

Scott Meyer's Essay

“The world ain’t all Sunshine and rainbows.”- Rocky Balboa. I want to have this mentality in the future because my childhood was normal. I was a happy kid, running around doing what a kid does, but at six years old, my mother was told news that would change my life forever. The doctors had discovered that I had a brain tumor. I had surgery about a week later to discover what type of tumor it was. After that, every Wednesday for a year and half I had to get chemotherapy. It was detrimental to my overall physical health. I was 6 when it happened so I had no clue what was going on, so I didn’t think much of it. I noticed I had some restrictions, I was unable to play soccer and do all the things my friends were doing during recess or doing the gymnastics unit during gym class.

After 1.5 years of chemo and multiple port infections I still had a majority of the tumor but I remember my life going back to normal by that meaning no constant hospital visits. I still had the restrictions but I really started to live life like a kid again. I only had about 2.5 to 3 years of that until one day during 5th grade on October 18th after I destroyed my friends in the mile during gym class we were doing word study. I suddenly felt my entire left side go numb almost like that feeling when your hand goes to sleep, except it happened just to my entire left side of my body. I remember going to stand up to ask my teacher to go to the nurse and almost falling over and my teacher saw this and called the nurse. I was taken out of my class in a wheelchair and minutes later she called my Dad. He told her over the phone to call 911 and that's when my heart dropped because 10 year old me thought I was going home to rest. I remember being picked up in the nurse's office by the EMT's, and being so confused on what's going on. After that day everything changed. I didn’t find out until a couple of years later but what apparently happened in my head was that the tumor began to bleed and swell and it hit a part of my brain called the motor cortex and caused severe neurological damage just on my left side.

I was transferred from one hospital after another for about a week trying to figure out what the next step was and about a week later I had to get another surgery. On October 26th I was transferred to Boston Children's Hospital where they just took out the part of the tumor that was just bleeding. After about a week in the hospital of recovering I was done and just wanted to go home but I remembered being told I had to go to a rehabilitation hospital so I would be able to walk again and move my left arm, and was told I'd be there for two weeks. After what felt like 4 weeks of hell 4 days later I was released. I remember feeling like all my problems went away when I was told I was good to go. We stopped for Subway on the way home and when I got home I saw a big banner signed by all my classmates wishing me a good recovery hung up in my room. That made my day!

During that year I had to get another brain surgery 5 months later because it started to bleed and swell again. That's when the people closest to me helped me the most like my friends and family got me through and stayed with me during my hardest and darkest times. But when I was 11 the person I was closest to passed away and I didn't even realize it until after she passed away. My grandmother who we called Nonnie was the best human being I've ever met and with everything I had been through this was by far the worst. Now I'm able to realize to be grateful for who you have in your life.

By the time I was 14, I had developed seizure issues from the next 2 surgeries that I had to have because the tumor kept on bleeding and swelling. After the fifth surgery there wasn't really a tumor to bleed and swell left. I missed a lot of school and socialization time with people. Then the pandemic hit which didn't help my cause to go back and live life. I was told by doctors this would be the best time to have another session of chemo to be done once and for all. My parents told me it was up to me. I was done and tired of the crap I was going through so I said why not let's just get it over with. I had to do chemo for a second time. We did once a month high dose infusions for 12 months. It was hard feeling sick all the time and trying to get

all of my school work done. We'd also go for regular MRI's which made me miss a lot of class time as well.

By the end of Freshman year I had been cured and still had to muscle through a couple more sessions than I was done. Then high school started back up again and I was ready to go back and had a good time. After sophomore year I started going to the gym and getting in the best shape of my life and started doing pretty good in sports the following year so now I'm happy with where I'm at. I've made a ton of friends and through it all have maintained honor roll which is something I'm really proud of. It took awhile to get through all of this, almost 8 years actually, but it shaped me to who I am today. They say that God doesn't give you anything you can't handle. Now I know I can get through and accomplish anything. And most importantly, now when the sun doesn't shine I'm not sad.

Everything I've been through-

5 Brain surgeries

2 rounds of chemo (one lasting 1 year and a half once a week at 6 other during pandemic once a month for a year at 14)

Developed seizure issues at 11

Lost most movement on my left side/ left side strength deficit

Lasted from September of 2012 to April of 2021(ages 6-14)

Goals - My dream job is to be one of the famous sports broadcasters like Jim Nantz or like Joe Buck but for now my goal after getting a 4-year degree in sports management is to work for ESPN.