



Kappa Kappa Gamma started with a moment among friends. A conversation on a little wooden bridge on campus. Two of them, Mary Louise “Lou” Bennett and Hannah Jeannette “Jennie” Boyd, decided to share their idea with two more. Soon there were six, and they wore little golden keys in their hair. They didn’t set out to create something large. They aimed to build a friendship based on connection and support. As they grew, they recorded each Kappa’s name by hand in a Memory Book that still exists 156 years later, passed down through generations of Kappas.

The key, small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, was the initial symbol and object that represented Kappa. You could lose it in a coat pocket. And yet — it has meant something to every member who has held it before you. It has been packed into suitcases for gatherings. Passed down from a mother to a daughter, a big to a little, a friend to a friend.

The key doesn't do anything on its own. It only means what we decide it means. And what Kappas have decided, generation after generation, is that it means: You belong here. Someone thought this was worth doing. Someone thought you were worth doing this for.

Founders Day isn't only about six women in 1870. It's about what we do with what they started — in the ordinary, unremarkable moments that make up most of a life in Kappa.

Today, we hold up the little things. Because the little things are never really little. But often they mean the most:

- Showing up to a sister's event when you're tired.
- Remembering someone's coffee order or that they had a hard week.
- Leaving a handwritten note on a door.
- Staying five extra minutes after a meeting because someone needed to talk.
- Leaving the porch light on for someone coming home late.

None of these make headlines. None of these are in the bylaws. But they are, in fact, the whole point.

We don't remember our Founders because they did something monumental. We remember them because they did something small, and they meant it completely.

So today, we only ask you to keep doing the little things — the notes, the porch lights, the five extra minutes — because that's what sisterhood has always been made of.

Thanks, Lou. Thanks, Jennie. Thanks, Minnie. Thanks, Anna. Thanks, Lou. Thanks, Sue. For this little life of sisterhood you started. We love and cherish it forever.

Happy Founders Day!