

I never wanted to get my MBA. As a single mom of five, working full time with side hustles and church callings, going back to school at 45 seemed as appealing as crossing a 40-mile desert. I was done dealing with challenges. I was done growing. But Heavenly Father had other plans.

My BYU EMBA experience became my 40-mile desert filled with late nights, flooded kitchens, mice in the walls, and time in my car yelling at Heavenly Father that I didn't belong.

The first few months, I was convinced that BYU had made a mistake admitting me. I struggled, doubted myself, and almost quit more than once. But my professors and classmates kept encouraging me, and I kept showing up, even when it felt impossible.

Looking back, crossing that desert changed me. I didn't just earn a degree. I gained confidence, perspective, and a network I still rely on today. Now, I use what I learned and the confidence I gained to help other women return to school or the workforce even when the path seems impossible.

Because when you finally reach the other side, you look back and realize, the desert was never the point. The growth was.