

*Third Quarter
October 2001*

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A quarterly newsletter for the students and friends of the University of West Florida Honors Program



Aaron Wade and Kit Hamblen grilled some mighty fine burgers (and hot dogs, too) for the hungry orientation crowd.



Alaina Millan and her group of mentees beam for the camera after winning the second competition of the day!

HONORS OFF TO A GREAT START

As a fellow student, I am thrilled that you all arrived safely back to UWF on August 27th. I admit that I wished the summer was a tad longer; however, I am excited to be back. As the Honors Council President, I am happy to know that many of you are enrolled in honors courses and are actively involved in the program through service and social events. This year promises to be great and I am eager to see the program expand beyond our imaginings.

BY HEATHER NEWBERRY

We began the year with an outstanding Honors Freshman Orientation on Saturday, August 25th. This first council-organized event of the year was a complete success. Orientation was attended by approximately one hundred new honors students who were joined by twenty-five veteran honors students tasked with mentoring them. Not only did the students receive their official Survival Guide and the traditional program requirements speech, but they also heard from the council and enjoyed free food, a challenging word game, and an amazingly competitive scavenger hunt. Congratulations to the team led by Alaina Millan. I honestly did not expect the same team to win both events. You all are awesome!

The Honors Council will be hosting various social, service, and fundraising events this semester, including the Halloween party, Make-A-Difference Day, car washes, Christmas caroling, Habitat for Humanity projects, beach and campus clean-ups, and the list goes on. Be sure to check your e-mail and refer to the handy calendar of events located within this newsletter and on our web page at www.uwf.edu/uhp.

This year, Honors has experienced the most growth in its history with a freshman class of about one hundred fifty students. We also have a new Program Coordinator, David Walden. David has joined us from the Registrar's Office and has done a fantastic job over the summer and is sure to continue to succeed. Honors is looking great. We continue to surpass our former achievements and I know we will exceed every expectation placed on us.

I am excited to be the president of council this year. We are going places, and I am glad to know I will be a part of that.

Come by the Honors Office and hang out in the student lounge, watch some DVD's, play on the computers, or actually get some work done.

NEW YEAR, NEW COUNCIL

Walking into the Nautilus Chamber at 7:00pm on a Thursday evening, everyone is divided up into respective committees.

By MICHELLE JOHNSON

Twenty five minutes later, the curly haired Vice President, Allison Meshell, runs around telling everyone that they have five minutes before order of the meeting is called. And, in exactly five minutes, everyone is kindly asked to shut up so that we can begin. The meeting has been called to order. Then Committee Reports follow.

Each Committee Chair stands and says what is happening in the exciting world of committees. The Fundraising Chair is one of the newly-elected freshman, Amanda Taft. Coming from



Honors students sent this banner, signed by many students that attended a candlelight vigil, to NYC in a show of support.

Catholic High School in Pensacola, she is full of ideas that will allow us to do what we want in the upcoming year. Our Service Chair is the soft-spoken Robin Jones who is constantly reminding everyone about Traumatic Brain Injury Day at the

Zoo on October 20th from 9:00 to 3:30 or about the upcoming Make a Difference Day on October 27th. Then come reports from the Social Chair, Alaina Millan, about the Halloween Party at Dr. Lanier's House on October 27th. Who's ready for that Haunted House? And then, looking up from his laptop, Tyler Merritt, the Public Relations Committee Chair says, "Oh, is it my turn already?" He is crazy and loud, but you have to have one of his kind in every group to keep things interesting.

In other reports, Secretary Amy Brosnan makes sure that everyone is here, and the Treasurer (and physics major) Aaron Wade complains, "No, we don't have enough money so I need a



Honors won "Most Creative Float" at this year's Argofest Homecoming Parade.

dollar from you and you and you because you aren't wearing your Honors shirt at a meeting. Shame on you." Then the President Heather Newberry, or H2 as she is affectionately called, puts her two cents in to the meeting, making sure that everyone is writing their articles for this wonderful newsletter, *Infinite Wisdom*. More

people talk, like the old-as-Odysseus Dr. Lanier, and the guy who really knows what is going on behind everything, our Program Coordinator David Walden.

Since this is the biggest freshman class that Honors has ever seen, seven new people were elected to Honors Council including Ted Cothran, Matt Howell, Luke Crutchfield, Amanda Taft, David Klein, Brett Janos, and Tricia Saenz. Congratulations to all of you!!!!

