

Sample Scholarship Essay: Hardships

Every time I open up our photo albums during Christmas and family gatherings I feel a sense of nostalgia. With each turn of the page, each resonance of laughter, each event and each year—precisely remembered—all the problems of today vanish: my parents never divorced, my father never lost his job and my family never moved. Instead, life is filled with memories of happy and exuberant times.

Although those days are now rooted far in the past, the memories of life as a child stay vivid and clear.

Life had always been carefree and pleasant. I had cousins who loved me, parents who disciplined me and the girls who teased me. I felt all the warmth and comfort any child could want; however, it was more than just this that made my childhood “perfect.” I had always been close to my brothers, and the most memorable moments of my childhood embrace the love and affection my brothers and I shared. We spent countless summer days playing and dreaming on the front lawn. We wrestled and fought, imitating those we saw on television. Yet, with our short attention spans, it wasn’t long before we sat down together and started talking about our hopes for the future, our ambitions and goals, our future wives and children. Innocently, I had always thought becoming a superhero was a realistic goal. I talked about all the superpowers I would somehow acquire and how people would tell stories of my accomplishments for generations to come. My brothers, although younger, laughed and made fun; after all, they had more realistic ambitions, hoping to become doctors or lawyers. Then the debates began. We went on and on for hours, talking about how each of us would be better than the others. Although I did not always claim first place, I looked forward to the next day when we’d come back out and start our discussions anew. As simple as it may seem, their presence was more than enough to make me happy. These experiences understandably may not seem like much to an outside observer, but for me they are among the best days of my life. To this day I can still think of no better way I could have spent my summer days than just sitting in the front yard, enjoying the company of my siblings. Nothing even comes close.

Although it's been many years since then, I have always longed to return to this past; every day was an experience in its own and filled with nothing but excitement and joy. As I look back on my childhood, I contemplate the things that made it so enjoyable—the simplicity of life as a child. I was devoid of responsibilities, satisfied with life and hopeful for the future. My childhood was instrumental in shaping who I have become: someone driven to succeed but optimistic even in the face of failure. Through years past, I have realized that life will never be the same, but then again, when does life ever stay the same? Each day presents a new set of problems. I can no longer just sit in the front yard with my brothers, dreaming the day away. Although ties have changed and obstacles have arisen, I still view the future with the same optimism and anticipation I have always viewed it with. My experiences have hardly been “perfect,” but life continues to amaze and excite me at every turn. The problems of “yesterday” should not affect the futures of “tomorrow.”