I was a year into receiving my Bachelor’s of Science degree in biology. At this point in time, I was a bushy-tailed, eager student driven to be the first one in my family to achieve a college degree. I was in pursuit of my dream to become a Game Warden for the department of Fish and Wildlife. I have always wanted to serve the public and this was going to be my outlet to serve the public surrounded by what I love, the outdoors. What excited me about this profession was the ability to go to work in nature. I wanted nothing to do with an office job stuck behind a desk. I wanted to be outside, getting my hands dirty somewhere in the woods doing the best I could to protect wildlife. To me, Being a Game Warden was the epitome of doing what you love for work. I had told everyone that was important to me back home the path that I had set before them. Everyone of them has known me since I was a child and knew that I was determined to make this become my reality. I felt deep within my heart that this is what I was born to do, until the spring semester of my freshman year.

I had taken care of some gen. Eds and now it was time to take my first collegiate biology course. I had no worries because it was just an obstacle to go through to achieve my dream. About halfway through the semester, I was in my biology lab class. This was during the peak of Covid-19 so my group and I were in a zoom call going through a website simulation of each phase of the cell cycle. My group and I studied each individual phase and divided up tasks for each of us to accomplish for the lab report that was due in a few days. With our tasks set, we said our goodbyes and left the zoom call. At the time, I was staying in the Sawtooth dorms. I had left the zoom meeting and there at the desk in my sawtooth dorm, I sat and stared at the image on my screen that said thanks for attending the meeting. I stared at the image for what seemed to be an hour. My entire world had shrunk to the size of a pea in the hands of someone else. I had no control. The dreams I had were clouded. Suddenly, in my mind, I was transported home and faced with all of my loved ones. The ones that I have told countless times what I was going to do and exactly how I was going to become a Game Warden. I could feel their disappointment in me because I knew that I wasn’t going to be a Game Warden. I knew, deep inside, that if I continued on the path that I had chosen I probably wouldn’t even be able to graduate. It wasn’t that the classes were too hard or that I was getting terrible grades. I simply just had no desire to continue. I was stuck in place, burnt out with no outlet to pull motivation from. I didn’t want to pursue the dreams that I had set for myself. To tell the truth, I didn’t know what the hell I wanted. I felt like some young dumb kid that decided to pursue something on nothing more whim. Staring at the computer screen, I felt every pressure imaginable. I felt like I had let down parents, family, friends, anyone that I told what I was going to do. I felt like a liar.

A few days had passed and I was still lost. I hadn’t told anyone the feelings that I was feeling because I was plain embarrassed. I decided to take a walk down the Green Belt. That was always my outlet when life became too much. I walked down the path to a well known spot that I had claimed as my own, with a perfect log to sit on and watch the river flow. It was a cool March day with spring right on the cusp. With the sun shining down, I took a seat on my chair that was once a tree. I sat there and focused on nothing more than the way the water crashed on the rocks in front of me. At that moment, I felt just like the rocks. Constant pressure with no way to move or run. Stuck in place with only one feeling; pressure. After thirty minutes had passed, I began thinking about who I am and what I want in life. I do not come from money and everything I have in life I have worked for. Time and time again I have taken the road less traveled in pursuit of the next test to see what I am made of. However, I had never felt lost like I was and I feared there was no end in sight until I thought of my next challenge. I opened the internet and went to the Boise State website. I went to the major list and began scrolling knowing one thing for certain; I needed to find something that fit me better. I scrolled through and stopped immediately at Civil Engineering. I have always been extremely talented in math and physics. They have been very easy topics for me to master and I knew this was heavy in engineering. I have also been captivated by challenge my entire life. A common theme in my life is taking the road less traveled. I had known of the stigma surrounding engineering degrees that they are very difficult and most people steer clear of this degree because of its difficulty. Just by looking at the title of the major, I slowly felt the pressure of the world begin to lift. I felt a purpose come through me like never before, almost like God himself was there telling me that this was what he was trying to tell me all along. I left my log, went straight to my dorm room and booked the earliest appointment I could schedule with my advisor to change majors.

I am now two years into achieving my B.S in Civil Engineering. There have been many highs and many lows but deep down I know this is my true purpose on this planet. Sometimes I go back to that day on the log and look back on the way I observed the rocks. However now I don’t feel like the rocks, being pounded into submission by a force with no way to maneuver around it. Now I feel like the water, following a path set before me and no matter the obstacle I will always find a way around or through no matter how long it might take me.