

September 11th was a tragic day in history. Two aircrafts crashed into the World Trade Center in New York City leaving behind destruction and despair. Both my mother and my grandfather were there near the site that day. My grandfather worked as a concierge in a building across the street and my mother attended school just blocks away. Both describe the sights and sounds of one of the most horrific days in their lives. My grandfather helped people while they ran for their lives through the dust of the fallen buildings. On that day, there were heroes that both rose and fell.

When I think of a hero, I imagine a person that takes on a challenge knowing there might be a big risk. A hero is a selfless person that puts their needs before others because they are brave. A hero is someone that lifts people up when they fall and cares for others generously. It is difficult to just pick one hero. Both my mother and grandfather are my heroes. I have seen my mother suddenly spring into action and dive into a pool to save a teenager's life. She didn't take a second to think about the risk. She was brave. When I was three years old my grandpa saved my life. His quickness and bravery avoided a tragedy.

They have inspired me to also want to help others in need. I have witnessed the faith they have to believe that everything is going to be okay in the midst of a challenge. Their heroism did not just come during one event, it is truly how they live their lives everyday. My hope is that as I grow I can also be a hero to my family and my community.

