



Dear Scholarship Donor,

Your generosity has done immense good in my life. I've dreamed of being an English teacher since I was in fifth grade. I know my dreams sound like those of a lot of other English-teaching majors, but as a young woman I voraciously consumed book after book, and I realized that people understood things when I explained them. It was clear to me: I was going to go to college to become a teacher.

That is where the similarities to the average prospective English-teaching major end. Most parents assume that their children will go to college—no matter the cost—and that there's always a way. If you really do want an education, if you really are committed, then there is a way; there is always a way.

I still remember the day my mom looked me straight in the eye and said, "You're never going to go to college. There's no way. We could never pay for it." And it was true. Our family was tiny: me and her. We lived off of food stamps, government checks, and Section 8 assistance. We had maybe \$10 left after bills and food each month, and Mom used that to buy cigarettes. I worked as much as I could, but there was no way I could earn and save enough to pay for tuition, housing, books, food, and health care. My mom suffers from bipolar disorder, and she has never been able to hold down a job. College wasn't an option for her, and it seemed out of reach for me.

But all of that didn't stop me. I didn't know how on earth I would pay for college, but I took AP classes, stayed up late each night doing homework, got a lot of As, and submitted college applications. I was accepted to my first choice: Brigham Young University.

And that's when you came into my life. I was overjoyed when I read the email informing me that I had been awarded a BYU scholarship. Miraculously, the numbers added up. I could go to BYU, and scholarships have paid my way for the last four years. "Thank you" doesn't seem enough to express my gratitude, but it will have to suffice.

This fall I'm going to be Ms. Montgomery, teaching English in room 29 at a local junior high school. My life is better than I ever dared to imagine it could be. Thank you. Coming to BYU has changed me. I've become the woman Heavenly Father always meant for me to become. And guess what? You made that possible.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Crystal".

Crystal Montgomery

