

MPVA Scholarship Biographical Statement

There exists a cliché about being knocked off some high horse, designed to encourage an individual's inner cowboy to maintain their determination and hop back on. Now, I'll be honest—I don't frequent horse pastures and I don't partake in riding lessons, however, I am comfortably familiar with being bucked off by this metaphorical stallion. The first hurdle my steed and I attempted approached during December of 2009. After endless planning, retouching, and scrutinizing over my application to Florida State University ("FSU"), I inhaled one last, hopeful breath, clicked "submit," and exhaled months of built-up stress.

The sleepless nights were far from over. There was an intolerable and painful period of two months before I would receive their decision-- and I sweated it. My parents and I sent faithful prayers to the Big Man upstairs nightly. I read my essay to multiple English teachers for their comforting approval, and even shared résumés with my classmate competitors (silently hoping I was the more appealing student). There was no way I would be denied acceptance. After having toured the FSU campus I often caught myself fantasizing about living in their dorms, screaming in their stadium, and wandering their redbrick buildings. In my head, I wanted it the most. In my head, I was already a Seminole.

That December greeted me with a harsh slap from reality. On the 9th I signed in to my online applicant account, and felt my heart plummet to my heels as I confirmed my worst nightmare: "We regret to inform you...." The following hours were filled with disbelief, tears, and yet still, hope. I immediately began mulling over my options. The option to attend an alternate university was instantly dismissed. I wanted Florida State, and though I didn't know it then, I was already "bleeding Garnet and Gold." The school's motto, "Vires, Artes, Mores," is Latin for Strength, Skill, and Character. After receiving my application decision I refused to give up. I utilized my Strength by getting back onto my horse, my Character by scheduling weekly appointments with my high school's college counselor, and my Skill by convincing a Florida State admissions overseer to reconsider their decision.

I was granted a Spring consideration, which basically meant that if I attended a community college during the Fall and maintained at least a 3.0 GPA I would finally become a legitimate Florida State Seminole. There was nothing stopping me at that point, I was a woman on a mission. I enrolled as a freshman at Tallahassee Community College ("TCC") and acquired a 3.5 GPA. My parents were ecstatic when they received a letter congratulating me on making TCC's dean's list, and even more so when I gained official acceptance to FSU. However, my mission wasn't complete. Now that I was a student at FSU, I wanted to show them what they almost passed up. During my first semester there, I hit the books hard and finished the Spring term with three A's and a B. Dear Florida State, how does my success taste?

Though I am still learning more about myself, my capabilities, and my dreams for the future, there is one thing that I am certain of: I will get there. There will always be obstacles standing in my way but I have the courage and the determination to pursue whatever it is that I desire. I have made my name synonymous with strength and determination.