what he even had in his life.

Once he found out I got accepted to A&M, he couldn’t have been more proud of me and wished nothing more than success for me, as he saw I was going to one of the best universities in Texas.

When it came time to order my ring, I saw my dad in a new light. I saw him being so excited to get a new toy as he saw me pick out my ring and get my ring sized. I saw my dad being so excited, so proud of seeing his hard work almost coming full circle.

My dad is my No. 1 and will always have my back. So while getting this ring has so much symbolism purely from being an Aggie, it means more to me because I am being reminded of struggles and achievements — not only those of my own, but how my dad worked hard to help me be here.

To my dad, Pops: I love you so much, and even if I don’t say it as often as I should, just know I am very grateful for you and everything you have and are doing for me.

When you see this I hope you’ll love it. Thank you for being there and for believing in me. Thank you, I am very happy you are my dad.



## More than a tradition

A tribute to my dad’s hard work

By **Ashely Bautista**  
*Associate Photo Chief*

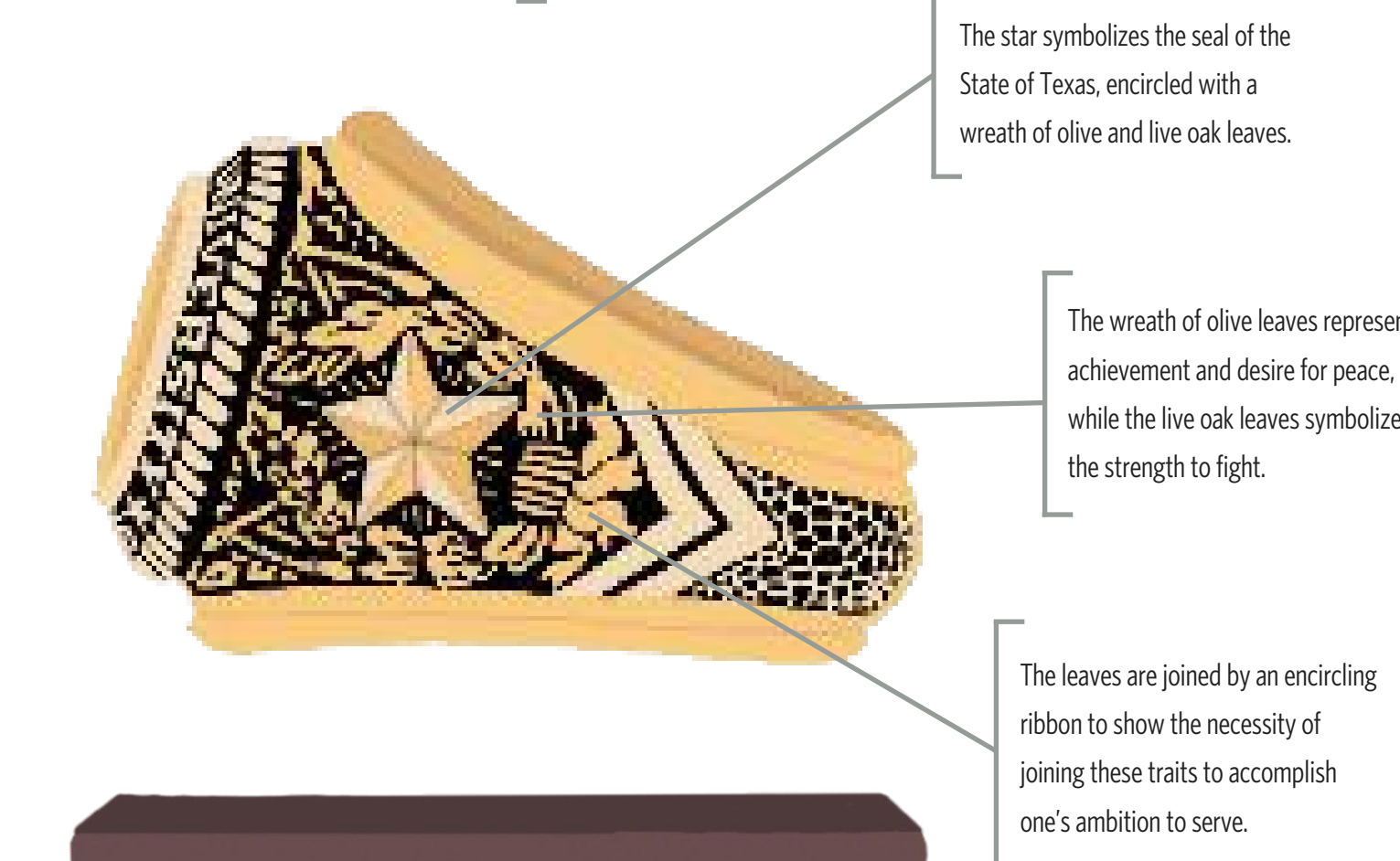
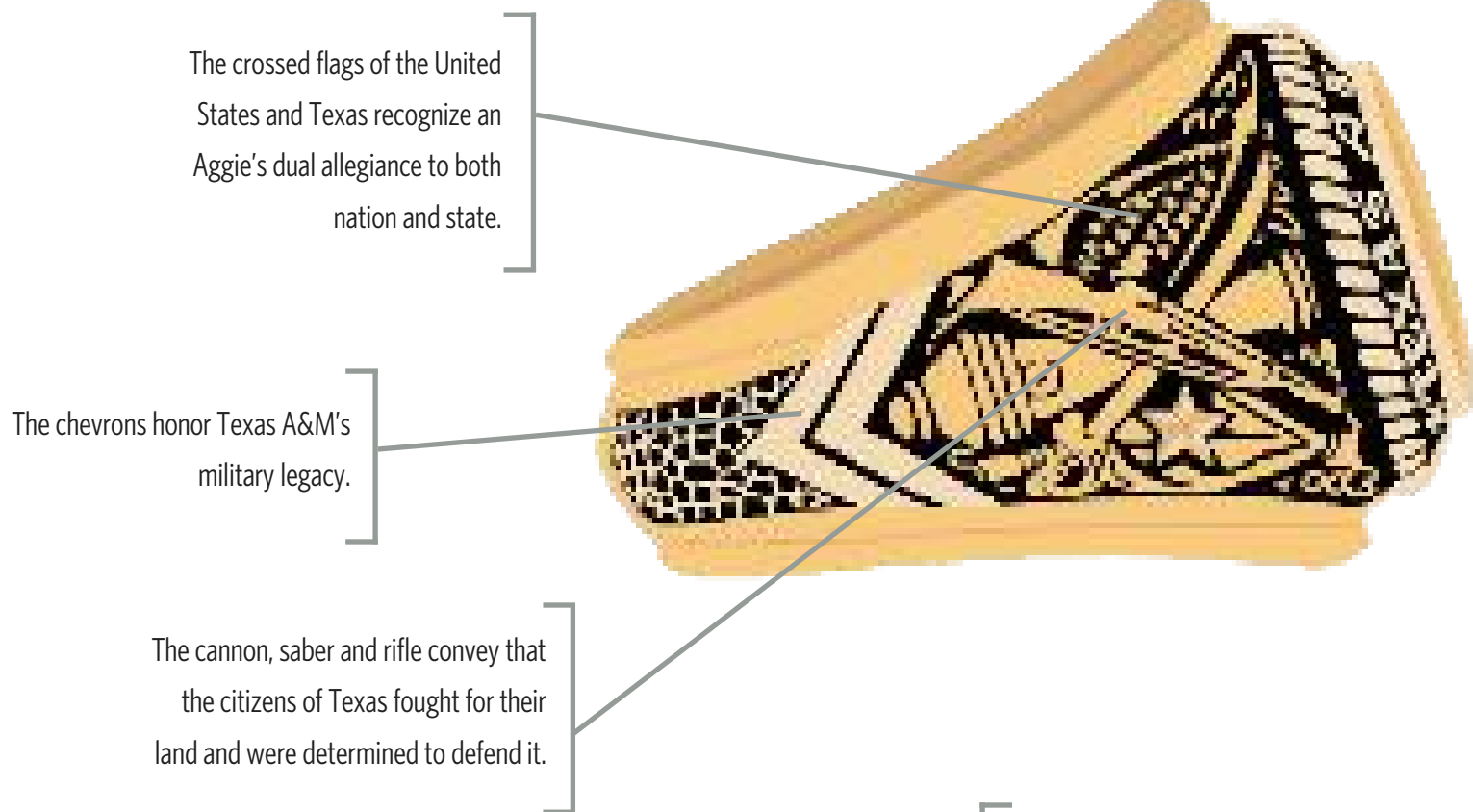
Ring Day means so much to me. Not only does receiving my Aggie Ring mean I get to be part of an ongoing tradition that has been around for over 100 years and get to connect with other Aggies around the world, but it means I’m also forging my own path and achieving things others didn’t have a chance to.

