

Admission essay on why you want to be a physician assistant (pa)

[Profession](#), [Student](#)



I clearly remember the very moment I realized what I would like to devote my life to; the moment, which shocked not only me, but my whole family; the moment when we realized that the life of my brother was at stake. It happened in the middle of the night, when my deep and quiet sleep was interrupted by the tender but at the same time concerned voice of my younger sister Angela. She shocked my body lightly as she whispered these heart wrenching words: " Wake up!! Wake up! Something is wrong with Christopher". The next vague moment I remember I was rushing upstairs to my parents' bedroom to come to our rescue. My parents questioned Christopher but he said very little to anyone to discern what was wrong with him. All he did was place his hand on his chest, as if to signal that his heart was in pain. The wordless mouth and flabbergasted eyes of my parents in all absorbing fear called the emergency help. The ambulance arrived fairly quickly, however, for us it lasted for ages. I found myself headed to the ER in the ambulance car with my father, and elder brother Christopher.

Christopher was up the night before pacing back and forth in the living room. I did feel that something was wrong with him, but I was not really sure. I wanted to stay up with him to make sure he went to bed but I did not... He mumbled a few words to me as I was heading off to bed but I couldn't understand. I asked him if he was okay and he nodded. When it occurred feelings of guilt and worry crept up on me because although I knew something was wrong I could not target it or figure out what was wrong. Worst of all I could not do anything about it.

While waiting in the emergency room my brother's condition worsened, as he slouched off the chair and fell on the floor. Fortunately, the health care professional were on time, rushing Christopher to the ER intensive unit room for urgent care and procedures. This was my very first visit of the Emergency Room. Even now, I can remember the smell, the bright lights, worried families and friends, and especially the fear that filled in the room. The desperation and helplessness that I felt stuck in my throat and I could not say a single word. The feelings that I had at that very moment were extremely discomforting - on one hand, feelings of despair and grief, and on the other hand, feeling of admiration for all the people who were working to help my brother. These health professionals were not just working they were helping not just the individual but their friends and families. They were saving lives and easing the pain of their beloved ones.

That was the very moment I realized that I wanted to become a health professional. I wanted to save lives, I wanted to treat patients and I wanted to bring comfort to the beloved ones of the patients who were ill, the patients that lay in hospital beds. And in case that something like this happened again to my family or friends I would know what to do. Despite the fact Christopher's illness struck my family, let alone Christopher himself, thanks to that very situation I managed to find my place in the world as well as understand that I want to devote my life to healthcare and medicine.

During my final year at High School, I studied hard as I realized that only my persistence and knowledge would help me to pave my way in the future. I was determined about what I wanted to do, and as a result, I was among the

top students at my biology class, so that my teacher nominated me to be a part of the science bowl for the Bronx High School. I really loved the sciences and believed that there was nothing more unbelievably unique as the human body, and the feeling of mastering and knowing the nuts and bolts of the body is fantastic.

The next step in my life, which I considered to be the most challenging, was Fall 2005, when I entered Pace University as a Biology major and Pre-physician assistant track. I found myself in a completely different atmosphere unlike my high school and learning to navigate college life on my own at the age of 16 year. My years at Pace University developed my personality, as well as my independence and self-reliance. With my future career goal in mind, I volunteered at my local healthcare medical clinic for a year, and I should admit that work there brought me pleasure that I had never felt doing any other work. I learned various skills as a volunteer and the gratitude I received from the patients as well as happiness and satisfaction in their eyes when I provided my services to them, once again reassured me that the profession I was choosing was the right one for me. My invaluable experience at the private practice center and other healthcare settings helped me to upgrade my knowledge in healthcare and medical services.

The physicians, physician assistants and healthcare professionals who I have worked with were not only qualified health professionals but were real masters of their work. They were really happy and satisfied with the work

and services that they provided, so that I would also like to feel that joy, satisfaction and boost for self-development.

After I graduate from York College with my Physician Assistant degree and certificate, I plan to indulge into the areas of the underprivileged and underserved, as to my mind this area requires considerable attention. I plan to contribute my education and experience to the health care field. Perhaps one day I will be able to open my own health care clinic as I have seen other health care professionals and physician assistants do so. I am convinced that all these goals can be reached with the preparation that York College offers to future Physician assistant health professionals.