

When I graduated from BYU in 1997 with a BA in English teaching, I soon observed with crystal clarity the value of the Holy Ghost. 18 years earlier I had been baptized and admonished to “receive the Holy Ghost,” but it wasn’t until I began teaching literature, grammar, and writing to high school students that the imperative to “receive the Holy Ghost” would need to be my daily quest if I wanted to teach. To *really* teach. *All* of my BYU professors taught curriculum —my *favorite* professors taught with the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost has been my dearest beacon of light.

Brother Truman Madsen’s words embody my career as a teacher: “Whether you intend to or not, you will teach. This university is at best a prep school for a world in which you will be asked to teach, starting about the day after tomorrow, from one-on-ones with family and friends to large groups. Your livelihood and, in any case, your way of life will in part hinge on assignments to speak, respond, report, and write. That means that, whatever else you do, you need to hone your communication skills . . . with the Spirit.”