

My dad's a sweet man, with a simple job, and a loving family. He is the kind of person who laughs at cute videos of cats on the internet, enjoys helping others over anything else, but most of all he is grateful for his life. To others, what he has may seem quite average, but he considers his life extraordinary, and he labels it untradable. My dad is my hero because he's always there for me.

My dad always believes in me. I've played softball for as long as I can remember, and I've dedicated myself to being the best. One Saturday morning, I woke up before the sun and scurried into my family's car. I was shaking and sweating so profusely that I could've been mistaken for a rain shower rather than a little girl. I stumbled out of the car onto the rocky side road of the ballpark. I had been working all week on my swing, and I knew if I messed up today it would be crushing. The damp grass scrapped my ankles as I walked towards my team's dugout, my hat tipped low to block the sun. A few pitches later, I was already up to bat. I was extremely nervous, and I felt sick. I looked towards bleachers to see my dad waving his arms. He gave a thumbs up and mouthed the words, "You've got this." I smiled and stepped up to bat. The first pitch came, a ball. I took a deep breath as the second pitch came in. It was perfect. I swung with great might and watched as the ball sailed through the air. Running like Freddy Krueger was chasing me, I crossed first, second, third, and finally home! My dad clapped while sitting on the bleachers beaming.

My dad is the wisest person I know. It was a late spring afternoon; my father and I were driving along the road listening to the radio. I said to him, "Dad, why don't you complain about your job?"

"What's to complain about?" he asked kindly.

"Well, I mean that your job is laborious and gives the bare minimum of profit," I replied. "I make enough money for our family," he responded while shrugging.

"But, dad, didn't you ever want to buy a speed boat or something amazing?" I exclaimed, flailing my arms.

"I don't need a boat or a silly house to be happy. Sure, those things would be nice, but to me, I have something much better," he sighed.

"What's that?" I questioned.

"You," he remarked while adjusting the radio. I just didn't understand. Why in the world wouldn't he want to be a millionaire? How could I compare to that! Now, I've come to understand his point wasn't that he favors me over a boat, but that no matter how much money he has, he'd trade it for his family. His love overpowers any money he could obtain. That's why my dad is my caring, sweet, and loving hero.



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