Older council members include Kevin Scott, Cindy Kawasaki, Kit Hamblen, Jon Cook, Erin Adams, Brenna Doheny, and Stacey Galleher. Fell free to contact any council member with questions or concerns.

I hope this article provided you with a little insight into the world of Honors, but you have to come to the meetings on Thursday Nights in the Nautilus Chamber to watch these people in action. Hope to see you there!!

HONORS MARINE BIOLOGY SEMINAR A SUCCESS

In this past summer's Marine Biology Honors Seminar, Dr Bennet and Dr. Pomory took a group of about 20 students on a marine

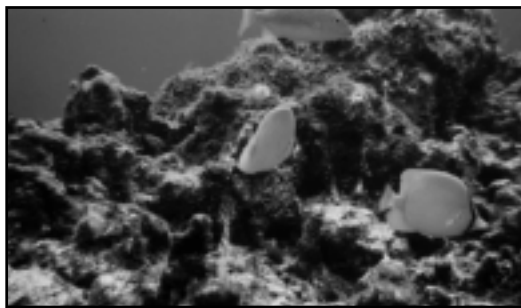
By STACY GALLEHER

habitat exploration. We waded through a thick mangrove forest, sweat off quite a few pounds in the sun, trudged through anoxic mud up to our knees, battled a group of crabs for beach space, faced some irate sea cucumbers, and spent more hours in a UWF van than I'd like to remember. Why would we put ourselves through such torture? The answer is simple: because it was fun.

Seventy-five percent of the world is covered with water, yet most people know more about space and planets millions of miles away. In this class, we explored the major categories of marine habitats, ranging from deep sea, via a fishing trip in Destin and sea grass beds at Port St. Joe, to salt water marshes in Big Lagoon Park.

The highlight for me and most of the people in the class

was our four-day trip to a marine research lab on Long Key. While we were there, we took a boat trip and snorkeled around the coral reef off of Luu Key. It was amazing to see the true beauty of the ocean portrayed by the brilliant colors and multitude of different



fishes and corals. Also, with Dr. Pomory as our guide we dove into the world of invertebrates, or as we affectionately call them, "creatures." Our diving expedition resembled some strange episode of the Crocodile Hunter, stalking brittle stars and turning over rocks, all in search for the marine animals that no one ever really notices. We learned that day that there is a lot more in the ocean than just Flipper and Shamu.

As a marine biology major, I know I'm biased when it comes to any matter concerning the ocean, but what couldn't be fun about being eyed by a barracuda who is only the size of your hand, swimming along in a school of fish, or encountering fish named "slippery dicks?"

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR NEW PROGRAM COORDINATOR...DAVID WALDEN



They say that first impressions are everything. My, what pressure. Well, for those of you who I haven't had the opportunity to meet yet, I'm the new Heather. The old Heather, of course, is Heather Chipman, who has since gone off to Tallahassee, subjecting herself to the Socratic method of FSU's Law School. You can always call me Heather, but I might prefer my own name, David. In fact, it was originally suggested to me that this article be entitled "Hi, I'm David" for that very purpose.

I cannot tell you how pleased I am to be working with the Honors Program. I've been finding myself saying that a lot lately to former colleagues in Enrollment Services and curious friends. I've enjoyed my time here thus far at the university, from the Ambassadors to the Registrar's Office, and am truly happy to be contributing to the Honors Program now.

The students in the Honors Program are remarkable. Not, as

I've said before, because they are the best and brightest (though they certainly are), but because they are motivated, because they are constantly engaging themselves in the careful discipline of following their hearts and minds. To bear witness to that kind of growth and be accepted by people who are living, growing, authentic human beings is truly wonderful.

For all of those Honors Program students who haven't received the full benefits of the program or for those folks who just want to stop by and chat, my door is open. It is our job here in the office to support you, encourage you, and cheer you on as you meet with life's successes. I hope the best for you, and will work to help you achieve whatever you want to achieve. Remember, we need you, too. The Honors Program is growing by leaps and bounds, and it is more important than ever that we show the world outside of the program what we have to offer.

Have a great semester, and enjoy life!

HONDURAS: AN ODYSSEY OF SELF DISCOVERY

The plan: Two weeks, fourteen crazy students, two overly laid back professors, one English-speaking native, and a ton of 36mm film and bug spray. The Destination: A small Third World country just South of Guatemala, home of the Chiquita Banana, the 2nd most incredible living reef in the world, and all the late-night dancing your feet can take. ¡Bienvenidos a Honduras! Welcome to Honduras!

