

The Heroic Love

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If it were an option, I would not go to school to become an engineer, a lawyer, or a doctor; I would go to school to become a superhero. It would become the new American dream to beat up bad guys, rescue old ladies from burning buildings, get the girl of your dreams and fly around in tight spandex. However despite the lack of flashy powers, impressive strength and the fact that technology is not advanced enough to make that American dream come true, people can still learn how to be a hero. True heroism is not defined by the amount of lives you save but rather by the amount of love shown to your fellow man. It is within the moment we discover how to love others that we acquire the greatest wisdom in this world.

My grandmother, the greatest hero I know, taught me this and showed me the significance of love when she found me lost and alone one night. My family had just moved into our new home and though I had been going to and from school for days, my method of transportation was always in the comfort of my parents' car. One morning my parents said they could not pick me up until late at night, and I, a rather ambitious 12 year old at the time, saw this irregular happenstance as an opportunity to finally prove I was capable of doing things on my own. I began a harrowing journey without a phone or money and after hours of wandering around clueless, the sky turned dark and I accepted the fact that I was utterly lost. I began to feel like my only option was to pray and as I prayed I began remembering a scripture that said, "Don't be afraid, for I am with you. Don't be discouraged, for I am your God. I will strengthen

you and help you. I will hold you up with my victorious right hand” (Isaiah 41:10) and I suddenly became hopeful. I tossed aside what little pride I had left and asked a passerby if they knew where my new town was and it was their direction that led me close enough to home for my grandmother to find me. I discovered that for as many hours as I was lost, my grandmother was driving around searching for me. When she picked me up she told me that she would have spent the whole night searching for me because she loved me. Even though it was indirectly, I knew that by God and my grandma’s love, I was able to come home that night. It showed me that love so powerful it can actually save a person’s life.

Year’s prior to my appreciation for love, I spent my days feeling despised by my mother and so I would spend my time purposely aggravating her in return for her hatred towards me. She is the one who gave me life but when I was an eight year old we constantly quarreled over trivial things and so I agree with this poem that states, “I am told that love is stronger than strong walls and in this lies my hope” (Finn) because I remember my yearning for a better life plainly and simply rested in the hope that someone would make me feel loved. One day my mother, who I thought was incapable of making me loved back then, insisted that I help her clean the house because her friends were coming over and it occurred to me that a perfect way to aggravate her was to clean at a glacial pace and virtually get nothing done. I made sure to clean as slow as possible without allowing her to see through my plan and although it was producing the desired effect, my mother’s patience was wearing thin. One moment I was pretending to dust the bookshelf and the next, she stormed towards me with a belt in her hand and lashed at my face. We both seemed to be shocked at her sudden reaction to my laziness but the image of mother standing in front of me paralyzed staring at the gash over my newly formed black eye, is one I

can vividly recall even today. I purposed in my heart to aggravate her for ignoring me, but after that belt incidence I wanted nothing to do with her.

A few months later I managed to grow depreciative of anything she did for me, but it had not yet dawned on me that since the beating, she too felt a strong in difference for me. Mother Theresa stated that “the hunger for love is much more difficult to remove than the hunger for bread” (Teresa) but I was attempting to convince myself that I did not need my mother’s love. As I sat in the living room watching television one day, the muffled shouts and loud clangs coming from the kitchen caught my attention. The arguing of my parents was not an unfamiliar sound to me but this incessant screaming had occurred every night that week and on this particular night the sounds of pots and pans flying across the room made it impossible to concentrate on what I was watching. They pretended I was not around, which was not at all an unfamiliar occurrence, but the usual routine was that my father would storm out of the house and my mother would storm through the living room. While both of these details affirmatively transpired, this time the fight became peculiar because the woman I so desperately attempted to disregard came into the living room with a face full of tears. I had never seen her so defenseless, so fragile and so human. I knew that despite any previous conflict between us, she was still my mother and I had to comfort her.

My attempt to comfort her was a difficult task and while I could not find any words to say to her, I found a taciturn way to console the fragile being. We were in the exact room where the belt incident ensued, situated in almost exactly the same spots but instead of harboring any more anger towards her for that beating, I decided to clean the mess we left in this room all those months ago. I found a bible nearby and presented a few scriptures to her hoping that somehow

the tears would stop and the strong woman I knew would surface again. There was a fear inside me that my parents might get divorced and even though I had a right to be worried, since children who have gone through a divorce are fifty percent more likely to develop health problems than two parent families (Angel, Worobey), I pushed those fears aside and focused on comforting my mom. I pushed aside all the resentment I had harbored against her and decided to demonstrate true heroism by showing her love because no one, no matter how repugnant or unfit, should be forsaken by love for “we are all creatures of need” (Janov). As I sat there determined to help her through this tough time, I could feel the burden of feeling abandoned being swept away and from that day on I was prepared to always be the hero.

Through loving my mother in a covetous manner I have come to understand that love is a moral obligation we have not just to everyone who loves us in return, but even to those who have not done one thing deserving of our love. I felt for years that my mother was undeserving of love but the day that I stopped concerning myself with dispersing my love on a merit based agenda, she and I were able to reconnect our mother-son relationship and now I can honestly say that my mom has transformed from being one of my enemies to becoming one of my best friends. Situation may occur where you find someone undeserving of your love and your helping hand but if you can find strength and be a hero in your home, amongst your friends and even to a stranger in need, then you have succeeded in a true hero.

If my essay has found favor in your eyes I asked that you become a hero to a girl name Nicole Wong, who submitted her essay towards this contest. Her parents recently were robbed of a large amount of money in her job and although my words can only comfort her, I know her winning this contest will let her and her family feel a little more at ease. Thank you.

Work Cited

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