

# My dad's legacy admission essay examples

[Family](#), [Parents](#)



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“ Five minutes,” my Dad reminded, peering into my room. I quickly glanced at the clock on the nightstand it showed 6: 25 a. m. Five minutes later grabbing my backpack, school uniform tie, and blue blazer I rushed down the stairs to the waiting car. Four years ago, this remained the five-year morning routine. Back then, along with my two brothers, I attended a private school located three towns over. On a good day, after picking up the two kids carpooling from their homes located the opposite direction from our route, Dad would deliver us in almost fifty minutes at the school. My idea of carpooling was not going out of the way to pick up anyone else. Carpooling should be a shared venture between all parties not like Dad picking them up every day of the week asking for nothing in return - not even gas money. My constant thought focused on the 30 minutes more sleep available had the carpool kids been left out of the morning commute.

Before I was born, Dad was an NFL wide receiver for the New York Giants. Not only was he a part of winning two Super Bowls but his experiences included traveling the world. Despite rubbing elbows with movie stars, dignitaries, and even the most powerful man in the world the president of the United States, he seldom talked about these monumental successes and experiences. Our home office, exhibits two replica Super Bowl trophies and a framed Super Bowl jersey showing Dad's number 81 and his name Robinson across the top shoulder hanging on the wall are the sole reminders of those glory days. Plaques and awards given to him for community volunteer work adorn the rest of the office walls, reminding Dad always stressing the importance of giving back to the community serving others. Dad's humility prevailed despite the inarguable and enviable successes he attained. This

eluded my understanding, leading me to ask him one day, “Dad why don’t you have more memorabilia of when you played in the NFL displayed in the office?” His simple reply, explained, “Your mom put those up” meaning she decorated the room with both, the community service recognitions as well as the football stuff, showing once again he never is one to grandstand and “toot his own horn.” If it weren’t for my mother, none of his accolades would be displayed, and he would have been perfectly content with that.

My Dad passed away 17 months ago from multiple myeloma after the doctors told him there was nothing more to do but keep as comfortable as possible until the end. Hundreds of calls poured in from people voicing grateful thanks for the positive influence Dad had on his or her life. The volume of good wishes and gratitude proved daunting for the family so we directed the calls to a website. At the funeral, many people spoke including old teammates sharing warm memories of his infectious personality his generosity in their memories, almost to a fault. People offered anecdotes about his tireless interest listening to their problems and his sound advice. His joy was found not in fame and fortune, but in helping others giving freely expecting no reciprocation. Today my understanding of the importance of giving service to others comes from the example of Dad whose legacy I embrace. I give of myself because it matters to me and not because I want it to matter to others. I know my dad is looking down with approval.