

Experiencing Life's Rollercoaster



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Dedicated to Mom and Dad

Introduction

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Experiencing is the main key in someone's life, not only experiencing, but knowing and realizing what is going on.

Putting some of the high and lows of my life are not going to be easy but it is going to be helpful to me be able to realize my life.

Part One: Background

Background

October 26, 1980 I was born into the world.

I am one of seven children, and the middle child. My parents are middle class citizens who work very hard to raise seven children. Growing up in a family like this brings back a whole lot of memories.

Part Two: Let's Party

Let's Party

Let's party was a common phrase brought up in my home. My family loved to through parties, go to parties and some how always make a family gathering into a party. I would say that the biggest party animal out of us all would have to be my mom. Mom always know how to party. We throw parties in any occasion. I would have to say one of the greatest parties we have had was for my sister Lisa's graduation. Lisa is the third child in my family and two years older than I am but only one grade level higher.

There was so much preparation for that party. My older brother and I were in charge of the outside yard work and making it look real pretty outside. We

Let's Party

dressed it up with mulch and cut down some of the dead trees, water sealed the deck, and made some room for the D.J. on our patio. My three younger brothers were in charge of the inside cleaning, such as: vacuuming, dusting, and just basic cleaning. They did a pretty well job. My older sister Deena was in charge of the cake, my father was in charge of the tent, and my mom was in charge of the cooking. When my mother cooks, she goes all out. She was up day and night that whole week cooking some of her best dishes. She cooked sausage and peppers, baked ziti, meatballs, eggplant parm, roast beef, roast pork. She cooked a full meal for this party and loved it. By the time the party started, could not wait to dig in.

Let's Party

That night we ate and partied. My small suburban street was blocked off with cars. About two hundred people showed up to my house and all of them enjoyed themselves. We had a great time. I was sorry when it was over.

That was one of the things I loved about my family, we always knew how to have fun.

I'll always remember when we went to my older brother's friend's house for New Years Eve. It was Dave's house and the year was 1998. I had an awesome time. The crowd was a bunch of twenty year olds, my friends, and my parents. My parents were the oldest people there. I did not show up late until late because I was waiting for a group of girls to

Let' Party

bring over. They finally made it over and we went over to the party. We partied and that was the first time I ever drank. I got pretty hammered and it was fun.

Bingy's Scent

I will always remember the smell of my mom's parents' house. Bingy and pop-pop - we call them. Bingy got her name from my older brother. When he was a child, my cousin called her "Granola." My older brother quite could not get it, so he called her "Bingy." Now everyone calls her Bingy.

Part Three: Bingy's Scent

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Part Four: Traveling

Traveling

We never got to travel much having so many people and not that much money. I flew on a plane once when I was six years old. We traveled to Tennessee to our new home. I was not too happy about moving.

One day, when I came home from the first grade, my mother told us that dad was transferred from his job in Philadelphia to Tennessee.

When we got down there, this house was huge. You have to understand how surprised we were. We went from a row home in Westbrook Park with three bedrooms, to a huge home. This home had five bedrooms, two and a half bathrooms, two living rooms, a huge family room, and a nice den. The yard

Traveling

we had was a huge as well. We had a good time down there. I was called Rocky, because they said I looked and talked like him and I was from the Philadelphia region. The schooling system was two grade levels behind Pennsylvania. I went home everyday because I was home sick and wanted my mom. As I just started making friends my father informed us that we would be moving back to the same area because he was transferred back. I was kind of happy that we were leaving, but I wanted to take the house with us. That never happened. We moved back and lived in a Holiday Inn for two months until we found a new home.

Traveling

Even while we lived there we had a great time. My brother and I shared a bed and my two sisters did the same. We all stayed in the same room. We used to have penny wars at night time. My brother and I always won, leaving a few marks on the walls and a couple welts on my sisters.

Finally my parents found a home for us. The house was about half the size of our one in Tennessee, but it cost more. We moved into our new home in September of 1988. When we moved in the neighbors never saw anything like us. They were very shocked to see a family of eight move into their neighborhood. It was like we were a black family moving into a white neighborhood in the 1960's.

First Impressions

Growing up I am not too sure I did too well on the first day of the new environments. It was the beginning of second grade and I was a new student. I never thought kids in second grade could be so cruel. They used to make fun of me because I could not pronounce the letter R right. I used to cry to my mom and I finally got it corrected by a speech teacher.

The first day, we had something called snack time where we all went out and played for twenty minutes. Well being the ladies man that I was, I went over to the girls and started talking to them. One of the girls took my hand and started to show me around. Well her "boyfriend" was not too happy so he came over and pushed me down. I was sure

First Impressions

**embarrassed. After that day that boy, Jason, became
my best friend all throughout grade school.**

Part Six: The Fight

The Fight

The "***Fight.***" I will never forget this day. It was a normal Monday afternoon in my senior year of high school.

I went to gm class and everything was going good. At the end of gym class we all went back into the cages in the locker room to get changed. As I was walking into the cage a boy by the name of Anthony spit on the back of my head. I asked who did it and no one answered me. I let it go and wiped it off. As I got dressed I started to get mad. I finished dressing and went back to the gym. As I walked in Anthony and his friend Jon were laughing at me. I walked over and asked Anthony why he did it. All of sudden he started yelling and telling me how tough I thought I was.

The Fight

With that, his friend Jon started punching at me. He hit me four times, one splitting my lip. I restrained myself from punching him back and pushed him off of me. I got 20 stitches in my lip and leaving a scar.

After all of the questioning, the administration of my high school suspended me. They suspended me for being involved in the fight. They said I was involved because I pushed him off of me.

