

UTA Jerome Nerman Family Foundation Fund

Biography of Trevor Dale Breshears

29 Aug. 2011

As I was sitting here pondering on how to start this paper, I began to realize the depth, and inevitable length of life itself. I have only been in this world for 17 years, but that isn't even a quarter of the time that I have in front of me. Still, beginnings matter, and I only have one chance to get this right. I want to make sure that I can secure a proper future for me, and for my family that I will have in the future. I had aspirations of playing football in the NFL, being in a touring band, and becoming a millionaire, but as my childhood has started to wind down, I've begun to fine tune my actual dreams into reality. The choices I make in the last year will determine how I spend the rest of my life, it will be my time to step into the real world and out of the security of my parents; before all of this can happen, I'd like to go back to the beginning and retrace my life as a young child for you.

Well the only true place to start this would be at 8:21 a.m. June 28th, 1994 in Newman Memorial Hospital in Emporia, Kansas. I was born there, but my family lived in a smaller town to the south: Burlington. I have now lived in this place for 17 years, and it has been an adventure. I spent the first two and a half years of my life in the arms of my real dad, in a house that was really small and cramped, but in April of 1997, he was killed in a freak accident. The train tracks he was crossing didn't have crossbars on them, and he was sitting there waiting for the train to pass. After it did, he pulled out across them, but fate decided that it was time for him to go, and another train coming from the other direction hit him. My dad, the one I was

supposed to grow up with, toss the pigskin around with, and fight with was gone in an instant. Fortunately, God had a plan for my life and he later gave me a wonderful man who adopted me. There is no one in the world that I would rather have as my dad than this man. He has shaped me into the person that I am today, and I would be lost if he had not stepped in and taken me in.

Elementary school soon came along, and that's where I met up with my best friend, Connor. We quickly became the mischief-makers of our class. It's hard to remember the countless things that we did to get ourselves in hot-water. I just remembered being sent to the same site every day, one that sent chills down my back and made me shake in my shoes. This was the office, a particularly cruel place in the elementary school that became like a secondary class for me. This continued for another five years until I left the elementary school and was ready to join the middle school, which began my journey as a maturing kid in a society that didn't deal well with round pegs in square holes.

I heard that the middle school's principal was a lot stricter and had a lot harsher punishment for those who teased other kids. This was where I chose to rise above my former ways and start maturing and focusing on schoolwork. Connor followed my decision and together we met Britton. He joined our little group, and we became an inseparable trio, surrounded by aspirations of being in a rock band. I got a drum set, and Britton got a guitar. We were never good, and slowly our dream faded. Then after that, sports became a major part in my life, and I slowly became more and more athletic. These teams made middle school fly by. I played on the football, wrestling, and basketball varsity teams, while maintaining straight A's, but to my dismay eighth grade graduation came around, and I was thrust into what I thought was the actual real-world.

High school was intimidating and honestly it scared me. I was 115 pounds, and 5 feet 2 inches tall. All the seniors were above six feet tall, and had everything against the freshman. The football field became a place of turmoil, and fear. Sports aside, the classes much to my liking, didn't get any harder. At the end of my freshman year, a senior gave some advice that sunk into my heart and is still with me today. He told me not to blink, because it goes by faster than I think. I didn't think much of it, but now I realize the truth in his words. Those three years flew by faster than light, and I am now entering my senior year, with a lot ahead of me, but a glorious past to admire. The past, my past, something I can look at and smile at, but my future is the one thing that scares me the most. This one question repeats in my head every day; "What will you do now?" My answer right now is to go to Kansas State University and become an electrical engineer. It will require a lot of hard work, but nothing that my school, my peers, and my parents haven't prepared me for. As I finish this biography, I can look forward to the next four years, and know in my head that I am ready to take it on.