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Road To Success

It was the day after the big storm ceased, the day that shattered many hearts, the day I was forced to begin a new chapter in my life, that day was January 11th, the day my father passed away.

In today's society, we live fast-paced, never appreciating what we have; instead, longing for more. Everyday, we take things for granted. I took my dad for granted, and I learned to appreciate the hard way. When we come to a point in time in our lives where we have to bury a close friend or family member, time slows down. We take time to be grateful for what we have. Gratefulness and prosperity are learned through time. My dad had the ambition and endurance to succeed, never allowing anyone or anything get in the way.

As a baby, he was diagnosed with meningitis. Luckily, he survived; however, this affected his reading capability. He could not read fluently enough so he and or others could understand properly. Often, he would have me or my mother read off directions to his next destination. Fortunately, he was an attentive listener, and had a wide range of good direction. No matter where the location was, lost or found, he was determined to get there on time. He was a very hard worker and he would do almost anything to get the job done. All through his life he was underestimated; nobody believed that he would become successful. The only person who truly believed in him was himself, and that was all he needed.

He went through many jobs in his lifetime, primarily truck driving. My mom encouraged him to get his Hazmat and CDL license, due to the fact that he would make more money. He agreed to take the tests, knowing no one could help him read the questions or answers. They let him use an audio for the CDL test; however, on the Hazmat test, he had to read everything by himself. He did not pass either test the first try, but he didn't let it discourage him. He took the tests again, and awaited the results, hoping for the best. As the Secretary of State official was grading his tests, our brows were sweating with anxiousness. I will never forget the look upon his face as he received his test results. His immense, brown eyes were filling up with tears as his big, cheesy, toothless smile was stretching across his cheeks, priceless. He had passed both tests, by himself. He overcame his obstacle and succeeded. I was so proud of him; moreover, he was proud of himself.

My father clearly defines integrity today through his aspirations and perseverance, even though no one expected him to succeed. He truly inspired me to thrive for my goals, although they may seem unreachable at the time. Integrity led him to ultimate victory. He may have had a disability, but he didn't let it take over his life. He made his own principles and stuck true to them.