Yes, the incident really mad me very upset and mad. I had many flashbacks, and asked myself why I did not hit back. I asked myself that question over and over again. The answer I came up with was that is what I was always taught "The better man walks away".

The Fight

Well, I guess I did the right thing, but if I had the chance to do it again; I would knock him out. This might not be the best advice, but for me it was.

Part Seven: The Scholar Athlete

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The Scholar Athlete

To be a scholar athlete there are certain qualities one person must attain. Such as: They must excel in athletics and academics.

Eighth grade for me was a fun year. I was the MVP for my football team and basketball team. I had a lot of fun. Towards the end of the year, as every other year, the eighth grade teachers, coaches, and principal sit down to select a boy and girl scholar athlete.

As I found out later what happened in this meeting, it totally opened my eyes wide open to the world. In the meeting my one teacher, Mrs. Sebra, lied to the committee and said that I was a terrible student and with held a 82 G.P.A. The rest of the

Scholar Athlete

committee elected me for the football vote and also the basketball vote. Another boy by the name of Brian got the track vote and Jason got the baseball vote. Since Brian had a 92 G.P.A. Which was 1 point higher then my G.P.A. He received the Scholar Athlete award.

I look back on that incident and think to myself, I should have got it, but I have realized over my 17 years you can not let people or little things in lives bother you.

Part Eight: Dad's Heart Attack

Dad's Heart Attack

It was March 25, 1996. I was a sophomore in high school. It was late evening, my mother and sister went to my grand mothers to bring her a present. My father, four brothers , and I were home. We just got done eating our Ellios Pizza and my brother and I went up to my room and started wrestling around. We were making a lot of noise, so my dad came up and told us to stop. I then challenged my dad. He used to wrestle in high school so he accepted the challenge. We were wrestling and everything was going fine. I then beat him and pinned him. As we walked down stairs he started to feel funny. He then sat down on the couch, I started talking to him to make sure everything was OK. He

Dad's Heart Attack

started breathing real heavy. I asked him if he was all right. He did not answer. With that he began to have a convulsion. I then reached over and grabbed him. With that he kicked my living room table, shattering the glass. He then collapsed into my arms. I yelled over to my older brother, who was on the phone to call 911, because dad just had a heart attack. He then threw me the phone and I called. While I was explaining to the operator, my brother came back with one of his close friends, Doug, who was a paramedic. Within three minutes my house was lit up like a Christmas tree, with all of the ambulances and cop cars. I then called my mother and told her about what had just happened. She then

Dad's Heart Attack

rushed home. During this time all I could think about was that I jut killed my father. I could not keep my feelings inside of me. I then went outside and got down on my knees and prayed to God to save my father. As I am out on my front lawn, my mother had pulled up. She did not know what to expect when she walked in. After about a minute later I went inside and saw all of these men around my father doing their best to bring him back to us. When the one police officer came up to me and told me he was going to be fine, I felt a warm feeling run through my body, calming me. As they rolled him out on the stretcher all I could do is cry and thank God that he

Dad's Heart Attack

was alive. All we as a family could do was thank my brothers friend, Doug, for taking care of my father.

This incident brought my family closer together. It also taught me a great lesson in life. Do not take anything for granite. Cherish every moment. Now every time I leave my home I give my parents a hug and kiss good bye, because you never know when it could be your last.

Part Nine: Football

Football

I started playing football in fifth grade. I really did not enjoy it at first, but I have grown to love it. I started to enjoy it when I was in eighth grade. We had a winning 10-0 record. When I got my high school I was really nervous. I did not know what to expect. I played on the ninth grade team as a two way starter. The year going into my sophomore year I started to lift. By the time the season started I was ready to play. I practiced really hard and the coaches recognized me. I earned the starting linebacker position. I had a fun season. After that season I set two goals for myself, they were: get a scholarship and make All Delco. I knew going into my junior year I would have to step it up to reach my goals. I began

Football

lifting again that summer. I saw myself getting stronger and bigger. By the time it was to max out for lifting I was ready to go. I told the coach to put on 280 pounds on the bar. I really could not get by myself, but I said I did. I was very upset with myself, but promised myself it would never happen again. I had a good season that year but I knew I could have done better.

The summer going into my senior year of high school I trained and worked really hard to the best I could be. I was lifting hard and knew to myself I was not going to cheat myself. August came pretty quick that summer, and I knew it was time to play football. It was the day to max out and I told the coach to put

Football

on 300 pounds. The first time I tried it I could not get it. I said to myself there was no way I was not going to put it up. I went back to the bar and thought of all the dreams and goals I had set for myself, got under the bar and threw the weight up. I was very proud and happy. After doing that weight and conquering one goal I knew there was two goals left that I had to handle. I had an awesome season that year. I was awarded All Delco, and team MVP, along with many other awards.

When it was time to pick a college, many people told me I was too small to go anywhere. I did not let that bother me. Colleges came and recruited and I

Football

chose to go to Millersville. I got a scholarship and was very happy that I reached all of my goals.

Football has taught me a lot about how people are. For me I played for myself and my pride. I did not let anyone's negative comments stop me. I followed my dream and conquered it.

Closing

Closing

My life has brought me much joy. When some people look at me, some think I know nothing, but those who know me, know me. Being a young man growing up in this society today, you have to know what is going on.

I feel sorry for the people who are miserable and uptight. What is there to enjoy? You have to live *your* life to the fullest. Experience new things and knew people. Express yourself the way you want. I always tell my family who cares what people think, just as long as were having fun.

Know matter what happens in life do not let the little things bother you and always follow your dreams.

**Life is a rollercoaster, ride and enjoy. That will
be my motto until the day I die.**