

The concept of death is an inevitable curse and a situation that no one is prepared to encounter. To experience the loss of a loved one can change a person's whole perspective. It can be a source of deeper pain, depression, or motivation and determination. When death greeted my grandmother's bed, it felt as though a huge part of my heart had been cut and would not grow into the whole it once was. The world looked darker and duller, and hope was nowhere to be found. But despite the darkness that eluded my world with my grandmother's death, I greeted it with newfound purpose and light. I greeted it by choosing to continue excelling in my education and pursue a career in the medical field.

It was not an easy pathway to achieve experiences related to the healthcare field given the country of my birth, Kuwait, the Middle East along with my childhood upbringing; books, and isolation. The opportunities for expanding one's potential were limited. Truth be told, I did not have the personality or attitude to be qualified to work in the healthcare field. However, I grabbed every opportunity that came my way, especially when it came to something related to the healthcare field. It started with being a medic during our sports festival. We were all assigned days and stations where we would stand guard, and be ready if a situation arose. Though the casualties I have dealt with were mere requirements of bandages and ice packs, it started a spark within me, and I knew I wanted to gain as much experience and information on the field as possible— and the death of my grandmother was only the beginning.

Another reason that impacted my choice in the healthcare field is my mom. She is a registered nurse. She has dealt with many scenarios at work, where half of them she's shared with us, and the other half, I am not sure. Nonetheless, the experience I encountered with my mom's line of the field did not directly happen to me, but I was there to witness it. I remember the memories as though they were from yesterday. It happened months before my family and I flew to America. I heard a loud bang on our door; I heard panic and urgency in one of our neighbor's voices, obviously in need of help. My dad opened the door, ready to help however he could, but it was my mom whom they called. Being a curious lad, I followed my parents to the scene of the crime, and there I saw a man lying down peacefully asleep, or so I thought. My mom started giving the man chest compressions, while I still had no idea what was happening. Although gaining knowledge about the healthcare field, I was aware that giving chest compressions means the person requires revival or something like that. However, that was not why it had altered my brain chemistry because what made me wonder was the fact that my mom continued giving chest compressions even though the man, lying peacefully, had no more pulse. It was later in the afternoon when my mom told me the whole thing, where the man to whom she gave chest compressions had cardiac arrest while sleeping, and that he had already passed before anyone noticed. The question I had asked her then remains in my mind today. I asked my mom why she continued giving chest compression when she knew that the man's heart stopped beating, she said, "Because you have to do the best you can and give all you got to saving a life, even if it seems impossible." Her answer brought back the time my grandmother had died. Up to today, there is no concrete answer to how my grandmother passed away, but I knew right there and then that no family should go through the coaster of emotions that we had felt with her passing.

Moving on, Kuwait was my home but I knew that there was more to achieve in leaving than staying there, which is why my family and I had moved to America— for a better

life, and brighter future. The first year in America was undoubtedly the roughest year I had so far– the adjustment, the environment, the people, and the curriculum. Nevertheless, despite the ups and downs, I managed to gain experience and knowledge about my field of interest. During my junior year of high school, which was my first year in America, I managed to get a position for a field trip that explored the healthcare field and managed to secure a spot with EVMS for the summer program; the summer that changed my trajectory. It taught me how to take blood and measure blood pressure, and how it feels like to be in a simulation, which was exhilarating and scary at the same time, but in the end, as I managed to complete the task at hand, it felt rewarding. My summer with EVMS showed me the different opportunities for working in the healthcare field and that there is a world beyond nurses and doctors– a world filled with opportunities, knowledge, and diversity.

In conclusion, the death of a loved one could carry great pain but it does not have to be the end of the world, it could be a new light for a greater purpose or a new source of motivation to create bigger accomplishments. As for me, I chose to create a mark in the medical field.