Who am I? That is a hard question to answer because there are so many possible answers. I could write an essay telling you all about how I am a child of God and I love Jesus, but I refuse. I am sure that Azusa receives enough of those. What I will tell you is this: I am a real person with very real flaws. I am selfish, I am forever sleep-deprived and I do not know that I will ever be able to take a hint. I refuse to lie to you about myself. I am who I am and I am happy with the person God is creating me to be. This essay will truly be about who I am, not about how I want you to see me.

 My name is Kelly McCaughey and I am seventeen years old. I have brown hair, brown eyes and olive skin. I have been told that my curly hair is as crazy as my personality. I have an insatiable hunger to learn about life and I have no problem experimenting, as long as nothing I do defies my spiritual morals. I like to push myself to my absolute limits in almost every way. I enjoy facing my fears. My mind flourishes in the middle of the night when everyone is quiet and no one is around. I try to see every day as a chance to improve myself. I love to write and I love to sing, although I am not too great at either of those things. I love to be around people most of the time, but I have spent some of the best times of my life alone. I ask God to romance me every day. I just want to love God. That is my broadest goal in life. Although these are all things about me, I do not think these are necessarily the things that define me as a person. I do not know that anyone can necessarily define themselves in words.

 Lately, I have been thinking a lot about college and what I want to do with the rest of my life. One day, I was having a particularly hard time with the fact that it seemed like all of my friends had a clear vision for their future but me. While I was on my way to get tea with a friend, I felt a sudden urge to walk into a nearby flower shop. I walked into what kind of felt like my own personal heaven. It was inside but I felt like I was outside because I could breathe. Flowers sat in baskets around the shop and the young woman behind the counter was busily working away on a bouquet. I walked around and looked at all of God’s beautiful creations for about five minutes before I worked up the courage to talk to the woman behind the counter. I almost felt star-struck at the sight of her. She was smiling, she was awake, she was insightful and she was happy to talk about work. She sold me. In fact, I knew she sold me before I even talked to her. I could tell by the look on her face and the feeling I got when I looked around that I wanted her job more than anything in the world. I wanted to create art from art for a living. I wanted to deal with generally happy people for a living. I wanted to be able to breathe for a living. I wanted to be a florist.

 It almost sounds like a joke when I write it down. I am asking you for a scholarship to help me become a florist. It turns out that you do not need a college degree for that. In fact, you do not even need to take classes at a community college to become a florist. I am completely aware of that. I do not want to go to college so I can move on with my life and get a real job. I am choosing to go to college because I love life and I would like to learn more about it. Of course, I want to be a business and marketing major because I would like to own my own flower shop one day, but that isn’t the point. The point is that I want to make the best out of the life I have been given.

 APU puts God first and that is the sole reason I have made it my first choice. I do not want my job to be the ruler of my life; I want God to hold that role. I want to learn about Him and the things he has done for me. I think I owe it to him to give him my life. I am his daughter and my purpose is to bring him praise in everything I do.

 I do not have to be a youth pastor or a clergy member to glorify God. I believe I can be a florist and glorify God. I am just going to APU to further learn how to do so.

 God has given me crazy hair, a goofy sense of humor, an odd sense of style and a psycho dog because he wants me to use all of those things for his glory. I do not have to be perfect all the time or pretend like I am the ideal teenager. I’m not. I am who God has made me. I am who I am.

 I hope this essay helped to show you who I am. Thank you so much for your time and this opportunity! I hope to be hearing from you soon!