I went to Honduras with every expectation of having the time of my life. I did that, and a lot more. Upon arriving, I met a retired Dutch animal behaviorist, fluent in six languages. He was working for three weeks with FHIA, a government-run agricultural agency, on a strategic plan for the next 5-10 years. We later got to tour FHIA's headquarters, banana hybridization efforts, and the Omanita Banana Plantation. We snorkeled at La Punta Sal Nature Preserve a.k.a Paradise on Earth, further expanding our desire for conservation. One of the most beautiful sites my eyes have ever beheld; I learned that the Discovery Channel does not lie.

My own experiences on the trip matched my adventurous attitude. I had a run-in with some highly poisonous jellyfish while at La Punta Sal, which resulted in an extreme allergic reaction. After medicating the bizarre rash that spread everywhere and sleeping the next day away, I was ready for more. We headed for the town of Trujillo, located conveniently on the Bay of Trujillo. I wandered off alone to explore, taking pictures as I went. Suddenly, I was pulled out of my reverie by whinnying that could only belong to a stallion. Led by my awakened curiosity, I hurried off down a side street to see what was happening. I ended up meeting Dwight, the 30-something year old owner of the

forementioned horse. His twelve-year-old son was trying to break it to halter and lead. I absolutely love horses, and used to ride back home. Obviously, we got to talking. He offered to take me up the main road around the Bay to go riding where he boards his horses. I ecstatically agreed, quick as lightning. Next thing I knew, I was riding along the beach, picking through driftwood and damage leftover from hurricane Mitch. That three-hour ride will forever be one of my fondest memories.

When we left Trujillo, we headed back along the road from whence we came, backtracking to the bustling city of La Ceiba. A huge city by Honduran standards, it is filled with paved roads packed full of stores, boutiques, bars, photo developing shops, and all the unexpected American niceties. Four of us (all Female) decided to brave the Big-city nightlife. We went dancing at a discotech, but decided to leave once police arrested one of our dance partners. He was armed, and we assumed probably a gang member, so we found a cab, quick. The following morning we were off to the Bay Island of Utila. I got the sunburn of my life on the ferry ride over, and kept on burning merrily for the two days we were there. Glowing like Rudolph, I went out on a dive boat to swim with jellyfish - the nice kind! A myriad of them filled the sea, gently swaying with the waves.

My first real international experience (Canada doesn't count), Honduras was magical. I entered the country with love and excitement, and it embraced me welcomingly. I will treasure those thirteen days throughout my lifetime. I am sure that when I'm old and wrinkly, I will have these stories and many more to relate to my grandchildren. I'll be spouting phrases similar to that famous phrase from American Pie that always seems applicable: One time, in Honduras!!



PACE HALL: A GREAT LIVING EXPERIENCE

Follow Campus Drive to the end, and resting amid the trees is Pace Hall, the new UWF dormitory. At first glance Pace seems to be a mini Martin Hall, but it is very unique. Since it houses everyone from Honors freshman to senior basketball players, there is no better way to describe Pace Hall than *diverse*.

BY DAVID KLEN

Maggie Kaeding, a freshman from Minnesota, stated "I've met many different people by living in Pace Hall, more than I thought I would meet in my entire life." When asked what students like about Pace Hall, every resident responded, "the people."



Now that the kinks of a new building are being worked out, Pace is becoming even better. There are new soda machines in the lobby and the Nautilus cards actually open the front doors. The cheerful attitude of the front desk staff also adds to Pace Hall's friendly atmosphere. When walking through the front door, there is always a gathering of RA's and students talking, answering questions, and sharing feelings. Openess and positivity can be felt in Pace, with the room doors being constantly left open and conversations streaming through the halls at all hours. Pace is the perfect mix of quiet study time and water gun fights in the hall. Pace definitely gets two thumbs up.

OPERATION CHRISTMAS CHILD

For the first time in Honors Program history, we have participated in Operation Christmas Child. Through days of financial recruitment,

BY TRICIA SAENZ

we managed to collect one hundred and ten dollars. We are so proud and thankful for everyone who donated money and time to this cause. As a result, four boys and four girls will receive a beautifully wrapped gift for Christmas this year. With all of your help, we are able to enhance these kid's lives with fun, educational toys that will keep them entertained for years to come. Some of the gifts included coloring pads and crayons, action figures, books, counting games, and much more.



