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# Journey to Success

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## Journey to Success

Brittany A. Abraham

From the time I was three,  
 I could read every word of The Giving Tree  
 First grade was a breeze  
 I could add and subtract with ease  
 See, my mother was a teacher,  
 early on learning became one of my shining features

Though middle school sucked, I flew right through,  
 I knew I had bigger things to move on to  
 High School was exhausting with AP and honors,  
 but I did what I had to do to avoid going bonkers.  
 ACT prep was just part of the game,  
 I was wired to do well, avoid any shame  
 Getting into college was great, but what did it matter?  
 The institution had to be prestigious with a reputation untattered.

In college I understood being involved was important,  
 no one wants their resume to look the shortest.  
 Hall council, student government, honors societies galore,  
 On paper I was doing swell, feel free to adore.  
 Busy was not a state of being, it was how I thrived,  
 jumping from class to class, meeting to meeting I felt I had arrived.  
 I felt more connected than ever,  
 the people person in me was down for the endeavor.

I studied abroad, I saw the world, I believed I had done it all,  
 doing college successfully, and having a ball.  
 I never wanted it to end, 'it was the best four years'  
 my mentors noticed a HESA program they recommend with cheers.

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*Brittany Abraham is a second-year graduate student in the Higher Education and Student Affairs Administration (HESA) program at The University of Vermont. She received a Bachelor of Arts in Advertising and Public Relations from Loyola University Chicago. Her interests include, study abroad, first year students, parent and family engagement, student leadership, and orientation. On the cusp of graduation and the real world, Brittany dedicates this poem to everyone who helped her get this far and all those invested in her future plans, whatever and wherever they may be.*

And cheer they did, application after application,  
meltdowns, and hours of personal statement editing frustration.

Interviews came and they celebrated in my success,  
overwhelming and exciting phone calls, most of February I was a mess.

In choosing UVM I felt great pride,  
Not only was I going to a top school, I was not denied.

The path had been set and I knew what to do,

Now all I had to do was follow through.

Scared, devastated, and I dare say heartbroken,

I embarked on a new adventure, promising to be true to myself, open, outspoken.

I drove across the country with a friend and all my clothes,  
I had much excitement and anticipation for what might transpire

I arrived to grad school with a cheery disposition,  
high hopes for community, and not many skills for managing expectation.

The words I knew now had different meanings  
My context had shifted, things felt off-kilter and I was left gleaning.

HESA was not always what I thought it would be,  
I called mentors from home asking, 'How could you do this to me?'

It has been twenty months, some days it feels more,  
Measured in meetings, cups of coffee, and papers, at times it felt like a chore.

The reality is that HESA has been more than I could have imagined,  
Never have I felt more secure and confused about who I am, the program lived  
up to the legend.

Dr. Seuss would tell me there are so many places I could go,  
There are functional areas, schools, and cities that would greet me with gusto.

This time the decision is mine, honestly no pressure,  
I will find the right fit, the right place, I'm prepared beyond measure.

HESA has changed me in many a ways,  
I've met many a person and picked up many a phrase.

The future is out there, ready or not,  
Thank you HESA for giving me a shot.