

Law Personal Statement

It seems contradictory, but my low GPA is indicative of why I will excel both as a law student and as an attorney. It is the result of an immature shortsighted attitude I created for myself as teenager in order to cope with an unimaginable loss. Only when its' impetus repeated, was I able to lift myself out the self-imposed prison of mediocrity. I am offering this account neither to gain sympathy nor to make excuses. I do not relish talking about this aspect of my life; however it so fundamentally shaped who I am and how I came to consider a future career in law, that I felt it necessary.

On Valentine's Day 2002, I woke to my mother's screams and my whole world turned upside down. She had found my younger brother, Tucker, blue and lifeless in his bed. During the artificial eternity while waiting for the ambulance, I preformed the CPR I had just learned and desperately tried to ignore the voice in my head telling me that it was too late. He was already dead. For days I was not able to process that fact.

Previously a gregarious and ambitious teenager, I retreated into books because my own life was too painful. I elevated typical adolescent apathy to an Olympic sport. I stopped doing schoolwork if I thought it didn't add to my comprehension or if I didn't see the point of learning that subject in the first place. I had no goals other than to arrange my life around obtaining my own immediate comfort. I carried the same attitude with me to the Culinary Institute of America especially with tasks and courses I saw as superfluous. Naturally this greatly affected my performance in several liberal arts and management courses. In the midst of my tenacious indolence, my youngest sister, Alana, became very sick shortly after being born during my senior year. After graduation, I went home to take care of her healthy twin, Darcy, so our parents could stay with her at the hospital full time.

When Alana passed away that fall, I recognized that I had been actively avoiding any pursuits that would bring me a sense of fulfillment or enjoyment. I subconsciously associated personal growth with forgetting my brother. Losing Alana so young while simultaneously witnessing her twin, Darcy, continue to flourish prompted me to appreciate what a privilege growth was. I was determined to make up for all the opportunities I had squandered over the years. I moved around the country seeking out people and experiences that challenged me. As a way to keep a steady income as I moved around, I started doing simple research tasks remotely for a company that assists state governments recover money that was taken fraudulently by major oil companies from environmental clean-up programs.

It turned out that the seemingly tedious work I had been doing for American Cost Recovery Management was exactly the challenging and fulfilling pursuit I was searching for. Weeks of monotonous tasks hadn't inspired a renewed stagnant approach to life, instead, I enthusiastically moved to full time. My interest grew as I became more involved in the cases and got the sense that I truly was helping advocate for our clients. As I visited all the understaffed and under budgeted government offices it became even more of a personal triumph each time I was able to contribute their cases. My only consistent frustration was that I knew I could be more useful if I had a better understanding of the law. I postponed applying to law schools for a year and I almost did it again this year because I was afraid to abandon the clients I had been working so closely with. However, I was reminded by one of the lawyers on our team that there is always a need for effective advocates, not just on our cases. Previously, the idea that I had the opportunity to be of service to those who need assistance in seeking justice would have sent me into a spiral of avoidance. My passion and ambition for this work has been freed from my denial induced idleness. My GPA has now become a repentant symbol of wasted potential that now propels and focuses my determination beyond what I would be capable of if I had lived a life free of grief and failure.

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