

Hard Work Will Pay Off in the End

My Journey to Where I'm Supposed to be

Before coming to Capital, I used to think college was a place where you continued your education. A place where you worked hard, got a degree, made some new friends, and maybe, if you were lucky, met the love of your life. For me, however, college has been so much more than that.

Coming to Capital helped me to find myself and although I know that I haven't even uncovered everything about me, it sure has been a journey.

Growing up in a small town, you were either part of one group or another—the lines didn't really mesh. I was in band—I played the bass clarinet and was captain of the flag corps my junior and senior year—I was also part of what could be deemed “the nerds.” Since elementary school, I had always strived to get good grades. Not only did I want to make myself proud, but I really wanted to make my family proud. I took college prep and advanced classes—I even took AP Chem. **I was in National Honor Society and I got to graduate wearing gold cords—something my mom always said she was just shy of doing; something that I had always strived to accomplish for her.** I was the girl who never had a study hall and also took zero period classes—they started at 6:30 a.m. (To this day, I still have no idea what I was thinking).

While in high school, I liked all different subjects, but English and Chemistry were my favorites. It would figure that I would favorite two of the most opposite classes. In the middle of

my sophomore year, I really started to think about what I wanted to major in. I weighed the pros and the cons to going pre-med or becoming an English major.

At the end of that same year, I was invited to a Math & Science day at Capital. When I came to Capital that day, I was so excited. Not only was this my first college visit, but I thought that it would really give me a feel as to what I should major in. At the end of the day, I knew that I wanted to major in Biology/Pre-med. From then on, I devoted my time to making sure to do my research. In school, I focused more on taking science classes—AP Chemistry, Anatomy & Physiology. I also researched schools in Ohio that had a pre-med major and I checked their course listings to see what the curriculum was. I just knew that I was going to be a pediatrician.

Looking back though, I knew that I only chose pre-med because it was a certain career path and it would make me good money. I hadn't chosen to major in English because there were too many possibilities to choose from. I mean, what was I going to do with a degree in English? I didn't want to be a teacher, so what did English majors do? To my 16 year old mind—nothing. Despite knowing that I wasn't going to major in English, I kept it on the backburner as a runner up major. I continued to take my English classes and thrive in them.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, English was my passion.

Since an early age, I have loved to read. I remember reading to my mom or taking turns reading pages. (Sometimes, when she wasn't paying attention, I remember reading more than just the page that I was supposed to read.) In the fourth grade, we had to write and illustrate

our own book. I remember being so excited, I wrote about an albino squirrel with a Christmas tree on its tail—I actually still have this “book,” it’s on my bookshelf at home.

In middle school, I really kicked up my reading. I pretty much became best friends with our school librarian. I started reading and fell in love with the Harry Potter series—a love affair that would last through college (and still exists). In seventh grade, I got multiple extra credit points because for every ten books you read, you received one extra credit point.

Although I had always done well on papers and in my English classes, during my sophomore year, my papers met their match in Mrs. Poston. She tore my papers apart. I remember getting a “D” on my first paper from her and almost dying. Luckily, she let us redo the papers for a better grade. When I received my first “A” on a paper in her class—the first time, without redoing it—I remember being so proud and knowing that I really did work for that “A.” **Without Mrs. Poston, I know that I would not be the writer that I am today, nor would I be an English major.**

Before I get ahead of myself, however, I did come to Capital majoring in Biology/Pre-med. This was the stupidest decision that I had ever made. Once in biology/pre-med classes, I really hated them. In fact, the only the class that I looked forward to was Reading & Writing with Dr. Griffith. Halfway through the semester, I was feeling lost and I knew that biology/pre-med was not the major for me. Luckily, during a conference for a paper, Dr. Griffith asked me if I had ever thought about majoring in English, and expressed that I would make a great English

major. This solidified it for me and after doing some research on potential careers for people with degrees in English, I switched my major.

