

Growing up the only parent figure I had was my mother. She was a very independent person that never sought the help of others. I have never met my father, nor have I even seen him. I have never received a letter, a text message, a call, or any piece of communication to signify that I have a dad. The sad part is that I don't even know what he looks like, nor his name. Some days I just wished he were present for my mom, not me. She would not have had to go through so much. She would not have had to work two to three jobs most of the time she was raising me and her other children. She would not have had to shed tears as frequent as she did because she would not have been so mentally and physically tired.

As time continued to go by, all the energy exerted to give my siblings and I a good future led to my mom being diagnosed with depression going towards midyear of 2019. This is the situation that impacted my life the most. She simply defined herself as "broken." This led to a huge cutback in income because she could not work which made me want to work even harder and provide. I worked longer hours. As a minor, jobs don't really exploit you as a person. They only really see you as a worker which is why we (younger working class) received the little pay they offer. I just wanted to pay for the things that were needed such as food and clothes. Most of my checks also went to the partial amount of rent which only left me with little. I put my family first before anything. She wasn't able to work for about a year and a half. She lost a significant amount of weight and strength. When she finally started working again we had the entire COVID 19 outbreak which struck our life once again. My mother was diagnosed with COVID 19 about 2-3 months ago. She was instantly rushed to the hospital because her respiratory system was failing exponentially. It seems as if the time she just began to get strong again, tragedy took place. COVID affected the way I thought. It affected the hope I had for the future. My mother facetime called me while she was on a ventilator to say her "last words". That is probably the worst feeling someone could ever take in. No one should have to ever endure that feeling. But, those weren't her last words. My mother is a strong, beloved woman who always fights to the end and the end isn't near. She has gotten well, but we are still affected by the virus because she is frightened to return to the work field. That is where I step in and try my hardest to work strong hours to benefit her and my little sister. I feel as if I can have a positive impact on this situation for my mother and younger sister. They are my drive to success. In the fall of 2022 it would be an honor to major in a pre-accelerated nursing program at an esteemed institution. This program will allow me to graduate college with BSN and an RN license. This will allow me to make a statement in the healthcare field for my community both physically and mentally. You don't see too many black males in the healthcare care field right. My braveness will allow the youth an example of rare black excellence. Everyone should be allowed an equal chance. I will provide for my mother and younger sister and give them life changing opportunities. My name is Justin Wallace. I am a young and intelligent black male in the Pittsburgh community. I come from little but my future holds much more! This is my story!