As a first-generation college student from a small town 25 minutes away from Texas A&M, I’m very familiar with the Aggie community. From going grocery shopping on the weekdays to driving to the movies or park during the weekend, the Bryan-College Station area was our second home.

So once my parents heard that one of the best, most amazing and greatest schools in Texas was right there, they wanted nothing more than to have one of their kids be a part of it.

While both of my parents have had a huge impact on my college experience, this story goes specifically to my dad, who has the biggest impact of all.

Unlike me, my dad grew up with barely anything or anyone on his side. With an elementary-level education, my dad went into the workforce at a



Infographic by Zoe Rich — THE BATTALION

## Something for everyone

The tradition that won this two-percenter’s heart

By **Tenny Luhrs**  
*Associate News Editor*

I’ve never been too big on being an Aggie. No one in my family went to Texas A&M, I’ve never bled maroon and — y’all are really going to hate this one — I even grew up a Longhorn fan. As I watched my unicorn-blue graduation cap fly through the air that May night four years ago, I had a clear vision of what my next four years would look like — and getting my Aggie ring was never a part of it.

I left my hometown of New Braunfels as fast as I possibly could, bursting at the seams to experience some change. I even spent most of the summer in Costa Rica before highailing it to Arizona State. I shoved everything I could into the back of my Hyundai Kona and carried it up six flights of stairs to my new sixth-floor dorm room in Manzanita Hall.

As I walked around my new home I saw the world in rose-gold. Arizona State’s campus was gorgeous, the student body was huge and there were so many opportunities waiting for me to grab them.

But slowly, the honeymoon period faded and I was left with the realization that I, at 18 years old and riddled with social anxiety, had moved hundreds of miles from anyone I knew to live in the tiniest corner of a dorm room known to man. I began to struggle, but I refused to let my family see me fail. I was so determined to be out on my own and completely independent that I chose to suffer in silence, until silence was no longer an option.

At the end of my first semester I could not have been happier to be flying home to the comfort I had always known. Being welcomed back into the warmth and familiarity of my family and lifelong friends was enough for me to know that I couldn’t go back.

I do miss ASU, and there are days that I wish I would have just “pulled up my boot straps,” but leaving ASU has brought me to where I am now, and that’s exactly where I need to be.

My choice to attend A&M was a bit of a no-brainer. I had tons of friends who already went here, and

there are a slew of opportunities that come along with being an Aggie — notably the forever family and network embodied by the Aggie Ring.

I had my reservations about A&M after I transferred, and I’m still a known two-percenter, but letting down my walls gave me the chance to see parts of the traditions and culture that I have come to admire. I’ll admit that I have never fully bought into the yells or most of the superstitions — I have, in fact, walked under the Century Tree alone — but when I heard about Muster and Silver Taps, when I saw the impact that Fish Camp had on my friends

— both as freshmen and as counselors or chairs — and when I participated in The Big Event for the first time, I understood the community and connectedness that Aggies always describe.