This group wrapped all the gifts bought with the money collected.

Although this was the first time we have participated in this program, we are looking forward to joining hands with SGA to make this program even more of a success next year. Again, thanks to all of you that took part in this wonderful event. We hope to be overwhelmed with the satisfaction we felt in knowing a few more children will be happy this Christmas.



Get on-line
and check out the
honors student forum
at [www.uwf.edu/
uhp/forum](http://www.uwf.edu/uhp/forum)

A CLEANER BEACH

Ah, the white sands, the crystal waters ... the broken glass and cigarette butts. Yes, surprisingly enough, there are people who mistake

BY REBECCA CARRUTH

our beautiful beaches for a trashcan. Thankfully, there

was an effort made to clean up our beaches. Beach Day was Saturday, September 15th, and was put on by Pensacola Beach and the Chamber of Commerce. Many hon-

ors students (along with intelligent friends) participated and made it a great success. Various businesses, including Flounder's and Coca-Cola provided food and drinks for the event. Those who didn't show missed out on a lot of fun. If you weren't able



to make it, there are many more opportunities to gain service hours. Upcoming service events include cleaning up parts of the city with Pensacola's Promise on Make-A-Difference Day on October 27th, building a house with Habitat for Humanity on November 3rd, and tutoring at the Probation and Restitution Center throughout the semester. Everyone is also encouraged to attend and support Traumatic Brain Injury Awareness Day (TBI Day) at the Gulf Breeze Zoo on October 20th. As of now, plenty of volunteers have signed up for this event, but you can still go and learn more about brain injury and prevention. For more information about Pensacola's Promise, information on any other service event, questions, or suggestions, please contact the Service Chair, Robin Jones, at weirdrobin@hotmail.com. All are welcome to come to the Honors Council meetings, Thursday evenings at 7:00 pm, and join the service committee.

Infinite Wisdom

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Michelle Johnson

DEATH PENALTY UNDER FIRE

I remember watching the third U.S. Presidential debate late last year, and I'll never forget what one of the candidates said.

BY SHANNON HANNA

George W. Bush said, "The death penalty saves lives."

Yes, I'm not joking. I can understand his logic, though; I doubt he understands it himself. In essence, he's saying that because these people killed other people, killing them will prevent them from committing any more atrocities. Makes perfect sense, right? I don't think so.

The death penalty does not save lives. Those that are convicted of murder and are eligible for the death penalty would presumably receive a life-long jail sentence if the death penalty were not an option. (I'm not saying that's right either, but that's a different subject for a different time). Most of the people that are put on trial, whether they actually committed the crime or not, would be convicted and never see the outside world again. Those that are convicted and receive a life sentence with the possibility of parole wouldn't be eligible for the death penalty anyway. So, if the death penalty doesn't save lives, then what is its purpose? In my view, simply revenge.

If you've ever lost a friend or family member, you know how that loss stirs up many emotions. Now, imagine if there was someone to blame, someone who is suspected to have caused your loved one's death. You want that person dead. He should pay for what he did, pay with his own life. Did he actually do what he is being accused of? It doesn't matter because someone has to pay and he is the person who's been put in front of you, the only one accused of the crime. We never stop and think about what's happening because we're angry and we want revenge. Stop and think now. Who benefits from this man or woman's death? His family suffers because they're losing a family member. His friends suffer because they're losing a friend. You're putting everyone who ever cared about this person in the same distraught and angered state that you're in. Why would you want to do that, for closure, for your family member or friend that died, for yourself? Whether this "criminal" is dead or alive, your loved one will still be dead; there is no way to bring he or she back.

There is another point to this argument that bears mentioning as well: what gives the government the right to kill someone in the first place? What's the difference between you murdering someone by injecting him or her with poison and the government executing someone by lethal injection? Both are murders, yet, the government does not get punished when they execute someone. Why? Because it is in the name of "justice." A single judge should not have the power to determine if someone lives or dies. Judges are not gods nor should they be, but with the power they hold today, they very well seem to be.

I would like to bring up one more issue: the fact that not everyone who is executed is actually guilty. It doesn't matter who you are or what you believe, everyone knows that many of those convicted are later found to be innocent. This isn't only limited to small cases; people who are innocent are at times given the death penalty, which is an incredible atrocity. How can you carry out such a harsh sentence when you aren't 100% sure that the accused is guilty? Though our system of justice says that there must be no reasonable doubt in order to find a person guilty, it doesn't work that way. Many juries find a person guilty based on the way he looks or talks, not always on the facts. How can a system that while unnecessarily killing those who committed murder, in the process kills many who haven't committed any crime be justified? Even if just one innocent man or woman has been put to death, the system is wrong and needs to be abandoned. Don't think so? Well, just imagine being one of those people.

