

Steve Paul



The doctor placed a big yellow sticker in the shape of a star on my shirt. I was overjoyed, as I looked down on the stick that had the words “Big Brother” printed on it. I peered into the crib on the left side of the room that contained a squirmish little thing making slight noises. That squirmish little thing was my first little brother. The brother which I begged my parents and God for so long to have. As a five year old, not having anyone to play with at home was the most miserable thing in the world. My one big dream in life was to have at least one younger sibling, someone who could help me fill the empty space in our house with fun, ruckus noise. My prayers were finally answered on March 12, 2012 when my first younger brother was born. As my enthusiastic five year old self stood in the hospital room examining my brother, there was no way of knowing how much the “Big Brother” term that the bright yellow sticker declared on my shirt would soon transform my life forever. Soon, I would come to be familiar with the responsibilities, sacrifices, and challenges that came with the duty of being a big brother. And as one younger sibling then multiplied into four younger siblings in my life, I became accustomed with what being a big brother should really mean. While I have faced plenty of difficulties and

lessons revolving around my siblings, the lesson that I have valued the most and that has helped shape my life moving forward is how to be a good role model. Having four young children looking up to your every move is a daunting task, yet it has helped teach me how to lead by example and how to prove that anything is possible as long as you put your mind to it. It has made me the person I am today, a person who strives to be a leader and to always be doing the right thing. Due to my role of being a big brother, my younger siblings are a big inspiration for me to go to college.

Growing up, my mother would always warn me to watch what I do around my siblings, as they study my every move. I would always dismiss her warnings, attributing it to just more nonsense that mothers usually said. I believed this, all the way until one day when one of my younger brothers got hurt from falling down off of our tall tv stand after playing on it. When questioned as to why he stood on the dangerous tv stand in the first place, his answer struck me. The reason was that he had seen me playing on it prior to him. This moment really resonated with ten year old me. Maybe my mother was right after all, as she usually is. Maybe my younger siblings do look up to me, and see me as an example of what they should do. From that moment on, I worked on being a good role model for them. I wanted to be seen as a good example of what to do, someone they can truly look up to. This meant always doing the right thing and acting as a good citizen of society. I always put my all in every single piece of work I have to do, and put my best self forward in my sports and extracurriculars. I do this so I can show my siblings the rewards that come with putting your all into something. I want to serve as an inspiration to them, that when you put your mind to something, you can achieve anything. Being a role model all my life to my four little siblings have also absolutely served as my own inspiration to attend college and to achieve higher learning. It has inspired me to achieve all that

I can achieve in my life, and that hopefully by doing this, I continue to inspire and show them that they too are perfectly capable of achieving their dreams and aspirations. No matter stereotypes or limitations that society may try to place on them, I want to be an example and show them that anything is truly possible when you put your best effort and your mind to it.