

# Life events



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

What are the 3 moments in my life that made me into the person I am today. Well when I was first asked that question by my teacher I kinda laughed to myself. This is going to be easy Just take three things that have happened to me that kinda of go with each other throw in some deep heart moving things that teachers eat up and call it done. When I started I chose my adoption , my brothers adoption and my puppy adoption all events that follow a close thread easy to write about and all happy tear Jerker events. As I started writing them up I immediately felt that these werent the events I should be writing about.

The adoption of my brother wasnt really all that important to me. What some government papers say and a Judge decides means little to me. My brother is my brother thats it , the kid fought for my love thats the story I want to tell how a little boy taught me to love and care for somebody else. A love I sealed off by naming him. Then my adoption it sounds contradictory to my previous statement but this event is not really so much about me being accepted into my family by some old dood with hammer but about the happiness one feels when a fight has been won the happiness and Joy a young child can see on his parents face. astly the adoption of my puppy Just really wasn't all that life changing. Sure she is cute and amazing and I could probably type it up to make it a cute boy-meets-dog story that makes the reader feel all warm and fuzzy. Once again, that's not an event that changed me. Instead I want to tell you about a small talk that changed my view on life. let me tell you about the first event. My brothers name is Joshua Kevin Shupe- Shellooe but when he first came to us he was simply Mario a name I personally hated. When my brother and I met I didn't like him.

With his constant whining and rying but what really got me was he would never talk. He would do everything but talk to get what he needed. He would follow me around non stop and copy all my actions. I hated him. I was mean to him and tried everything I could do to to get him to leave me alone and leave the family. There was one point when my parents considered not going through with the adoption. Josh was a never-ending ball of love to me and I didn't get it. I was doing everything I could think of to make him hate me. It seemed as if the more I tried to hate him, the more I fell into his neverending spell f love.

After awhile I couldn't help but to start to love him. The little kid with the toothless smile and the eyes that held the vast wisdom that only can be found in the eyes of a young child. He was teaching me love and compassion and he had no clue. He name was still Mario but he was Mario my friend. As time went by he started to open up. He started to talk a little and always asked for me, his big brother, to tuck him in. Always full of questions that a six year old, know it all either answered correctly or made up something that sounded right. He always cared for everybody.

He was the kid who was always willing to give you the last Juice box or let you watch your favorite tv show just to make you happy. He was still Mario though my friend not my brother but that soon changed. It changed one early morning while my Dad and Pop were throwing around names that we could call Mario. Out of nowhere I said his name is " Joshua". my parents were a little shocked but they liked the name and brother. Now that I think about it, what better name for a boy that tore down the barriers and showed

me blind love and taught me care and faith in the unknown. The name Joshua comes from the Bible.

He was the leader of the Israelites after Moses. One of the most important and most well known stories of Joshua is when he marched around the gates of Jericho and his army and him blew rams horns and marched seven days around the city of because God had told Joshua that on the seventh day the walls would fall. This reminds me of my brother Josh. He followed blind love and faith and he tore down the walls I had around my heart, much like Joshua in the Bible and his blind faith. For me this was an event that changed me. I learned love and I learned care from a boy of only two years old.

The second event was my adoption though it went before Joshuas im choosing to explain the events by the most impactfull for me. It started as all adoption days start . I got up and my Pop and Dad gave me a bath. They obsessed over my hair and my brand new suit. As a kid I loved getting all dressed up it gave me a reason to forget who I was and pretend I was someone else. I remember walking out the door and feeling like I was the boss and the baddest thing to hit this earth since sliced bread. I got in the car and my parents prept me on what I was going to be asked and how I should answer.

Behind all the prep talk I could see the pure excitement and Joy in their eyes and tears. Even though I was young I knew this was a big deal I knew that this was the day that my fathers and I were going to be together forever if all went well. I knew we were a family whether or not it went well but somehow even at a young age I felt that the adoption was more for them than me it

was a sign to them that all their hard work had paid off and they could feel the pure joy and excitement of a child. I couldn't help but feel excited too. When we got to the courthouse in San Jose my godmothers were there my uncle Dale and cousins and my godfathers.

Everybody was asking me if I was excited and there was a never ending stream of kisses and hugs. They told me to wait in a side room while they finished up the rest of the paper work after what seemed like a lifetime of waiting they finally brought me in and led me to the courtroom. When I walked in we sat down in chairs in front of the Judge. At the time I was a little more excited with the fact that there was a microphone on the desk. I kept singing songs and yelling into it. Finally the Judge told me to stop and asked me a series of long questions that I can't begin to remember. Which I answered yes to them all.

There was one question I do remember it was the last question he asked me " Do you Alexander Ignacio Shupe-Shelooe take these two loving parents to be your parents for the rest of your life I said yes". At that point my Pop started to cry I didn't get why he was crying I felt bad I thought I said something wrong. " Pop why are you crying" " Because I'm so happy son" I didn't get it then but I do now. After the long search for their child the struggle to get me in their home the fight against hatred and stereotypes to finally have the government let me in my parents home it was finally over they had won.

As I grew older I became more aware of the underlying significance of this event. I promised myself that one day I would find a dream and pursue it to

the end so I can feel the Joy my Dads felt and the overwhelming happiness .  
The last event is a small conversation i had that made me think and wonder about the other kids think , you're a warrior Alex I know you can make it so dont bring yourself down you have made it through two years of treatment you have tought me alot. Ill miss you I have seen you grow and have witnessed your pain and your hurt.

You have gone from a kid who punched walls till his knuckles bled and would fght any kid who looked at him wrong cause he was scared of everything .  
Tto who you are now a kid who looks after the younger boys whos a leader in this school and has helped the school through some of the roughest times.  
You still have anger and pain don't forget it. Use it to fuel you to pursue yourdreamssmile big love your life but don't forget the hurt " That was the last time I ever talked to Sean, Sean was my mentor the wise man who lead me and guided me through my work through treatment. The words he Just spoke to me would change me. as leaving treatment for the first time in two years getting ready to embark on a new Journey. I couldn't help but wonder if it was all worth it if the experience was really a life changing event. I thought about Sean and the kids I have met the tears I've shed and the Joy I had felt. I started to realized that no matter how bad it was I would never take it back . The days I woke up early and had to work in the yard tending plants and gardening and picking fruits to the kids I had swear to me they kill me to the adults that pounded in manners and respect into my mind. Those were things that made e into who I am now.

I knew that when I left treatment I was leaving as a new kid. I no longer hated the world for the hurt I felt when I was younger or for putting me in

treatment. I love the world I have learned to cherish everything I have and be thankful for all the gifts I have been given. I realized that behind all the pain and hurt and anger is sadness. I was going to use the sadness to fuel my determination to do better in my life. Even though I was leaving and didn't know what was going to happen I had new insight on how to handle hard things in my life. How do all these experiences connect with each other.

They all contain an overall blanket lesson: perseverance. Whether or not it was my brother pushing for my love and acceptance or my parents' struggle and fight to have me legally called their son or even a simple chat to one friend to another about never giving up, these all talked about the struggle to move forward. These are the stories that made me into who I am now. Who I am: I am Alexander Ignacio Shupe Shelloe, a loving, caring, perseverant boy who is striving and looking for a goal that gives him happiness and joy and does not fear hardship because that's what will fuel him for success in his life.