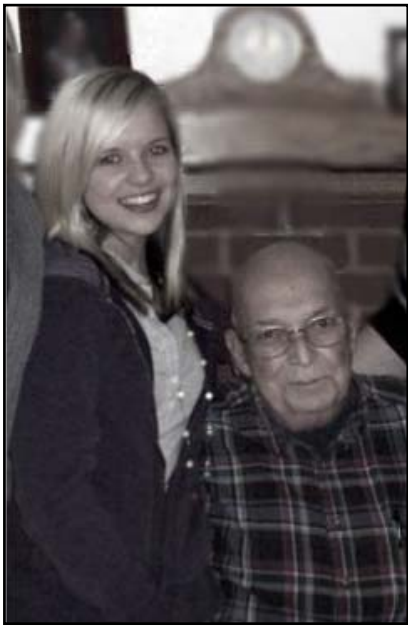


## My Hero Essay



I always asked myself what is a hero? Is it some famous person, super hero or what? I never did quite understand the meaning till about now. Now I completely understand, a hero to me is someone who would always be there for anyone, someone who would put others first before themselves. Someone who you can trust with just about everything. Someone who is terrified to do something but does it anyway. But the biggest thing of all is that they have self-trust.

Well my hero is my Grandpa, Wally Holter. I probably wouldn't know what a hero is if he never would have showed me. If you didn't know him, you really missed out on something special. My grandpa would do anything for anyone if they just asked. If something was bothering you he wouldn't

have to ask, he would already know. It was like he had a sixth sense or something. My grandpa would try his hardest to make you smile, even if it meant he had to act like a complete fool! He was the perfect grandfather in my eyes, and I'm sure my brother and cousin would agree with me too. Even though he only has three real grandchildren, others thought of him as a grandpa they never had.

His children looked up to him a lot, and so do I. He taught them how to keep the family strong, and to be there for one another. He was always there for his family through thick and thin no matter what. A couple years ago when my grandma passed away, it was a tough time for our family. The thing he did might have been the hardest thing he could've done. He stayed strong for all of us. He kept us going when we didn't want to. He helped us through it when we should've been the ones helping him.

When my grandpa became sick with cancer, I became worried. But after he started taking his chemotherapy treatments it seemed like he got a lot better. Even though he was sick he was always happy because he knew that he raised his kids well enough to take care of him if he couldn't. He always had a smile on his face even if he was in pain. My grandpa loved being with his family, I think that's when he was the most happy.

On February 3<sup>rd</sup> when he had a heart attack I was terrified he wasn't going to be okay. When the doctor said he was going to be fine and could come home the 6<sup>th</sup> I was blissful. I visited him the 4<sup>th</sup> and he looked tremendous. I was sure he was going to be alright.



But then when I went to visit him the next day, I found out that they couldn't get his blood pressure up. When they took him to the ICU I knew it wasn't good. On February 6<sup>th</sup> my mom took me out of school to go visit him, she said he wasn't doing good. When my brother and I got to the hospital, everyone looked so sad. When the doctors told everyone we're going to have to respect his wishes, I tried to stay

strong for my grandpa. Everyone got to tell him we love him for the last time. When I saw him laying in that hospital bed I couldn't handle it. I completely broke down and started crying. I held his hand for a while and just prayed that he was going to be okay, that he would get up and start talking. It was the worst feeling in the world seeing him in pain and I'm sure everyone else would agree. If I could've taken the pain away I would have done it in a heart beat.

I'm going to miss him so much. I think everyone is. Every time I saw him, he brightened my day. If he smiled at you it was so hard not to smile back. It was like his smiles were contagious. I don't know how I'm going to be able to handle not having him here anymore. It's going to be different, but I know he's in a better place now. He's probably dancing up a storm with my grandma while singing to her! Every night that I'll miss him I will just look up and know the stars are holding him tonight.

If your listening grandpa, we all love and miss you so very much. You were a lot of peoples heros, especially mine. No one will ever forget you, you'll be in our hears and prayers for now and forever. I love you grandpa, rest in peace. (:

Corbyn Holter

