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Who I Was

September 9th, 2008 seemed like an ordinary day. I went to school, sat in the very back of the classroom, only spoke when spoken to and finished my work quickly, receiving an 100 on my test and beginning my homework. Although this day seemed ordinary, it turned out to be the day that would change my life forever and shape me into the young man I have become. People usually think of me as a hard worker since I always have high expectations for myself, but what they don't know is what made me develop this mentality. My hardworking trait is due to the fact that my mother use to push me into scoring very high grades on all of my tests and quizzes by helping me study new material that I learned in class and lessons I've learned in the past so that I won't forget. However, my grades received the most significant change when she passed away.

At around 2:15pm, my teacher Ms. Lawrence received a phone call from the main office because my stepfather was down stairs to pick me up. So, I gathered my belongings and headed to the office. Once I arrived, I immediately asked my stepfather why he came to pick my brothers and I up. He said that it was nothing to worry about, but I had a feeling something was wrong considering the fact that my stepfather was very quiet. When we arrived home, I rushed to the living room excited to see my mother and tell her about my day, however she wasn't there. I asked my stepfather "Where's mom?". He turned to me looking very distraught and he told me that she passed away due to her colon cancer. At first I couldn't believe what I had heard. My mother; the person who brought me into this world, the one who always believed in me and always wanted me to strive higher and higher, was now gone. After she passed, my aunt gained custody over me since my stepfather was not my biological father.



After my mother's death, school was one of the biggest obstacles because I no longer had her support. At first school seemed so impossible. With every test I took, I'd randomly begin to think of her. Then, I began to notice a reduction in my grades, they started to decrease more and more. I received a wake-up-call; the first time I really failed an exam, I was devastated because it seemed that without my mother's belief in me, I was unable to succeed.

After a while, I realized that although I do not have this positive reinforcement and belief with me anymore, it doesn't mean I should grieve forever. Although everyone around me seemed to have their mothers in their lives, I didn't let that bring me down. Whenever I was unhappy or felt defeated, I'd rely on myself for the answer. However, I realized that although she's gone, everything I do, is a reflection of her teachings, and that's my strength and one of the main reasons I turned out to be the young man I have become right now. I'm finding peace with her death and growing from it instead of grieving. Furthermore, I'm learning how to depend on myself for the answer, never letting her death justify my performance in school, and if it is to affect me in any way, shape, or form, instead of grieving I'll turn it into a positive reminder rather than grieving and having my performance rate in school or any extracurricular activities decay.

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