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Most of these essays start off with a cliché ‘Once Upon a Time’ sort of memory that spur a life-changing epiphany they feel obligated to express. This sudden realization normally leads to a drastically abrupt change in character or drive which now defines the kind of person they have become. Plenty of kids grow up speaking multiple languages: Spanish, French, Chinese, Italian. The amounts of peers who grow up learning such typical, secondary languages along with English make me question my own identity, in such a sense. Why is it every time I find myself searching for the ‘American Sign Language’ option in the drop bar or filling out an exam paper, 9 out of 10 times it fails to appear?

Hearing of a child grow up with two deaf parents isn’t exactly as typical a situation as intertwining ethnic backgrounds. All my life, what has seemed so ordinary to me is portrayed as such a tragedy and struggle to many who can only imagine what it would be like if their own parents were deaf like mine are. I have grown up learning sign language since I was a baby and feel blessed to be so exposed to such a socially considered ‘exotic’ language that many find to be beautiful and wish they could take the time to learn. As a child, other parents always thought of my parents being deaf and raising their hearing child as so interesting or wonderful, until it comes to them trusting my ‘disabled’ parents with their child’s safety during play dates and birthday parties. Experiencing first hand what it’s like to be isolated from my peers due to pre-conceived judgments placed upon my parents and their ability to maintain safety of other children, as if my parents were incapable of doing so after raising me, has really taught me the value of trust and the
impact on, not only the person you judge, but those who are affiliated within the realm of those being victimized.

I've grown to be more accustomed to social situations around adults and those who hold a place of authority over me due to my self-given responsibility from a young age to feel the need to constantly support or assist my parents in situations where a language barrier may be disadvantageous or debilitating. It has also made me more sensitive and aware of people, not only of special circumstances, becoming more willing to sympathize and be a dependable peer to anyone in need. Being so compassionate has given me the strong desire to be sure that no matter what the future may hold for me there is no other career in the world I would rather pursue than one that follows helping and working with children and adolescents of all ages and needs. Now knowing how incredibly interested I am in psychology, I hope to aim my focus towards some sort of counseling in children through, eventually, a private practice for those who are struggling through anything concerns their parents enough to the point where I can work with the pupils I love while hopefully changing their lives for the better. While my parents may not have planned on shaping me into the personality I’ve become through their challenges, I hope to fulfill what I feel is my duty as their child: becoming successful in my future as a result of the unordinary lifestyle I’ve blossomed under.