Unexpected Blessing

I am the fourth child out of my seven siblings, the middle child. Growing up, I pestered my older sibling as my younger ones do to me now, but I never truly understood how blessed I was to grow up in such a big family. My older sisters were my role models and still are, I see what they go through as adults in this world and decide whether that’s the path I want to take or not. I am also a big sister to three younger siblings, and although I did not see that they look up to me until recently, I know that they do and I strive not to make many mistakes that they may follow. Looking up to someone and admiring them does not always meant that you want to be like them, but that you watch their actions and mentally note them, as if they are a manual on what to do and what not to do. Never in a million years did I think I would touch someone’s life outside of my family, but the last semester of my senior year, I did. This experience is something I will never forget and I am so amazed by how the kids I helped relieved my daily stress by just being themselves.

Working with my legacy students is an experience I will never forget. I was blessed with such an amazing group of kids that made my senior year, less stressful and more memorable. They trusted me with their secrets and acted as if I was their big sister. Walking into my class every day I was greeted with a loud “ASHLEY!” by them and it warmed my heart to know that I, a regular teenage girl, meant so much to these six-year-old kids. One of the most touching moments throughout this experience was a little girl in my class didn’t really have anyone to look up to at home, so she always talked to me about her problems. Nevertheless, the thing she did that reminded me that the stress of my senior year was not going to kill me was she would always ask me about my day and she would try to compare her problems to mine. For example, I told her about a class I was struggling in and she compared to how she does not understand what
they were learning in math. For a six-year-old girl being able to reduce my problems just by comparing them to hers, did not make this world seem so scary anymore and gave her hope that her problems would not grow as she did. She and I soon became “best friends,” as she would tell you. She never left my side every second that I was there. I meant so much to her, she admired how I lived, and acted, I never thought that I would change someone’s life as I feel like I changed her life. Today, I see her and she will run up to me, hug me, and act as if nothing has changed. However, I am not around anymore as I was, and she knows that, but she still seems to keep her head up and know her problems are small and can be solved. That experience is what assured me that I can be a children’s counselor, my dream job since the 4th grade, and I can touch kids’ lives. She and every other student in that class changed my life in a way they will never know, but I will know what group of young and innocent sweethearts forever changed my future.