I understand those who support capital punishment; in fact I will never write an article without looking at and understanding the other side, but what I don't understand is who does capital punishment help? As I see it, capital punishment only creates more suffering in a world where suffering is in abundance. Those who commit murder are suffering themselves and they need help, not punishment. These people are not criminals, they are just victims of a horrible and unbearable life which needs helping as well. Send questions or comments to hannashannon@hotmail.com or go to my website to read more www.geocities.com/kareem750

If you would like to submit your political perspective on any issue, e-mail your submission to Heather Newberry at hmc5@students.uwf.edu

The opinions expressed in "Political Perspectives" are not necessarily the opinions of the University of West Florida Honors Program or the Honors Council.

400CM² OF LIVING SPACE

Japan. The way the world spun that time you kissed a girl in fourth grade. A rush of worry, sleepless sleep, and copious amounts of coffee sketch the prologue of an excellent international experience.

BY TYLER MERRITT

You wonder why anyone would need coffee the morning of a trip overseas. Frankly, I'm amazed that anyone survives the drama of international travel. The learning curve states: as one takes more trips, the ability to deal with the pre-trip stress should increase. It doesn't. However, a 19-year-old male can handle this drama. He is mature enough. He is responsible enough. He worked hard to earn this trip. He knows what he's doing... unless that 19-year-old male is me.

I showed up to the airport happier than a country boy in a hay bale with the mayor's daughter. My dream was firm in my iron fist; I held a round-trip ticket to Fukuoka, Japan, my home for the next six and a half weeks. So the plane might crash, so I might catch



The FCA/FSM students greet their visitors from the U.S.

some 'island' disease, so *gasp* the beer might run out. None of that mattered. I was the picture of confidence (ok, I was afraid the beer might run out). Never underestimate the power of denial. There are a few very memorable things that stick out in my mind whenever I retell the story of my trip to Japan. One is that video games are far more addictive. I think they put something in the water that makes people addicted to video games. I played Dance Dance Revolution with Max until the blisters on our feet forced us to take off our shoes and socks. And then we *continued* to play Dance Dance Revolution. Another is that arcades sell beer. They dress up their arcade employees (mostly women – how's that for equality) in cute, neon uniforms that confuse the mind, rendering it incapable of resisting the urge to buy more beer. I don't think arcades in Japan ever close. They seem to open at a set time, but they never kick you out.

Quite another thing altogether is the amount of plants that grow in the concrete jungle. Everybody in Japan thinks he is the

world's best gardener. And everyone is. These people can make orange trees grow on air conditioners. I don't know how they do it either. Something was growing on Max's air conditioner, but I don't think it was an orange tree. With only 400cm² of living space to



Tyler and Shiho at the Kinkakuji Temple in Kyoto.

house a family of six or more, you wouldn't think an orange tree would fit inside. But it does. These people are infectious – and I mean the good infection. They get inside you, you love them, you want to hug them, stroke their hair, take a few back to the US in Pokèballs, and train them to help you become a JAPANESE MASTER GARDENER! SUGOI!

I did everything that I could possibly do (including going to class every once in a while). There is no time to slow down in Japan (or in this article). Think of it like New York under the lights of Las Vegas with the craziness of New Orleans. During the day, mild-mannered Hiroki is a student at the FCA/FSM school; at night Hiroki turns into the local sex-idol at club Heartbeat. The whole society is Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Crazy-Japanese-people-who-like-to-take-their-clothes-off-in-trains. It's almost unfathomable, until you've been there. ☺

I highly recommend the Japanese Summer Semester. It will change your life. Japan doesn't discriminate, the people just don't really talk to you and they look at you like a strange alien come to destroy their economic prosperity. Other than that everyone is really friendly and wants to touch your hair. Pack your bags, check 'em twice (leaving something behind is regrettable) and GO TO JAPAN.



Tyler and Paul at the Fukuoka Daiichi Hawks baseball game.

