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Growing Up Can Hurt and Help

Heartbreak can split the strong willed from the weak. People experience different emotions all of the time. Things happen everyday that make people want things to go back to how they were or to stay the same. They can be surprising or expected, harmful or harmless. They can be fore the better or for the worse. For many people growing up comes slowly. For me, I had to grow up quickly to create my own protection, my own destiny, and my own life from what was to come in the future. My parents divorce, 4-H, and getting my first job are some of the most important events that helped me grow up because part of my support and protection had cracked and exposed my younger inner self.

It has been 4 years since my parents got divorced. That day, to me, will always be known as a day of never ending pain and wonder. Everything leading up to that day were getting worse and worse. I have many memories of my family being happy and never fighting. Things slowly started to fall apart. My mom started to sleep more. My parents started to fight more and more until they didn’t even sleep in the same bed anymore. Things seemed to stay that way until one day things got really bad. They got into a huge fight and it ended with my dad, two sisters and I living with family for a week and a half. I went to school with everything on my mind. I had to keep it all in the back of my mind so I could focus on school. After it was finalized I started to see my mom every other week and staying for the weekend. My sister went to but my mom and here seemed to get into fights so it didn’t take long for that to end. We started seeing her every other week but we only stayed for a few hours. This forced me to grow up because I had to live without a mother. Some people know what it’s like to not have a soft, gentle person there to give them advice or to help them down the right path. For me, I had to keep myself up. Gain some responsibility around the house like doing dishes or laundry. Without my mom there I was heartbroken and at a loss of words.

My parents divorce helped me to grow up and deal with my emotions but 4-H helped me to grow up in different ways. My family has been involved in 4-H since my oldest sister, Shaina, was old enough to join. We all started out by taking pygmy goats. I would go out and play with the goats all the time. I helped to feed and water our goats. I would clean the pen with my dad every spring so we could put down new bedding and put the manure on our garden. Once I got into 4-H I started to gain more responsibility. I not only had to care for the animals, but I had to study and do book work for the pygmy goat project. My parents always pushed me to get the book work done early but I always seemed to wait till the last minute. During fair time the work and care never stopped. I checked on the animals throughout the day and fed them at night. 4-H also helped me to grow up because of the friends I made. The friends I made during the fair have been my friends ever since. They have helped me to grow into the person I am today. They have helped me to be sociable, kind, caring, passionate, and understanding. They were always there to help me and support me.

4-h helped me to grow but nothing helped me more than getting a job. I started working at the beginning of last summer. I worked down in Sugarcreek at a place called The Harvest Barn. My oldest sister, Shaina, is marrying Todd Spillman. His mother owns and operates the Harvest Barn. Every day I would get up, get in the shower, get dressed, and head for work. I would ride with my sister because she worked at Eagle Manufacturing, which was located right beside The Harvest Barn. I was always the first one there so sometimes I would start work early to get some extra hours or just hang out until someone showed up to tell me what to do. I did all kinds of tasks for them. I mowed the lawn. I picked strawberries. I weed-whacked around the vegetable patches. I cleaned up scrap material and wood from around their new building. I even helped to prepare the next year’s strawberry fields. My first two weeks I stayed after work and helped to plant strawberries. This really made me gain more responsibility because they were counting on me to help get the next yield of strawberries in before the window of time closed. My first paycheck really helped me to grow. It meant I had money. I felt like what I had been doing mattered in someway and I was rewarded for my hard work. Each paycheck really helped me to gain confidence as a young adult.

Many parts of my life have helped me to grow up and become the young man I am today. Without these events I would still be a kid at heart and continue to grow at a slow pace. My parents divorce helped me to independent. It taught me to control my emotions and that hardships can tear a family apart. 4-H helped me grow up by giving me more responsibility with animals and trust from my family that I can get the job done. My 4-H friends helped me to be social and to know what matters in my life. When I got my first job it helped me to grow up and become a young adult. It made my actions more responsible because someone depended on me to get the task at hand done. It helped me to be independent because I had my own money and I could use it any way I wanted to. For many people growing up can be scary and most of the time it is. For me it was one of the best things that have ever happened to me. All of the events that have happened made me better and helped me to grow.