

私の旅: My Journey
How a Florist Becomes a Librarian

by

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BLACK SCREEN - FADE IN

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SFX: Piano Loops, very relaxing, serene

FADE TO BLACK - FADE IN IMAGE

IMAGE - DESCRIPTION

Pictured is a bend in a river. To the naked eye, it looks kind of innocuous. In reality, this is the Pilchuk River next to the Tsubaki Kanagara Grand Shrine of the United States in Granite Falls, Washington. I took this picture in November of 2010, at one of the lowest points in my life, but this river changed me.

VOICEOVER

Have you ever had one of those life affirming, no, life changing moments where, if your life was a movie, there would be a stirring piano line in the background? This is the story of mine. <PAUSE>

In 2010, I felt lost. The economy had dried up most of my floral work to a bare trickle. Essentially, no one wanted to hire a college-educated designer. I was forced into a job that was far from fulfilling or meaningful, where I felt like I was being used. I felt, quite honestly, like a failure all around.

Call it what you will, but something intervened. In the summer of 2010, my younger cousin took a job out in Seattle, Washington, a city I had yearned to visit with all my heart for years. I took a risk (against my modus operandi of the time), and booked a plane ticket for that November.

As soon as I stepped off the plane, I felt free. I'm an only

child, and the oldest of my generation on each side of my family, so I've always felt a lot of hopes and expectations on my head. Being 2,700 miles away from home helped me detach from those self-imposed shackles.

On the suggestion of a dear longtime friend, I drove from Seattle up to Granite Falls, and the Tsubaki Grand Shrine of America. As soon as I turned at the torii, the gate, I felt at peace. <PAUSE>

Gravel crunched under my shoes as I exited my rental car. I paused to take in a lungfull of the crisp November mountain air. I heard the gentle lull of a river over to my right and the delicate flutter of falling leaves all around me. I was taken back in time to the creek that ran around the perimeter of our farm. The memories of days spent sitting on a rock in the middle of the creek came back to me in a rush of nostalgia and longing.

When I approached the river, I saw a rock jutting out into the middle of the flowing water. Well, I justified, maybe a few minutes sitting would help me clear my mind. A few minutes turned into almost two hours sitting and letting my mind clear.

How did I lose my way?

What did I want to do with my life?

No, not what everyone expected me to do; what did I want to do?

On that rock, I vowed to follow my ambitions from that girl long ago, sitting on a rock with her nose buried in a book on the Civil War. I would return to college and finally major in what I loved, what I felt right in; HISTORY. That was the beginning of my tabi, my journey, back to who I really was.

As librarians, we help people find their pathways, their journeys, through advocacy and compassion. I am an academic librarian; my love and my drive is to help my students unlock their potential inside and outside of the classroom.

A river's journey is hardly ever easy; it takes twists, turns, and falls like life. If it were not for that rock, that innocuous piece of granite, I might not have trusted myself enough to pursue a dream. Now, I want to help students pursue theirs.

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CREDITS

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