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A Purposeful Pursuit

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A Purposeful Pursuit

Misfortune can fall upon anyone and on a daily basis. Some try to see positives in these problematic situations, while others let misfortune destroy them. The strongest people strive to overcome the worst situations, and these situations reshape them into better people. I have become a stronger person because my dad died after a short battle with cancer. Losing someone is not the same as getting a failing grade on an exam or missing a deadline. It is life-altering and devastating. When he walked into a room, he had an energy that filled the air with happiness, and I have come to terms with never feeling that energy again. What made me stronger, what let me come to terms with this loss, was writing. It is a way for me to escape, to not worry, to let all my aspirations and joy flow onto a piece of paper that comes alive from one word to the next. I always carry my journal with me to jot down juicy details, from the new trends in the fashion industry to the heart-wrenching events happening across the globe. My journal is my sidekick that I cannot leave the house without.

My dad taught me how to write and encouraged me to always improve. He said that perfection takes patience and what might be perfect to you might not always be that way for your audience. You cannot give up on your first try because in order to get better, you need to keep editing and rearranging, so your reader not only understands but also feels. I never realized what he meant until journalism came into the picture for me. I have stayed up hours upon hours, trying to imagine how to let people's perspectives on different matters shine through effortlessly. For me, this style of writing is like assembling an ultimate challenging puzzle. Tears would smear the ink with frustration because my work was not turning out the way it appeared in my head. The ideas on the page were trapped "in the box," and I kept seeking a way to set them free.

I will succeed in life when I know that my technique has improved and my words inspire feeling in others. I know there will be many more obstacles on my way to getting my dream job, and once there, the latest scoop in the newsroom. In the meantime, every day I will evaluate my life and know that I am pursuing my dream for myself and for my Dad. I will continue his legacy in the same way I continue writing words on a page. It will flow, it will continue, and it will grow as I continue to pursue and love journalism.