WE ALL NEED A LITTLE SOCIALIZATION

If you're scoping out the hottest parties on campus this year, look no further: the Honors Council Social committee is bringing you some

BY BRENNADOHENY

events promising to be more fabulous and festive than ever. The big kick-off this year is the annual Halloween party, which, thanks to the stylings of committee Chair Alaina Millan, the Committee members, and Dr. Lanier, who is graciously sacrificing his new basement to the whims of half-crazed college revelers, will be a party simply to die for. The ghoulish event is slotted for the evening of October 27th, beginning at 8:00 p.m., and invitations are extended to all program members and their friends, with admission being charged in the form of a canned good donation for the holiday canned food drive. Party-goers



are also asked to contribute to party supplies in the form of refreshments and to contribute to the party spirit by coming in costume. There will be a costume contest for those dressed in homemade costumes with prizes to winners, including the coveted Extra Credit quiz points for those suffering the wrath of Dr. Lanier in Great Books I.

In the tradition established last spring, the Social Committee will also hold the 2nd Annual Formal sometime during the spring semester. It will be a great opportunity to get all dressed up and enjoy an enchanting evening reminiscing on the good old days of high school proms.

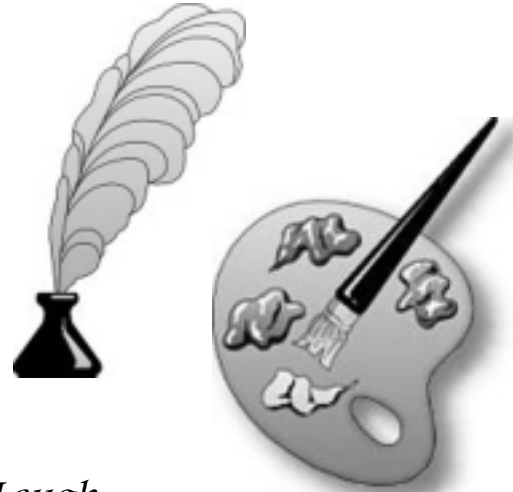
More details on these events, as well as other Social Committee activities, will be provided at a later date in future editions of this newsletter.

Creative Corner

I Am An American

As lightning strikes, the foundations of our freedom
break
And as fire spreads, the boundaries are crossed
We stand with heavy hearts and solemn eyes
Where there once was pride
Our flags flutter at half mast
As America succumbs to a current of crimson
And as if pain could tear down dreams
- Rip into mourning hearts
Our democracy falls
But where there is victory, there is defeat
And America has yet to come face to face with failure
No force is as powerful as the unity we bring in
masses
Where we once were divided, we stand today united
Our sadness- an open door to perseverance
The depression only masked incentive
Where they see weakness, we see grieving
But they are disallusioned
As a rainbow has no end
America knows not seperation
With "a big stick"
With indescribable pride
We bring Justice
The candles to be lit
A simple vigil
A symbol that we will not forget
And no snare greater than fear
And no emptiness deeper than loss
Where there is fault, there is not understanding
As we come quickly
Nations will wilt and wither
Wallowing in the surprise of our determination
No love is greater than that America has for brother
-For man
And nothing stops the loyalty of an American

~Laurissa Salome, sophomore



I Laugh

I laugh and call to you
Drinking night air
and rattling palm trees,
Slip through soft curling foam
into cool ocean.
Tiny atoms of nothing glitter
and then fade into black.
I waving and you frozen
bare limbs shadows of me, I say
Hey
while thinking
Why do you look at me so?

~Allison Meshell, sophomore

If you would like to submit work of your own to the *Creative Corner*, please send your submissions to

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Building 50, Rm 224
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Pensacola, FL 32514
or
hmc5@students.uwf.edu

Calendar of Events

The Honors Council meets every Thursday in the Nautikus Chamber at 7:30 p.m. If you are interested in attending one of the committee meetings, come to the Nautilus Chamber at 7:00 p.m.

October

27 Make a Difference Day - 8 a.m.
27 Halloween Party - 8 p.m.
31 NCHC begins in Chicago

November

3 Habitat for Humanity project
8-9 College Bowl
10-11 Council Retreat
22 Thanksgiving

December

14 last day of classes
10 Hanakkuh begins
25 Christmas Day



Club Cabana – Luxuriously large 4BR/3.5BA condominiums fronting the Gulf of Mexico. This beautiful Mediterranean style building is made up of 12 units with only 2 units per floor. Each unit is distinctively private with keyed elevators opening onto your own foyer. Amenities include sauna, steam room, indoor pool and outdoor pool.



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