The next semester, I found that I loved all of my classes and that I was more prone to work harder in them because I cared so much about them. The only problem was that my small stint as a pre-med major really killed my GPA—I got a 2.2 and I have never had below a 3.0 in my entire life. **Getting that GPA was humiliating for me and I knew that I would have to work harder than I ever had before to bring it up to the standards that I set for myself.** Now, as a senior, I have a 3.2 and I know that I worked hard and earned every little bit of that GPA.

During my second semester, however, I also stumbled upon my (now) other major, Public Relations. I have always enjoyed making brochures and using Publisher, but I had never realized that this interest could be used in an actual career. One day, I helped a sorority sister put together a banner for recruitment in the PO Lobby. This particular sister was the VP of Public Relations on Greek Council. Later, when she quit the position, I was able to be elected because of the help I provided her on the project.

During my sophomore year, I got involved with the Chimes. I figured if I was going to be a professional writing major, I might as well get some experience as well as writing samples.

Little did I know that I would fall in love with the organization and that it would involve two of the things I loved—writing and design.

At the Chimes, I started out as a reporter (the lowest on the totem pole). I wrote whatever I was assigned ranging from entertainment to news to feature articles. For me, reporting was a challenge, but in the best possible way. It really helped me to connect with various people on campus and to get over my irrational fear of talking to strangers. I think the moment that I realized how much of a “high” I got from working for the Chimes was when I did a story on smoking on campus. For this particular story, I ended up procrastinating on it (like a bad reporter), but with my procrastination came the little zip that I needed to get it done. It was the first story that I wrote in a day—and it ended up being my best one. I had to call multiple people on campus to get the information that I needed and I interviewed random people. I ended up writing a story that was really informational and helped clear up the smoking policies on campus at the time.

In my junior year, I was promoted to a page editor. This is when I knew that I loved design—and not just to create fliers and brochures. I also happened to have a knack for it. I started out on the entertainment page, but after a couple of months, I was promoted to do the front page as well. Here I was, my first year being a page editor, and I got to do two pages, including the front! It was a real dream come true. At the end of my junior year, I decided to run for Editor-in-Chief and was given the position.

Being the EIC has been a whirlwind. In so many ways it is both a harder and easier position than it originally seemed. Each week, my managing editor and I begin the week being scared that we’re not going to have enough content, but through the hard work of everyone on staff, there is always a complete paper in the purple bins on Thursday. Having this position has not only taught me how to be a leader, but it has shown me that there is more to being a leader

than just assigning everyone jobs. When you're a leader, you have to dive right into the work with everyone else. On the Chimes, I have to work right beside everyone on staff both encouraging them and helping them.

I feel like my position as EIC is the one that has really showed me that I can do anything if I work hard for it. I started out in the lowest position and was able to work my way up to the top. While in the position, I have learned what it's like to manage a team and to meet deadlines. Because of this position, I know that when I graduate, I will be able to handle almost anything. When hundreds of people look at something you're in charge of each week, you really learn how to deal with pressure, as well as criticism.

Although my journey seems pretty simple and straightforward, it has not been without its twists and turns.

For the last four years, I have put my whole self into everything I've done—and I've done a lot. At any given time, I was in multiple organizations and I usually held leadership positions. Just this year alone, I have a public relations internship with the Columbus Rotary, I am a tutor in CELT, I work in the Admissions office, am the EIC for the Chimes, and was Standards VP for my sorority, oh and I've taken 18 credit hours (both semesters)—yet, I keep my grades up and I always try to put everything I had into my positions. Sometimes, however, I felt (and still feel) like I am going to pull my hair out from all the stress of everything that I do. Doing it all is not easy, but if college has taught me anything, it's that it will all be worth it in the end. Everything that I'm involved in has taught me something—whether it was about life or about myself.

Getting to where I am has been quite the long journey, but I would never turn around and start over. Instead, I'll just continue on the path to the where I'm meant to be.