

While most people experience defining moments in life at some point during their adulthoods, my earliest defining moment occurred when I was only ten years old. That moment as well as a second event which occurred eight years later, have influenced how I live and my choice now to pursue a career as a medical doctor. Throughout my life, I have been taught the importance of saving lives and I wish to replicate that. My motivation to pursue my interests in the medical field came from witnessing two life or death events, one at the age of ten and the second came when I was 18 and visiting Ireland for my grandfather's funeral.

Witnessing the near fatal experience of my twin, Declan, at the end of my fourth-grade year had sparked my interest into becoming an emergency room doctor. Back in June of 2011, Declan and I were riding our bikes home from a swim team pep rally. Declan and myself are very competitive, so as I slacked behind him trying to catch up, I was given a front-row seat towards watching the wreckage occur as he was hit and run over by a dual wheel construction truck. The impotence I felt watching over Declan laying under the truck millimeters away from death had shattered my younger self's reality. No ten-year-old is expected to understand how to handle such a situation, but that day made me realize that I want to become the one of the persons on the inside who does know how to contribute when a life, say a little boy's brother, is on the line. Only eight years after Declan's accident, I was given another experience with a traumatic situation, but this time I was able to help. In the summer right after graduating from high school, I had saved a little girl's life during a stay in Ireland for my grandfather's burial. One day, my family randomly decided to go to a beach and as we were headed out the door, we impulsively decided to change course and go to a less popular beach. Soon after we had arrived at Portmarnock beach we heard screams for help from a father as his daughter who did not know how to swim was being swept out into the deep sea. The father was screaming for help as he did not know how to swim himself. My brothers and I, without thought, immediately swam out to her to be able to swim her back to shore. We swam her back on top of us taking turns in hopes to not tire ourselves out during the rescue. Our swim was slightly over a mile. Our only thought was saving the little girl and pushing harder and harder as we watched her head struggling to stay above water. Only after we got the little girl safely back to shore, we began to process other factors such as how frigid the water was and how we put our own lives on the line.

Declan's accident gave me dedication to push myself academically for the reason of learning how to contribute; That day in Ireland gave me another reason to continue my course into the medical field. My efforts in saving the little girl allowed my confidence to flourish. I proved to myself that I can apply myself in an emergency situation. I have the ability to stay calm, focused, use reason, and contribute effectively to help out in unexpected situations. I will never forget the feeling of accomplishment knowing that the girl gets to continue walking this Earth because of my help. I want to become a medical doctor because I have adapted an intrinsic need to be able to heal the human body and to save lives. The field of trauma has my eyes for I believe I can help people in the same boat as younger Declan and the girl from Ireland. I hope to continue my education in the medical field and offer my abilities of curiosity, flexibility, motivation.