

Get a Grip High School Student Scholarship Application Essay

One out of every ten people admitted into the hospital needs a blood donation. Last year, I was one of those people.

It was the first weekend of my senior year summer, and my friends and I were ready to live it up. We packed up our swimsuits, tents, Chex Mix, hot dogs and Iced Tea, squeezed into three cars, and headed out to the lake. Lindsey was in front in red four door Santa Fe, Jenna was riding shot gun, both girls chattering away about their plans for the rest of the summer. I was following, riding in the bed of Kevin's '94 Chevy truck along with six of our other friends, Kevin behind the wheel and Peter riding shot gun. Last in the procession was Brit, driving his fancy new silver Hybrid.

We were on Highway 71, on our way towards the overhang to go cliff jumping. Lindsey barely made it through a yellow light, and the rest of us got stuck in traffic. The light turned green and we were back on our way, now awhile behind Lindsey. We were nearly there, turning a curve on Pace Bend road, when a black suburban came out of nowhere. It flew around a corner, into our lane, and before any of us could blink, ran head first into Kevin's truck.

The rest of that night is a blur. I was thrown out of the truck on impact, along with two other friends. I landed on my side and skidded across the pavement, dislocating my shoulder, breaking my arm, and tearing seventy percent of the skin off of my right leg. I woke up in the hospital, hooked up to tubes and fluids, getting blood pumped back into my body.

The rest of my summer was spent receiving skin grafts, undergoing physical therapy, and sticking a hanger down into my cast to scratch my arm.

The blood transfusions that I received that day in June saved my life. Without getting new blood into my battered body, I wouldn't be here today. My friends and I went out to have a good time- we weren't drinking, doing drugs, or being unbelievably irresponsible. We were just going camping, and ended up in the hospital, needing eighty-five new units blood. It could have happened to anyone.

Since that day, I give blood every six months. I'm so extremely blessed to be alive today, and wouldn't be without blood donations. I've made a vow to be a blood donor for life, and you should do the same.

As a blood donor, you save the lives of millions of people. Every two seconds, someone in the United States alone needs blood. One day, that person might be you.

Donate blood. Save a life.