

Patience

Ever since I was a little kid, I think I've have had a knack for patience. My mom would watch me, a 5 year old in a pile of books, reading through each and every one of them, page by page, for hours. I could tolerate and take on very detailed tasks as a youngster. With a crayon or paintbrush in hand I would spend time on features that others might not have the patience for.

The first time I rock climbed outside I was 13 years old at a girls camp near Causey reservoir. I was halfway up the rock and many of the girls had given up at that point and had come down after looking around and feeling defeated. I stayed up there, for probably longer than I should have, mind you, but I didn't come down. After being on the rope for nearly 45 minutes, I solved the puzzle and I pulled my sweaty body to the top. I will never forget how proud I was for persevering and not giving up.

It's moments like this, along with daunting projects that I complete that remind me, I always pull through. There's always a finish line in these tasks. Every time I complete a project, I gain more confidence that I can overcome fears, and that the whole process was totally worth it.

Developing my passion and discovering exactly what I love took patience and took conquering of fears, doubts, and worries. A lot of exploring and schooling taught me more about patience than I ever thought I knew. Patience takes on a whole new level of meaning when you start adulting. There are now people that you must be patient with; friends, family, drivers, angry customers. We cannot control other people or how they react. The only thing we can learn to control is ourselves. I learned so much through my communication courses about theories.

In our busy lives we get into a rush to just finish something, like school, a project, a paper, and we forget what the journey is about. We don't know in the end how the level to which our work that we actually spent valuable time on will mean to us in the future.

I explored many options, but I think in the end it took me back to what I was so energized by as a child and youth. I spent sleepless hours at night making posters for my campaign when running for High School Student Body Officer. I gave copious amounts of energy and thought into each individual one of them. I wanted to *own* that work, and show people who I really was. I wanted to entertain people, make an imprint on their brain, make them laugh, chuckle, or smile. This worked. My mom was really

worried that since I didn't make the basketball team when I tried out, that I would get my heart broken again when I lost in the election. In the end, I was elected Student Body Secretary out of six candidates, because of my perseverance and creativity.

Making videos like these is a love/hate relationship, because of how much patience it takes. It takes hours and hours. Sometimes I get frustrated, having to lug my bulky camera equipment up big mountains, take the time to get the right shot, deal with slow computers, and redundancies in hearing the same song over and over again while editing. But in the end, as I see the pieces finally start to come together, I know it's all entirely worth it. I love that I can capture moments, show people off-- not just movements and skills, but conversations and personalities. And I am grateful to be outside while doing it. There is much to learn, but I am so happy that I have found something I love to do. Something creative. I get lost in it. This patience has been a very virtuous thing in my creative work. Creative work like this is what drives me and what enriches my life.