

# College Personal Statement

“If life really wants to give me something, I will take it with gratitude.” This is a simple sentence I like most, but it cost my whole past sixteen years to taste and understand.

Since I was a child, I hardly communicated with my father because of his busy work. I was sometimes grumbling about the life with no monetary stress but absence of my dad, however, my mother told me that everything would be better, and provided me a lot more love than others. So I smiled and sang every day, living a cheerful life just like other carefree girls in my age.

When I entered junior high school, my father’s business took a heavy toll. We moved to a smaller house by selling the previous one. Father began to stay at home, but spending most of time searching a turnaround of his business in internet and books. Still with no father’s accompany while feeling the stress of him, I became depressed and started to complain. Once again, my mother used her loving words and practical actions to teach me to love myself and be happy. Hence, I turned back to be a happy little bird in front of others as before.

Unexpectedly, my father was bankrupted when I entered high school, which led to a great change in our life and even my daily study. We had no choice but to move into a shabby house where I could even see the outside from the cracks in the wall, and my double-bed was replaced by the joint of two table tennis tables. I could no longer go out and have party with my friends, and my mom held two or more part-time jobs at that time. I was desperate about the current life and had a lot of grievance. As a result of carrying negative feelings all day long, I could not focus in class as well as fall asleep at night.

On account of my mother’s sensitivity, she quickly discerned my changes and decided to do something to alleviate my psychological suffering. She took me to the deaf-mutes school where deeply impressed me. The parents of eighteen kids there paid a visit once a year, and what accompany them was the cold TV, classrooms and playground. Although they could not hear and speak, their smiling faces never disappear. Even if they could not communicate with me in words, they still showed their hospitality to me. I was embarrassed beyond words for the reason that I was meant to take care of them but on the contrary they taught me a lesson. My life was definitely more decent than theirs. And most importantly, I had the concern and love from my parents. Greatly inspired, I made up my mind to persist to go to the school for deaf-mutes, giving my care and doing whatever I can for them. Being together with them, I could feel that I gradually became sanguine again. Meanwhile, thanks to my father’s perseverance, his business shows a sign of rise, and our life is on the way to be back on its original track.

I am lucky to be in such a family, where my father uses his real story to teach me about effort and persistence, while my mother uses her love to make me a girl with an optimistic, cherishing, caring and dedicatory heart. I believe, happiness or misfortune, they are all gifts from life. What we should do is not to complain, but to accept them with gratitude and never forget to bring courage, effort, persistence, hope, and love with us.

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