

College essay:

My older brother is really my younger brother. Afflicted with a rare genetic disorder, he is many years delinquent his age. Our point of mutual intersection arose when he was thirteen and I was seven. It started with his obsession with fixed schedules which drove him toward the fiery depths of Dante's descent and harpy screams whenever someone interfered with his schedule. He lashed out with frail and irregular form. I didn't see my brother this time as I peered from my bedroom to observe the sudden commotion, but rather a strange mishap teen with clenched arms and taut neck, wrestling my father in the kitchen. Thin house walls failed to silence his echoing outbursts shaking our house timber with such subtle vibrato, shimmering up through my legs into my spinal cord, smothering all conscious instruction but 'GET AWAY'! I retreated to the outside to escape my brother's inadvertently frightening behavior, running out from the house to seek company with nature's decorations: drifting clouds, dull ferns and the canopy of leaves decorating the sky. My heart rate relaxed and my legs regained feeling from the blanket of nature I wrapped myself in. Gradually, an epiphany came to me while I sat outside relishing nature's timeless quality of appearance, withstanding time and season, relaying true beauty and human connection within its recurring details.

As a creation of nature, I too, must withstand my brother's inexplicable idiosyncrasies and support his full essence so that he can feel at peace with himself and others. On this day, I decided to venture back into the house and embrace my brother's spirit, feeling fledged to weave our roots together so we may blossom at our best and wilt at our worst. The wind cooed me forward as I began my journey with Patrick.

As I got older, I spent more time with Patrick outside of the house. I used this time to bond with my brother by allowing him to be free. For instance, my brother's loquacious personality floods public outings where he speaks freely on anything that crosses his overactive mind. I wanted to make these moments alone together mean something to Patrick, so I encouraged his vicarious life of movies and comic books by asking questions back and matching his excited mood. Wild conversations entailed, flying off the rails every other second with no lapse of silence between us. Sometimes his direction of conversation became too playful though. He would deviate into socially imprudent topics at the exact moment I was guiding him through daily transactions. Once, I had to talk over his input on Hollywood's lack of lesbianism in blockbuster movies, while simultaneously directing him through the process of buying a soda. I soon dismissed conversations I thought would turn out awkward, and became paranoid of the onslaught of offended eyes branding my skin with embarrassment. "Not now" and "Be quiet" escaped my mouth too often at him in public, and his drooping face and withdrawn eyes as a result of my minimal patience reminded me of his gift no longer heard. It was wrong of me to limit his already limited ability to relate with others: Conversation.

Silencing his words only reflected my superficial insecurity of placing Patrick second to strangers comfort levels. Patrick speaking his own truth eventually allowed me to realize the truth about myself. He revealed the curious wonders of naivety are something to be celebrated, unconsciously shaping me to welcome most experiences warmly. To find joy in life, one must dismiss the outside world and focus on connecting with the ones you love. Patrick creates me in a unique way unparalleled by any other attempt of wisdom found in revered book ink, bringing me indefinitely to him, until life adieu.