A Hero to All

It was a gruesome war. Battle fields of North Korea in the 1950’s were littered with men shooting heavy artillery. Soldiers were jumping from planes, tangling with each other and crashing to the ground. As they cried out in sheer agony, others landed unscathed and ready to defend their nation. One man, terrified, yet brave, landed safely and began his horrid task at hand. He and his men were fighting their way to a line of safety when he got shot in the knee cap, and his brethren got shot in the back. Despite his injuries, he was not going to leave his man behind. Through raining bullets, excruciating pain, and explosions, he managed to get himself and his men to their safe haven. With perseverance and bravery, they accomplished their mission and left the war. With the injuries sustained in battle, he was discharged from the army with a good conduct medal, a service award, and 2 purple hearts. Thus, he went on with life out of combat, and into his new life, ready to fight a different battle.

The day I was born, I was gifted to have this man as my grandfather. I have always known he is brave, and that bravery has taught me to be strong when challenges approach. As he describes the hardships of war, my admiration for him intensifies, and he gets higher on the pedestal I have put him on. When I observe him doing tasks, it’s like time and age are irrelevant. My grandfather has never let his age of 86 discourage him from achieving the goals he has. Even
since 2006, when his heart stopped and he received a pacemaker, he is still accomplishing many things people his age couldn’t do.

Not only is he strong willed, he is also wise. If you were to open up his mind, you would be able to see the secrets of the world hidden there. When he speaks, it’s as if he has been alive for millions of years- and if you ask him, he says he is older than dirt! He just has this wealth of knowledge he portrays in everything he does. More importantly, though, is his unlimited love for everything. When he married my grandmother, she already 3 sons, but he readily accepted them, and raised them as his own. He is a real kindred spirit, and he is my hero.

Throughout the stories of his life and what they have taught me, I have learned to persevere, even when you are petrified. This has also encouraged me to pick myself up and fight, even if people are trying to shoot you down. His bravery in saving his brethren has taught me that if someone needs help, even if you’re wounded too, fight for the both of you. He is the living definition of Hero, and this is what makes him one to others as well. He is one of America’s heroes, and is now, and always will be, my hero too.