

Meant to Stay

Away from home, a young girl moved.

Far, far away.

And started school at BYU.

Was I meant here to stay?

Professors kind, classmates too.

Would it always be this way?

Then loneliness and worry swooped.

I began searching for a single ray.

God sent some hope in friends with love.

The darkness slipped away.

Through COVID times and trying classes,

I learned to work...and play.

Soon, graduation was drawing nigh,
the long-awaited day.

Yet, grad school loomed uncertain too.

I hoped and planned to stay.

The email came: rejection news.

Would it be okay?

The dreams and hopes of coming years

In crumbled ashes lay.

Tears were shed; the light grew dim.

Yet, I thought I heard God say:

“Yes, my child, this is the plan.

Here you are meant to stay.”

Another year of full-time work

Growing moldable as clay

The mission of a temple school

Shining light for another day.

Another letter: acceptance news.
Greater than past emotional pay.
Learning from the Master Healer
Sharing light with others on my way.

Away from home, a girl now lives.

Far, far away.

The dawn was found at BYU.

Yes, I was meant to stay.