

## 2011 Scholarship Application Rebecca DeBurger

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FIRST NAME

LAST NAME

Every person you meet has some affect on your life. Whether you know it or not, you have also affected someone's life in ways you cannot even imagine. I can remember a time when I made a little girl smile. That smile affected me in ways she cannot imagine. That Christmas, I had gotten a new coat from my grandmother. (I recall it was a purple and black plaid coat with fur around the hood). About two weeks after Christmas, my old neighborhood friends came to visit their grandmother who lived across the street from me. They were eleven and twelve years old – slightly younger than I. They visit their grandmother every Christmas.

Christmas means getting together with family and friends. And, for most kids, it means presents – lots of presents. Unfortunately, for these children, they don't get many presents. You see, they don't have much money, because they use most of their income to pay for their mother's health bills. For the past three years, their mother has been fighting uterine cancer that metastasized to the liver and stomach. Her initial prognosis wasn't good, but she continues to fight for her life.

When the two girls visited their grandmother, they came over to say hello. The first thing I noticed when they walked into the house was how shabby their clothes were and how unkempt their hair was. They didn't have that mother's touch. My friend, Erin, was over, and we decided we would "give them each a makeover." We straightened and curled their hair, changed their clothes, and made them feel pretty. Just as we were saying our goodbyes, Sierra noticed my new coat. She commented how she had seen it at the store while shopping with her mother. She told me how she had wanted the coat, but her mother had said they didn't have the money. Then, she turned around and headed for the door. Before I had a chance to think about what I was doing, I



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Rebecca

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grabbed the coat and asked her if she would like to try it on. It fit her perfectly. I told her how beautiful she looked. She twirled and looked at herself in the mirror. Without hesitation, I told her she could keep the coat. She would get more use out of it than I would. A large smile grew on her face. "Becca, this is the best present I've ever gotten! I love you!" Sierra squealed as she headed out the door. Her pure joy at receiving the coat compelled me to think about all that I had. My twin sister and I went through our closets. We realized that we had more than enough clothes for two girls – we had enough for four girls. Before Sierra and her sister left their grandmother's house that evening for home, we collected two large plastic bags filled with clothes and shoes. Although I gave them something tangible, they gave me a feeling of happiness that no amount of money could ever buy.