My time here has given me so much. I have found my passion and A&M has given me invaluable opportunities to pursue that passion before leaving campus. I have gained the greatest of friends, the most memorable of experiences and the most unique opportunities.

I may have only spent two short years here — graduating on time has been a labor of love — but I can honestly say that I am glad to be an Aggie. Getting my ring is a huge accomplishment.

It embodies the countless hours I have poured into my coursework and organizations, but more than that it reminds me that I will always, for the rest of my life, have an army of Aggies standing behind me.

I am eternally grateful to my parents for their unconditional encouragement, and I hope they will be proud to see this physical manifestation of their support.

I can’t wait to slip that chunk of gold on my finger, not only to celebrate my accomplishments with my friends and family, but to show what my newfound Aggie family means to me.



## The dynasty complete

Sports editor earns the final Aggie Ring for his family

By **Matthew Seaver**  
*Associate Sports Editor*

Six for six, and no, I’m not referring to Lombardi Trophies. I’m talking about my family’s record as Aggie Ring recipients. From my parents getting their rings in the 1980s — when there was no such thing as “ring day,” according to my dad — to my oldest sister getting hers in 2016 #old, this has been a moment I’ve waited 21 years for.

Everyone knows I’m a goofy, laid-back jokester. But one thing I’ll never joke about is my love for Texas A&M. I have loved this school since I can remember, learning to hate t.u. before I could even ride a bike.

I obviously owe the honor of being able to call myself a second-generation Aggie to my parents, Louis ‘88 and Kathleen Seaver ‘88. My father served in the United States Air Force before moseying down to Texas from Johnson City, Tennessee. My mother, a first-gen college student, paid her way through college as a Korean-American military brat from Del Rio.

My mother has shown me what hard work looks like and that if you want to be successful in this life, then you’re gonna have to put in effort. My dad is the funniest person I’ve ever met, he’s taught me how to laugh at life even when it seems impossible and to not take yourself so seriously.

I definitely wouldn’t have made it to 90 hours or probably even into A&M at all if it wasn’t for the guidance of my three older siblings.

First, my oldest sister, Meredith Seaver ‘17, is my “redass” cohort. As the first of my siblings to step on campus she taught me countless traditions, like the difference between good bull and bad bull. She even signed me up for Yell Leader camp, fueling my dreams of donning the white janitor uniform.

My middle sister, Elizabeth Maureen Seaver ‘20, was my second mother growing up — always taking care of baby Matthew. She’s taught me how to properly balance a college workload and reminds me to enjoy the journey, especially as her time in Aggieland was derailed by the COVID-19 pandemic.

Finally, my brother, Thomas Seaver ‘22. A person I grew up admiring and always wanting to emulate, Thomas was the coolest guy in the room; even through hardship, he found happiness. Whether or not he did it on purpose, I am so happy he decided

to take a super-senior semester my freshman year, as going to college with him was a dream come true.

As a procrastinator, I’m currently writing this piece at 2 a.m. on Tuesday, April 1. Six hours ahead in Florence, Italy is the love of my life, Frida Guajardo ‘26. She’s taught me so many things I never knew about myself, shown me what I want out of life and helped me realize that sometimes you just need to cry a little. I owe so much of where I am to her, I don’t know where I would be without her. Te amo, pookie.

I also have to thank the organizations that have helped me reach 90 hours, like Session B Yell-Off Champs Green Camp Moore showing me what it’s like to be loved for exactly who you are and MSC FISH for giving me my first group of real college friends here at A&M.

Last and certainly not least, The Battalion — I wouldn’t even be writing this paper if I had never applied to join The Batt two years ago.

Thank you to everyone in the Batt Cave for laughing at my jokes and acknowledging my Irish goodbyes.

I’ve waited so long to get that thang on my finger and earn the right to knock the hullabaloo on the railing inside Kyle Field.

Completing the “Seaver Dynasty” is not only an honor but a mission I set for myself after my father’s stroke three years ago, shortly after my brother’s ring day. So if you take anything away from this article, let it be this: The Seavers are shooting 100% on Aggie rings, and there’s nothing you can do about it.

