

The BYU Wilkinson Center holds a special place in my heart; and I marvel at how a place can mean so much more now than it did 4 years ago.

In 2021, I decided to give something of myself to BYU. Not to the university in abstract, but to the people I share campus with. I gave a foam swordfighting club.

It took a lot of effort and wrestling with doubts, but those obstacles were dispelled by this simple affirmation: "If you love people and do your best, God will take care of the rest."

And He did. My loaves and fishes of a quirky hobby plus a penchant for leadership were turned into the most meaningful part of my college experience: my friends.

Now, post-graduation, I have people who get me in ways I never thought possible. People who bring a smile to my face simply by memory. People I love.

And they're in my life because I gave what I had, where I was at, for the people I was with. In graduate school, at work, at church, at home—the light I share is what I've got inside me. Even if it's a hobby of foam-sword fighting.