

My definition of a hero essay



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Our perception of heroism has been ingrained with stereotypical visions of brave soldiers moving head on against impossible odds, or imaginary super beings. Using special powers to repeatedly save the world over and over again. Although I agree that both examples meet the required criteria of heroism they are not the only type of scenarios to apply to this subject.

In order to be a hero one must commit an act or acts of selflessness; putting the welfare of others before that of themselves. One must show bravery in the face of adversity. By facing the challenge wholeheartedly and without question; without knowing what hardships lie ahead. In order to fulfill an obligation that was accepted entirely on faith. And, the moral conviction to perform these acts solely for the purpose of doing what is right. Not for glory, or money, or fame.

But absolutely from their personal inner sense of good. Many examples spring to mind: The fire fighter who rushes into a burning building; to save someone inside. The police officer who approaches and arrest a dangerous criminal, so he is no longer a threat to others. The lifeguard who swims to save a drowning victim, or the doctor who performs a life saving procedure.

The therapist who helps an addict find his way back from his own tormented mind. Or, the designated driver who takes their friends home safely. The list goes on, almost infinitely. There are so many in fact, that as a society we have become complacent and almost indifferent in regards to their acts of heroism until they affect our lives personally. One such hero stands out in my life, my seven year old son, Laramie.

Laramie was born with a heart defect called Aortic stenosis, a major restriction of the Aortic valve; which feeds oxygenated blood to the brain and body. He has lived a normal active life for almost eight years now. But has recently worsened to the point that it must be removed surgically; A risky procedure that I as an adult am in fear of. For the past several months he has endured intense migraine headaches, and relative abdominal pains. A basic mirror image of the migraine in his head that causes him to vomit uncontrollably. And though he communicates his pain and symptoms to me, my husband, his teachers and doctors, he never whines.

Many nights he has awoken and made his way frantically to the bathroom to vomit; being extra quiet so as not to bother anyone. He genuinely and sincerely apologizes to us when we come to help him. And now we have finally received a date for surgery; I am walking on eggshells and stressing out, but he is ready. I have never known a braver person in my life, and he is only a child. He brings me drinks and snacks because he is worried about me, not himself. He guards over his younger brother like a trained watchdog, to make sure he does not get hurt.

He lectures his father to quiet smoking. This is so he will still be around, after he gets fixed, to go fishing together. He does all these things without asking for anything in return. Even though his heart has a defective valve, amongst other problems, it is obviously full of love, compassion, and goodness.

Whether he ever saves another life, becomes famous, goes on to be president, or he never does another heroic thing in his life.... He is a hero now, and will always be a hero to me. I remind my son that there is always

someone out there that is younger and has much worse problems. I also tell him that it is alright to be scared sometimes.

He always smiles and looks at me as if he can see straight through me. He then comforts me and tries to make me feel better. He tells me that he is not scared or afraid; he instead is ready to be fixed. He is ready to live a pain free life and not be sick anymore. He is ready to play baseball again.

I am the coward who chooses not to tell him that this will happen again in another three to four years. I do not find things so facetious in life as an adult; but for children they still have imagination and they are learning to fear, and what the definition of courage is really about. I think it is the children in life that we seem to over look in our overly bureaucratic nation. Many of these children go through more pain and anguish than most of us will ever endure.

Yet, they will never speak the ill words that they have listened to; the words that belligerently come out of the fearful mouths of adults. I will always be grateful to get to know many different definitions of what a true real life hero is. But, in my life this selfless, passionate and faithful child is showing me personally, what a hero is. Through him, I have found my own definition of bravery, giving and compassion.

This is something that is endless and grows with time. These things are many and powerful; yet, they are so small in this world they are overlooked. Needless to say, being around him all of these qualities are contagious; That is what a heroism is about.