My superhero is not fast like Flash, or strong like Superman, or up to date on fancy stuff like Iron Man. He is real. My Superhero is my father. It is amazing how one person can change your life and that is what my father did and he continues to do. He gave me new eyes to see life from a different perspective. When I was little my father and I were not close; I was closer to my mother. I was on her hip at all times. When you look at my baby book my mother is holding me all the time and if someone else is holding me I am crying my eyes out. My father was on the road because of his truck driving career. I missed him a lot, but when he was home we did not really have a father-daughter relationship because I wanted to be with my mother all the time. In conversation with my mother I would always say I want to be just like dad. I think we could have had a better relationship back then, but now that I am older I think that our relationship was like that for a reason.

As I was growing up I developed a strong relationship with my mother. She was not just my mother she was my best friend. I loved being with her all the time. I would ask for her advice and she would be there when I needed her. If I were to write this essay four years ago I would have told you she was the one that had the biggest influence on me. Times have changed and my life has since taken a turn for the worst. My mother was killed in a car accident in June 2006. When that happened, my life fell apart. I lost my best friend and mother all in one shot. My father was not involved in the accident. At the time of the accident he was on a trip so he had to be the bearer of bad news and tell my older sister and I that our mother had died. My father lost the one that he loved. He stayed strong for my sister and I. He stayed in the picture some say that a death in the family will make or break your family. It seemed that this would break us but it did not. My dad kept us from falling he became the rock my mom once was. He quit his job of 20 years to be closer to my sister and me. He took a risk and started his own business. He became an owner operator for his own truck driving business. My father showed me that life would still go on and that you cannot just stop.

I am still upset that my mother was taken away from me. Through it I have realized that some good has come out it. I found out that my mother influenced me but in the long run my father is the one who inspires me to be all I can be, because he gets up every morning and strives for greatness. He never stops because if he does his weaknesses have won. One thing that is for sure is that I hope to be half as strong as him when I start the new chapter in my life.