

## **A Person I Greatly Admire**

The majority of children in south Dublin have healthy relationships with their parents and, when asked, would probably make it clear that their parents were definitely on their list of idols. But that's only an area, not a county, not a country, not a continent, and most definitely not the whole world.

My paternal grandfather was born on February 26<sup>th</sup>, 1944. He's a person who today I would describe as a charismatic and loving man with a big personality. But, if you heard his story, my grandfather would not be the first person you'd think of as a role model. At the young age of three, his father lost his life to Typhoid fever. He was sent to live with his maternal grandparents as, at the time, his teenage mother couldn't raise him. At only thirteen, his grandparents died leaving him yet again without any parental figures. He headed to his third home, to live with his mother, step-father and nine other siblings in a three bedroom house in Kingstown, St Vincent.

Being the eldest, he supported his siblings and helped in the house. He spent four years helping and doing too many of his step-father's chores and having little time to spend with his mother before she died. Working in the country and coming home late, living with a step-father with whom he didn't see eye-to-eye, might not have been ideal for a seventeen year old but it was something; something that was taken away too suddenly at midnight after a day's work. In a sentence, he was told, "two man rats can't live in the same hole."

My grandfather is not an inspiration to me or the person I greatly admire because I have the same problems as him but rather he is someone I admire because I *don't* have the same problems. I admire him because he is an example of there being no excuse not to keep trying. While my problems may be considered petty by some, they're still mine and I get through them knowing that I can't wallow in them because, there is no excuse to do so.

Very simply, if I went into school tomorrow without my homework done because I was too tired after training, or I couldn't stay up the extra fifteen minutes, it doesn't matter. If it's not done, it's not done. No excuses. I'm not saying that I don't *ever* make excuses, I'm saying that

I always make a mental note and reflect and own my mistakes and problems. If I can't get up and bounce back from my problems, I will never learn to do something like my grandfather did.

Another reasons why I idolise him is because I love him. And it's not just his past, it's his present; his humour, his love, his constant understanding and, although he's thousands of miles away, his being there for anyone of his family. My grandfather is not just a poster hanging on my wall. He is not someone I want to push myself to be like, but someone I want to push myself to learn from. That is why he is my idol.