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College Essay

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### Intergenerational Trauma

As a child, I lived in an extremely harsh environment. My father was an active drug dealer, and user, as my mother was. In the womb I was exposed to multiple narcotics, and alcohol. When I was born, my father was eventually caught and incarcerated, and my mom left me, alone, with a homeless man. From an infant to about five years old, I went from foster home to foster home. Not only given up by my birth parents, but by many others after. I spent about 2 years with a foster family until one day I met my parents. I was at church, sitting outside as I was rolling a can of sprite up and down a hill hysterically laughing. A woman, who is my mother today, told me that she knew right then and there that god told her she was to take me to be her son and raise me. She brought it up to my dad and he was never more excited to have a baby boy after having two little girls. I made it through the adoption process and was officially adopted at about five years old. My parents pulled me from the dirt, and gave me another chance. I began to thrive more than ever. I fell in love with sports, I was meant to be an athlete.

After I was adopted my parents took me through physical therapy to help me walk. I came to them as a vegetable, and they never knew if I would ever be able to walk again. Years later I had accomplished the impossible. I fell in love with sports and started to grow like a weed. Last year at the beginning of my junior year, the hardest decision I have ever made was to quit

playing baseball. This sport was my safe haven, stepping on to the mound was home. I can always picture myself on the mound in the stretch, seeing my cousin, David, behind me as my guardian angel. I fell into a dark place. I was living a simulation: School, work, sleep, repeat. I worked 8 hour shifts everyday. My mom used this decision I made as a way to get money out of me. She's a good mom, but she's not a good woman. Greedy, selfish. I didn't like the head coach, again, really good coach, but not a good man. He was very abusive, obviously had something going on his head. I knew it, he got fired, he was bi-polar. The summer of my Junior year was when I heard about the news. I have never been more excited for anything in my life. I was going to play baseball again, my last high school season.

Family is something that I cherish. I have always had the best times with my cousins and my sisters. Every summer my family and I go out to our lake house in Nebraska. A place called Woodcliff. It was my 16th birthday on July 6th as me and my older cousins were lighting off fireworks from the dock. This one fire work in particular we were all excited for called: Honey Badger Don't Care. We couldn't wait to see it as it was the last one we were gonna blow off for the finale. As we lit it up, my cousin Andrew and I ran back towards the porch and turned around eager to see. It fell over, facing toward all my family, as everyone was screaming and running away. But the most significant part of it that is my best memory, was Andrew and I running away screaming in sync. It felt like it was slow motion, like something you would see in a movie. I remember walking back when it was over laughing hysterically. To me, unlike any other moment, this one in particular, was fascinating. I felt so alive, more alive then I have ever been.

My outlook on life is like looking at a line graph. It shouldn't go at a steady rate. There are so many ups and downs, whether we like it or not, those bad times are what make us who we are. Not exactly the experience, but how you handle it, and come back from it. My saddest memory, in the 7th grade. I got off the bus after school, I saw my mom in her car, on the phone, sobbing. I remember it vividly. I got in immediately trying to comfort her and ask what was wrong. She was on the phone with my uncle Jim. My cousin, David, was killed in a horrifying car accident. This memory haunts me. Everytime I think of this, the song: WAKE UP, plays it's instruments over and over again and the lyrics: "Please don't wake me up feel like I'm dreaming," over and over in my head.

Throughout the ups and downs in my life, I wish to pursue a career, show my family and friends that I do have what it takes. My whole life I've been told I couldn't, and it is my goal to show everyone that I can and I did.