

Applicant's Name: Christopher McGlamery

Applicants SSN:

## **ESSAY PAGE**

My Dad/ My Mom...My Hero

The world is full of heroes: Batman, Wonder Woman, the recently departed Captain America, athletes, Sailors, Airmen, Soldiers, and Marines. Yet, amongst all of these great men and women, my hero lurks in the background shunning the fame and the glory. My hero is unquestionably the greatest of them all, my mother.

As a young boy I don't have many memories of my father, due to the fact that he was deployed for a majority of the time. I do however remember my mother stepping up and filling a tremendous gap in my sister's and my life. In those early years she had to be a mother, father, teacher, plumber, electrician and chef, all rolled into one. Without her, I might not have learned to throw a football or execute the perfect sleeper hold, let alone know the difference between a dinner fork and a salad fork. What amazes me most is that she managed all this while raising another kid, maintaining a house, and adapting to life in a new place all by herself. Where many have felt sadness, isolation, and frustration, I feel immeasurable pride to know that she displayed strength and resilience. When the days grew long and frustrating, she simply lowered her head and plowed on through.

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As the years have passed, I've been constantly reminded of just how much she has sacrificed for me. If football practice ran late, she stayed late to pick me up. When I was in the hospital, she never left my side. Every time I put off the big project, mom was up until 0400 to make sure it got finished. On top of all this, she still cooked dinner, did the laundry, and yelled at me to take a bath. All this assures me that no matter what I do or how dark the day seems she will always be there with open arms and a smile on her face.

When I looked up the exact definition of a hero, I found this, "A hero is a man of distinguished courage or ability, admired for his brave deeds and noble qualities." Aside from the obvious, I cannot think of a better way to describe my mother. She has always pushed and prodded me to achieve all that I can in life and never accept anything but my best. Her tenacity and bravery have molded me into the young man I am today and I wish I could thank her every day for that. Years down the line, I hope I can impart some of that wisdom on my own family, but for now I simply hope that she is proud of who I am. Her strength is my strength, her kindness is my kindness, and her love is my inspiration. My hero may not have her own holiday or her own comic book but I know that she will be there 24/7 ready at the first signs of peril to spring into action and save the day.